00024416

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

LETTERS

EMBRACING HIS LIFE

OF

JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A.

VOL. II.

LETTERS

EMBRACING HIS LIFE

OF

24416
ac

JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A.,

PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY AND BIBLICAL THEOLOGY, AND PRINCIPAL OF MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, LONDON.

B. 3190.

EDITED BY

JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

In Two Volumes: with Portrait.

VOL. II.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE,
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON;
AND 20, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, EDINBURGH.
1872.

LONDON:
G. NORMAN AND SON, PRINTERS, MAIDEN LANE,
COVENT GARDEN.

FOURTH PERIOD.

RESIDENCE IN LONDON, AS PRINCIPAL AND PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY AND OF DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL THEOLOGY IN MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, TO HIS DECEASE.

1853—1869.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

22, Woburn Square, London, Oct. 19th, 1853.

It seems an age since I wrote to you, or heard any thing from you. Two months ago scarce a week passed without an exchange of letters between us. In that short space I seem to have lived a century. Separation from old and valued friends, from scenes made dear by the familiar aspects and genial associations of long and happy years—all the bustle and confusion and discomfort of removing—and of hanging suspended as it were between two homes, one lost and gone, and the other not yet reached—to say nothing of irrepressible feelings of anxiety and fear and endless doubts about the suitableness of what I could say in my inaugural Address—have seemed to squeeze more than its fair proportion of existence within that narrow period. And now, dearest friend, as if I had passed into some new state of existence—I sit down as of yore with unspeakable delight to send you a few words of affec-

tionate greeting and seasonable information across the new tide of influences which seems to roll between you and me.—We are settling down (not yet settled) in our new abode—a comfortable, respectable house, but of smaller dimensions than the one we have left, and into which we find it rather difficult to compress the long accumulations of former house-keeping, and the kind tokens of regard with which our dear Lancashire friends have overwhelmed us. We meet with nothing but kindness and courtesy here in all quarters; but it takes some time to make a new home. Our only serious evil since we came, has been the indisposition of my dear wife, who has been confined upstairs for more than a week. I am happy to say she is now recovering, though she is still weak, and must continue to take great care of herself.—I believe the Opening Address* gave general satisfaction. At least I have heard nothing to the contrary, though I certainly by no means kept back what many would perhaps regard as my peculiar views. The audience was very good; and there were several strangers present.—Nearly all our divinity students, all in fact except two who are residing with their own friends, have entered themselves at my suggestion *non-resident* members of University Hall, though it cost them a fee of three guineas. This entitles them to all the privileges of the Institution except residence, and enables them to dine every day in the Common Hall for a shilling, and have access

* Inaugural Address at the opening of Manchester New College, London, Oct. 14, 1853.

to the Common Room. It puts them at once on a footing of friendly intercourse with the Lay-students; and from what I can learn there has hitherto subsisted a perfectly friendly spirit between the two classes of students. I find a most friendly and cordial co-operator in Dr. Carpenter;* and I have no doubt, when the first difficulties always accompanying so great a change are got over, we shall get on exceedingly well together. It has been unfortunate that the preparation of the Library has been so long delayed. It has discomposed the Hall people; but this grievance will soon be over now. It is one of those cases, in which so far as I can see, nobody was greatly to be blamed, and yet as every body is incommoded, everybody is angry with his neighbour.

22, *Woburn Square, London, April 28th,* 1854.

Do not suppose I have forgotten you and yours, because I have not written. You have been often in my thoughts. But I have had a good many sorrows and anxieties to encounter lately—and some hard work into the bargain. A book was sent me lately by a friend, the translator of it from the German, of which, if you approve, I could write a short notice for the August number of the Prospective. It is Benecke's work on the Epistle to the Romans. Much of it is fanciful, and I do not expect that you or I or any of our body will approve—but the author's view of the

* Dr. William B. Carpenter, then Principal of University Hall, Gordon Square, London.

fundamental principle and intrinsic authority of Religion, and of their relation to Scripture, as stated in the Introduction, I think eminently just, and worthy of tracing and illustrating, even in its erroneous applications. I have not forgotten the Prospective, though I have been unable to work for it of late. I wish to offer this Article, because a friend has asked me to write an Article on a different subject in another periodical, and I have consented, and I should be sorry you should think I was going to forsake my first love. Circumstances may render it necessary for me now and then to add a trifle to my income by my pen. This will only be, I hope, for a year or two, and it is not *absolutely* necessary even now: so you must not think too much of what I say; but I always like to be prepared.—We have lost our kind hearted, bright souled and genial friend, Mr. Robberds. I was at Manchester last week in a strange mixture of offices. One day I was assisting in a gay bridal procession at the marriage of a young friend whom I had come down from London on purpose to marry; and the very next I followed a funeral train along the same road—on occasion of the death of a dear old friend of more than thirty years. Such is human life. Manchester, my old home, and the home of innumerable dear friends, seemed strange indeed.—When shall you be in London again? How I should like to see you once more!

To Henry Crabb Robinson.

22, *Woburn Square, May 17th*, 1854.

I have never yet found time to state some difficulties which prevent me from accepting your essay on the origin of the word "Mass," as a *complete* explanation of the *whole* case. I think you have *proved* that "Mass," "La Messe," and our modern "Mess" are all connected through successive stages of medieval transformation, with the Teutonic root "messen"—in the sense of what is measured out or *carved* (*messer*) to individuals at a common meal, and so got the meaning of a *feast*. But this is my difficulty: I find the word *missa* occurring in the sense of a religious service (limited in time—by a process very common in the history of words—to one particular kind of service) at a period too early in the ecclesiastical Latin of the West, to admit the supposition of its having been adopted from any of the German tribes who had embraced Christianity. Regarded as a substantive, doubtless the form is barbarous; but it was at first a participle, used with a verb, and so occurs in authors of good repute in the silver age of Latinity, as for example, Suetonius, Caligula 25 (referred to by Du Cange, sub voce) "missam fecit," *i. e.* "uxorem;" and through this intervening usage, passed at length into the function of a substantive. Du Cange quotes analogous instances of "accessa maris" for "accessio" in Servius on 1 Æneid, "ulta" for "ultio" in Ovid, and "remissa" for "remissio" in Tertullian. But without insisting on these instances cited by Du Cange (for he

is clearly wrong in his example from Suetonius, mistaking a participle for a substantive), there is an example of analogous conversion in the *classical* word "repulsa," used by Cicero, Nepos, and Horace, all writers of the golden age of Latinity, and standing in the same etymological relation to the more regularly formed substantive "repulsio," that "remissa" does in Tertullian and Cyprian to "remissio" (Tertullian says "diximus de *remissa* peccatorum"), and "missa" in the case now under consideration to "missio." So much then for the use of the word "missa" as a substantive, in accordance with an analogy proved from other instances to be existing in the Latin tongue. But I feel a further difficulty to the admission of its Teutonic origin, from its early occurrence in its peculiar ecclesiastical sense. Ambrose, who flourished in the latter half of the 4th century, writing to his sister, says, (quoted by Gieseler, § 99, 9) "post lectiones atque tractatum dimissis catechumenis — *missam* facere cœpi." His pupil Augustine says, "post sermonem, fit *missa* catechumenis." The 4th Council of Carthage, A.D. 398, uses the phrase as already fixed and traditional, "usque ad *missam* catechumenorum." As used in these passages—if we except that from Ambrose—all idea of a *feast* in the word is out of the question, as the reference is to a part of the service *preceding* the Eucharist. Indeed the term seems to have been used of any religious service. The monk Cassianus, who flourished at the beginning of the 5th century, applies the word to the devotional exercises

of the monks generally, *e. g.* "missa nocturna," "missa canonica," (prayers at the *canonical* hours, not the Eucharist). Avitus, an archbishop of Vienna (also cited by *Gieseler*) *towards the end of the 5th century, says that* "missa" was a received term for the breaking up of any solemn meeting as well in the *palace* as in the *church*, "ecclesiis palatiisque *missa* fieri pronuntiatur, cum populus ab observatione dimittitur." That a word thus used at first *generally* for any solemn religious meeting, should in time be restricted *specifically* to the *most* solemn meeting of all, is quite in accordance with *analogy*, as we see in the case of the nearly equivalent word λειτουργία (whence our *liturgy*) of which Suicer says in his "Thesaurus Ecclesiasticus" (sub voce) "*In genere* omne ministerium quod ad sacra pertinet. In specie, omne illud ministerium quod circa *sacram* peragitur *mensam*." I make these citations merely to show you the *facts* on which my hesitation rests. If "missa" came in this ecclesiastical sense from the Germans, it must have been through the tribes that were first converted. Now these were the Visigoths, converted by Ulphilas, who died A.D. 375, and whose intercourse was exclusively with the *Eastern* Church, in whose ecclesiastical vocabulary no form of "missa," that I am aware of, occurs: yet we see that Ambrose, who was a contemporary of Ulphilas, employs the word as already in current and recognised use throughout the *West*. How are these *two* orders of facts to be reconciled—those cited by you, which prove the use of the word *mass*, from a Teutonic origin, in

the medieval period, in the sense *first* of a *feast* generally, and then *secondarily* of *the* religious feast—the Eucharist—and those which I have now produced, showing, I think, as clearly the use of the Latin "*missa*" in the sense of a religious service, and specifically of the Eucharist,—before it is possible for it to have been taken from any German people? Is it possible, I submit this to your consideration, that two words of quite *different* origin, but accidentally of nearly the same sound—one Latin, the other Teutonic, "*missa*" and "messe," may have fastened themselves *independently*, and through a *different* suggestion, on the *same* ecclesiastical idea; and that as the Roman and Teutonic elements of the population approximated, and were ultimately fused together in the womb of medieval chaos, so the two words which they respectively brought with them were also compounded and identified, with a certain mutual "communicatio idiomatum,"—and thus very naturally gave occasion to the different theories respecting their origin? This seems to me a possible solution of the difficulty. I should like to know what you think of it. Excuse my troubling you with all this; and if I have seemed pedantic in quoting my authorities, believe me, it has only been from my wish to show you my *facts*.

To Rev. B. Carpenter.

Clarens, Sept. 5th, 1854.

* * On Friday morning last at 8 o'clock, I took the steamboat at Montreux—half an hour's walk from

Clarens—in the first instance to Ouchy, the little port of Lausanne—in the neighbourhood of which I had a letter of introduction from my friend, Mr. Horner, to a M. Haldimand, a gentleman of fortune who has a most beautiful place at Denanton on the shores of the Lake. Though born, and living the greater part of his life, in England, he is of Swiss extraction, and is the brother of Mrs. Marcet. Having acquired a handsome fortune in a great commercial house of which he was the head in London, he retired to enjoy it in this lovely spot, which he planned, and planted with his own hand thirty years ago. He is a bachelor and in infirm health; and under a somewhat aristocratic exterior and bearing (having moved in the highest circles in London, and sat in Parliament for Ipswich for some years) I found him very kind and courteous, exceedingly intelligent and well informed, and of most enlarged and liberal views in religion, politics and social economy. He bears a very high character in this neighbourhood, and as a promoter of every thing good and liberal is regarded as a perfect benefactor to the neighbourhood of Lausanne. His house and grounds present the most perfect specimen of simple elegance I have ever seen, and with the magnificent mountains of Savoy continually in view on the other side of the Lake—make a terrestrial paradise. Nor does he selfishly keep these good things to himself. His gardens and pleasure-grounds are constantly open to the public. Many parties were quietly straying through them when I was there; and M. Haldimand himself told me, that on Sunday

afternoons, there are sometimes four or five hundred people in his grounds, and in mentioning this, he seemed really to rejoice in the thought of the happiness he was communicating. I spent three or four most agreeable and instructive hours with this benevolent and intelligent man, and after lunching with him, proceeded by the afternoon-boat at 3 o'clock to Geneva. This end of the Lake is flat compared with that where we reside; but as it was a very fine evening, and we had a glorious view of Mont Blanc in all its majesty on one side, and of the beautiful ridge of the Jura robed in rich purple on the other, the appearance of Geneva and its neighbourhood, as we approached it, surpassed my former recollections of it, and I must say, I thought it exceedingly striking. When I landed on the quay about 7 o'clock, my first object of course was to find an Hotel, but all in vain; such is the rush of strangers just now into Geneva from all quarters, and especially from Italy and the South of France—to escape the cholera, that the town was never known to be so full. I tried five hotels without success. I thought at last I must have slept in the street, and congratulated myself that I had not my wife and daughter with me. I obtained at length a bed, tolerably clean and comfortable, in a dark chamber over a baker's shop—taking my meals in the adjoining Hotel d'Angleterre. Some ladies the other night were obliged to sleep in their carriage. Next day, however, I was most agreeably relieved from any further difficulty. Madme. Forget, the sister of the late Mr. Melly—who with her husband and family live

at a charming place—Chateau Banquet at Secheron, about half a mile out of Geneva—insisted on my taking up my quarters with them; and very kind and hospitable quarters I found them, I can assure you. They are a most amiable and estimable family—an excellent specimen of the simple manners and inexpensive mode of living—combined with cultivation and politeness — which distinguish the genuine, uncorrupted Genevese. I say, uncorrupted—for they told me with regret, that vulgar wealth and vulgar radicalism are together making inroads on the former state of things. I have not time for politics in this letter; but I can assure you, there is no doubt of the fact, that the late revolutions both at Geneva and in the Pays de Vaud—brought about by *extreme radicalism*, have been followed by the most disastrous effects, and have given men of the worst character and principles a great and very pernicious influence in the state. The most enlightened and liberal men are all now conservatives, and out of office. M. Forget is an advocate, now a good deal retired from practice. He and all his friends—enlightened and rational liberals, have been completely driven from public life. But as I cannot give you all the particulars, I will say no more, as I might convey a false impression. I can only hope, that the good sense and conservative instincts of the middle classes of England will profit by the experience of other countries, and while they correct clear and admitted evils—let *well alone*. I believe you and I agree pretty well on this point. I had letters to several of the professors and

ministers at Geneva—and one, a M. Châstel—professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Academy, I had known, and entertained at my house, four-and-twenty years ago, in Manchester. It was a great pleasure to see and converse with these eminent and excellent men. Various shades of theological opinion, some verging very decidedly towards Unitarianism, and some distinctly orthodox, exist among the Ministers of Geneva, but they subscribe no Confession of Faith, and live together, as yet, in great general harmony of spirit and practice. Most of the theological professors in the Academy are broad and liberal in their tendencies, as may be inferred from the fact that two of them have just signed an expression of cordial response to the Address forwarded to the Church of Geneva by the New Christian Alliance formed in France, which recognises only three principles as essential in the Christian faith—the love of God, the Father of all men—the love of all men, as responsible and immortal beings—and the love of Christ, as the Son of God and Saviour of men. I saw Dr. Cheneviére, the Principal of the Academy, a zealous liberal, approaching, I believe, in his opinions, the Unitarianism of the old school. He received me very cordially, and did not at all disguise his utter dislike of Calvin, though teaching in the chair which Calvin himself once filled. As for Calvin, he said to me, 'if you did not think with him in religious matters, *il vous brulerait. Ce n'est pas aimable, cela.*' He is, I could perceive, a very sharp controversialist. I was more drawn towards M. Cellerier, a retired professor and minister, author of the two

sermons, published in Beard's volume,* and of the Introduction to the Old Testament, translated by Wreford—a charming old man, the very image of Christian sweetness and benignity, living in a delightful country-house in the midst of a garden, with a very amiable wife and daughter. I met at his house a nice intelligent young man, the Minister of the French church at Stockholm, with his little Swedish wife, who are coming to stay at the pension next door to ours at Clarens, so I hope to have a little more intercourse with him. At Geneva they have four communions in the year,—Sunday last was one of them,—when the young people who have completed their ecclesiastical instruction, are admitted to the Lord's Table. It was a very interesting occasion, and I was very glad to have an opportunity of being present. I attended with the Forget family at the church of St. Gervais. M. Forget said, there were more than 2000 people in the church, of whom a very great proportion took the Sacrament. It was, as you may suppose, a very long service, but I sat it out, though it lasted several hours; for it was touching and impressive. I was much affected by the singing. The whole congregation joined. Instruction in music forms now part of their religious instruction (as it ought in all our churches), and in their psalters and hymn-books, both at Geneva and in the 'Eglise Libre' of the Pays de Vaud, the music for each psalm or hymn is printed along with the words. They still sing the grand old simple melodies—somewhat

* Of Sermons for Family use, collected and edited by Dr. John R. Beard.

sombre in their character, but to me infinitely more impressive than the jaunty airs of our Dissenting chapels—which have been in use from the time of the Reformation. Madame Forget very kindly invited a number of the Genevan ministers to meet me at her house last night. Many are now out of town, but four were present; among them, M. Martin, one of the most eloquent preachers now in Geneva, whom I much regret not to have heard. M. Martin served as a soldier under Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, —a very interesting man, full of energy and character, and as I gathered from conversation with him, very catholic and liberal in his spirit, and opposed to all subscription and confessions of faith. The man whom I was most taken with of those that I have seen, is M. Châstel, professor of Ecclesiastical History. We had many points of sympathy both in our pursuits and our views. He is *thoroughly* liberal, and *thoroughly* good. He signed the answer to the Address of the New Christian Alliance founded in Paris,—and I suspect wrote it. He has written two works, one 'On the Fall of Paganism,' and another 'On the Influence of Christianity on Charity,' both of which have gained the prize offered by the French Academy. Yesterday he took me over the Library of the Academy, rich in MSS. and curiosities of all sorts, and adorned with the portraits of eminent men connected with Geneva from the time of the Reformation downwards. It is a place that breathes the very spirit of study and learning. The radicals have yet spared it, and its associated in-

stitutions. This morning, I breakfasted with my friend on some excellent fish, mutton cutlets, and a bottle of red wine, followed by two cups of very good tea, and we seasoned this solace of the outward man with much discourse on the prospects of religion in England, and in other countries. Next week we turn our steps homeward through the mountains of Berne. J. H.* is not yet arrived.

To Henry Crabb Robinson.

Saturday morning, Dec. 16th, 1854, 22, Woburn Square.

You always took so kind an interest in our dear and excellent son that I am unwilling you should hear from strangers that he is no more. He died this morning between twelve and one o'clock. We were all with him, with his medical attendant, Dr. Parkes, at the time. You who know how good and true-hearted he was, can judge of the depth of our affliction. His loss can never be replaced to us in this world. As a son and as a brother he was exemplary, unselfish, and affectionate; and while we acknowledge the justice and mercy of the unerring sway, we ought to be grateful that we have enjoyed such happiness so long. In our great sorrow we cling naturally to the friendship of those who were friends to him. He always spoke of you, dear Sir, with great regard and affection. Excuse my saying all this; it is some relief to an overburdened heart.

* His Son.

To Rev. B. Carpenter.

22, *Woburn Square, London, Dec.* 16*th*, 1854.

We have lost our beloved and most excellent son. We had been half prepared for the event during the last three or four days, when he had become excessively weak.—I had him in my arms when he breathed his last; and his dear mother and sister were close by his side. I do not think he suffered much; though he was restless and uneasy in bed the last two or three hours of his mortal existence. His countenance now is beautifully calm and sweet, like the best expression he wore in life. You and dear Emily will judge how deep is our affliction. He was the pride and the joy of our house,* and his loss to us in this world is irreparable. Thank God we have a trust and a hope above this world, which will not fail us if we seek it. We have nothing else to lean upon now. Yet we have many things to be thankful for. We have lived with him and ministered to him, and been witnesses of his calm, manly, unrepining spirit daily for the last three months; and these are precious memories which will never fade away. The interment will probably take place Thursday or Friday in next week. It would be a great comfort to us, dear Carpenter, if you could be with us on that trying occasion, and accompany the dear boy's mortal remains to their last resting-place. When this is all over, possibly we may all three go

* John Hutton Tayler, M.A. University of London, and Gold Medallist in Philosophy, 1850, was called to the Bar in May 1854.

down to Nottingham to spend two, or three quiet days with you. Your and dear Emily's affectionate sympathy and the happy memories attached to your home, will be a great soothing to our wounded spirits.

To Rev. Joseph Henry Hutton.*

22, *Woburn Square, London, Dec. 16th*, 1854.

The heavy affliction which we have sustained in the loss of our dear son will wholly prevent my preaching in Upper Brook Street, or even visiting Manchester at all, this year. Our beloved and excellent John was taken from us this morning in a fainting fit—a consequence of that disordered action of the heart under which he had been suffering for some months; and our affliction under this bereavement is greater than I can well express. Through the whole of this year I have looked forward to few things with more pleasure than the prospect of seeing my dear old friends in Brook Street once more, and of saying to them again from the old familiar place a few words on the themes on which we have so often meditated together. Little did I think, when we were all so happy and so gay, a yet unbroken family, in the festal circles of our dear friends last Christmas, that ere another twelvemonth had passed we should be mourners under a sorrow like that which has now overtaken us, by the death of the

* Then Minister, as Mr. Tayler's successor of Upper Brook Street Chapel, Manchester.

youngest of our household. But such is human life. I beg you to assure such of my former and deeply beloved flock, as you may have an opportunity of speaking to, that although absent in the body, I shall be present with them in spirit on the Sunday which ushers in the New Year. If I live another year, I may then be able to speak to them with more self-collectedness than I could possibly command at present. In years past, when sickness and death had been busy among them, I have often striven to the best of my ability to minister to them those heavenly consolations, the power of which I and those dearest to me at this moment so greatly need for the support of our crushed and wounded spirits. May that Heavenly Father to whom we have so often lifted up our hearts together, bless them and bless us under those afflicting dispensations which visit, at some time or other, all the families on earth!

To Mrs. Leisler, *Manchester.*

22, *Woburn Square, London, Dec.* 16*th*, 1854.

This black-edged paper will prepare you for the sad intelligence which I have to communicate. Our dear John, the best of sons and brothers, is no more.—His medical attendant was with him; his mother and sister were close by his side; and it is a pleasure to me now to reflect that his dear head rested on my arm when he passed away.—How little, my dear Mrs. Leisler, can we look into the future! And it is well

for us that we cannot. What a happy meeting we had on Christmas eve last year at your house! Old friends meeting again, and our dear boy, full of spirits, the gayest of the gay. He is now lying a silent corpse in the room above that where I am writing. I cannot tell you how dear he was to us! how pure, how good, how unselfish! The last three months of nursing will furnish a blessed memory to us, for they have brought out the manly patience and the uncomplaining gentleness of his character. He was never so amiable and affectionate as in the few weeks before his final separation from us. There is only one availing source of consolation, and that is open to all of us. In past years we have often sought it together. May it never be closed to any of us now! Next to these heavenly comforts our best succour is in the kind sympathy of our friends. We think often of those dear friends whom we have left behind in the North. Pray remember us most kindly to all of them, and not least to the kind German circle in which we have so often been welcomed. Pray remember us particularly to our excellent friends Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Souchay. They have been touched with similar sorrow, and will know how to sympathise with ours.

To Leyson Lewis, Esq.

22, *Woburn Square, London, Dec. 21st*, 1854.

Not having heard from you since the death of my dear son, and knowing the affection which you had

for him, and which he had for you, my mind is painfully haunted with the apprehension that some misunderstanding may have occurred.—When the sad event took place, I was so overwhelmed, and had so many letters to write, and so many things to think of, that I requested R. Hutton, who kindly asked if he could assist me in any way, to write to you and two other friends, to say what had occurred.—I know how much my dear boy was attached to you, and the bare idea of anything that looked like oversight of you, would be to me like a wrong to his dear memory, and add another pang to the poignant anguish under which we are suffering. In inviting persons to attend the funeral, which we wished to have as private and simple as possible—we confined ourselves entirely to relations—for our beloved and regretted boy had so many and such sincerely attached friends, that we felt, if we went beyond relatives, we should not know where to draw the line. Could we have acted on any other principle, you would have been the first we should have thought of. We deposited his mortal remains this morning in the Highgate Cemetery. A good many of his friends and associates were present; but the attendance was purely spontaneous on their part.—Excuse my writing this, my dear Mr. Lewis; my heart is so sensitive just now to everything connected with the memory of my dearest son, that if I could suppose for a moment that you thought there had been any slight on our part towards one whom he loved so much as yourself, I should be very unhappy. Pray send me one line,

and believe me, dear Sir, for my son's memory as well as on my own account, yours affectionately.

22, *Woburn Square, London, Dec. 23rd*, 1854.

Dear Leyson (you must permit me henceforth to address you as my dearest boy was wont to do) your kind note was a perfect relief to my mind. Thank you for it most sincerely. In sorrow such as ours the mind is morbidly sensitive to every the slightest circumstance that can have a bearing on the memory of the dear departed. We are going out of town for ten days or a fortnight next Tuesday. On our return we shall hope some day to see you in Woburn Square. We much wish you to select out of dear John's books some one to keep as a lasting memorial of himself. We mean to keep his little study upstairs, with all his books and papers and portfolios, just as they were. They are a sacred deposit to us now.

To F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

22, *Woburn Square, London, Jan. 13th*, 1855.

Thank you sincerely for your kind note on the death of my dear son. You have rightly estimated the extreme severity of the blow. Even yet I can scarcely realise it; and when I do, the colour seems to pass at once out of all the future in this life, and to fade into a pale and mournful hue. Amidst differences on other and not unimportant points, I rejoice to feel with you, dear friend, that we have a common and most

glorious trust in the infinite Wisdom and Goodness of the Parent Mind, and in the tendency of all things under His government to the final benefit of all who strive after purity and uprightness of heart. On some points my deepest faith carries me, I believe, beyond your present convictions; and it is a great happiness to me and mine, that our faith in an all-rectifying Future was never stronger than we find it now. Not that we feel that we can *claim* this from our Heavenly Father, but that the hope seems borne into us as an unquestionable spiritual reality by our trust in the richness and fulness of His paternal love. We accept with humble, self-submitting gratitude what His Fatherly goodness offers us. Deep sorrow seems to break through the barriers of ordinary reserve, and to justify complete openness in the utterance of our thoughts to a valued friend. It is positive pain to me to feel that I am severed, by one serious difference of opinion, from *perfect* religious communion with a mind so pure and so good, in which I have ever found so much to admire, and look up to, and sympathise with, as yours. But such are the trials of our earthly sojourn. We must be patient and bear with one another, amidst unavoidable differences on points of history and criticism and speculation, where the longings and the justifications of reason are not yet completely at one, and live in the trust, which is full of the most blessed charity—that nothing can be so acceptable to God, as sincerity and singleness of heart. It may be a childlike faith—but it is one which lays

invincible hold on my inmost nature—that we are all of us here on earth preparing for a higher state of existence, where we shall doubtless find that it has been good for us, if we have only been *sincere*, to have been chastened and disciplined by this partial blindness, on which ever side it may lie, and by these mutual misapprehensions, and that we have each, in our day, had as much faith as sufficed for *our* spiritual wants. Meanwhile, it is also my profoundest conviction, that that preparation for the Future after death, is to be made, not by dreamy sentimentality, but by manly vigorous efforts to do the work of God on earth, in aiding the cause of truth and liberty and justice and the progress of the human race. Here, dear friend, I rejoice to return into the warmest and deepest sympathy with you; and on that great but mournfully interesting question which is now occupying the minds of all men,* and in which so many of the dearest interests of humanity are so deeply involved—I do not believe there would be any essential difference between us. I fear we should both agree, that a great cause is being lost for want of resolute action, and from the embarrassment of evil connections.—I beg to enclose for your acceptance a short obituary notice of my dear boy. Please to accept it as a father's memento of one unspeakably dear, to one who was his, and is still his father's, friend.

* The Russian War.

To Rev. J. H. Thom, *at Rome.*

22, Woburn Square, London, Feb. 12th, 1855.

It has been a real pain to me to have postponed so long replying to your most kind and consolatory letter received now so many weeks ago; but we have had such heavy sorrow, and so much correspondence of one kind or another has grown out of it, that I have not been able to fulfil this strong wish of my heart till now; for I would not sit down to write to you, till I could give myself up to the fulness of the sad subject which fills our hearts, and write to you at length all that I think and feel about it. The excitement of the first weeks of mourning has now passed away; we are quietly settled down in our home and have resumed our wonted pursuits; our dear John has already vanished from our eyes for nearly two months; and we are now beginning daily to realise to ourselves the calm and settled depth of the sorrow which must henceforth overshadow more or less the remnant of our days. The College Committee with kind consideration offered to relieve me from my duties and find a substitute, if I should wish to absent myself with my wife and daughter for a time from the scene of our affliction. But we declined the offer, and after a short visit to our relatives at Nottingham and Birmingham, returned to London and resumed the thread of our habitual occupations, and endeavoured to make the break in our course of life as little as possible. To have returned to our once happy home after an absence

of many weeks, with all the shock of the change to encounter anew, would have been unbearable. Now that is all over—and there only remains, what will remain with us for life—the sad and unquestionable fact, that he in whom our fondest hopes were centred, who was the joy and the pride of our house, on whom the world was opening with the fairest prospects of success, is irretrievably lost to us in this life, and will be to us on this side the grave no more than a memory and a name. But though I am very sad—sadder than ever I was before in my life—I cannot say, I am unhappy; for we have many tranquillising and comforting reflections, and the religious seriousness—the deeper faith—which irresistibly, through no merit of one's own, takes possession of the mind at such seasons, has a secret charm and soothing in it which cannot well be expressed. Our dear boy's death, exquisitely painful as it has been to us, has probably spared him much. It was found that there was in him deep-seated disease of the heart, of long continuance though unknown to him and to us—which must have made his life, if it could have been prolonged a few years more, one of pain and inaction, involving a withdrawal from his profession and a frustration of all the hopes associated with it, which would have been to him the severest of trials. All this he has been spared; for till the day that sickness confined him to the house, business continued to come to him, though he had been called but a few months; and his friends and contemporaries say, his

final success was certain. But all that is now gone—it is a dream of the past; dissipated, I doubt not, wisely and mercifully to direct our thoughts elsewhere for solid and enduring comfort. What we now delight to dwell on—far more than on the universal acknowledgment of high talent and the prospect of worldly eminence—is the memory of singular purity and honorableness of character, sweet and kind affections, an unselfish goodness and generosity of heart, and a conscientious faithfulness in the discharge of duty which, I believe, has rarely been surpassed. I drew up a small sketch of my dearest son's character, which, when I see you in London, I will give you.—We have received from several of his associates and contemporaries the most touching assurances of the quiet influence which he exercised over them for good. I doubt whether any one ever passed away from this life, more deeply beloved and respected by those who knew him. It is surprising what a change an event like this makes in all one's views of life. If I had any strong worldly interest—any touch of this world's ambition—it was wholly bound up in the life of dear John. When the physician communicated to me what was the nature of his disease, and what must almost inevitably be its issue, I felt a chill come over my heart, which I shall never forget; I felt that the hand of Providence had struck me in my weakest and my tenderest part, and that the colour was taken at once out of the whole prospect of my future life. And so I still feel; the future of this world lies pale and colourless before me;

I cannot kindle it again with its former brightness. Yet you must not suppose, dear friend, that I repine or am unfit for work. But one thing remains for me now, to fulfil as faithfully and energetically as I am able, the duties which remain for me in this life—to strive to live more entirely to God and to all pure and noble objects, to promote and secure the happiness of those whom He has still left to me—and to look forward to and prepare for that solemn, but as I hope and trust, blessed and glorious future which awaits us after death. I cannot tell you what a redoubled interest that future life has acquired to me. I feel as though there *must* be a future home, were it only to meet the requirements of our moral nature—to fulfil the promise which God whispers in the depths of our hearts, when our hearts are the least carnal, worldly and selfish. It is then, if ever, that God speaks to us: and God must be veracious. I have trust indeed, intense trust—in the simple word of Christ; but that word speaks what I find in myself, and if it did not, my trust in it could not be so strong. At this moment, writing to a dear friend to whom I wish to open my whole heart, and when I am far too sad and too serious to *play* with *common-places*—I feel *that one* prospect of the renewal of our intercourse in some future state of being, with the beloved kindred and friends—the parents and the children—who have passed before us into it, to be the very greatest happiness and the most powerful incentive to virtuous activity, which I am able to conceive, or which can possibly be offered

to me, ere I am myself called to face the great reality of death; and the loss of it (which, however, seems to me impossible without the loss of my own conscious and reflective being) would, as I now feel, involve my present existence in thicker than Cimmerian darkness. This train of mind has naturally had some influence lately on my course of reading. Among other books, I have been looking again at some of the writings of Dr. Priestley on this subject, and especially his correspondence with Dr. Price. I am astonished to find how far my mind has drifted away in an interval of thirty years from the philosophical principles in which I was brought up. With the profoundest respect for the character, the upright intentions, and devout belief of Priestley himself, I must say deliberately, that I know no form of religious philosophy with which I have less sympathy, towards which I feel a more utter distaste and alienation than his, and I think its intimate association with the earliest enunciation of Unitarianism in this country has been very disastrous to the *religious* influence of that system, and had not Dr. Channing and the American School come to the rescue, must have ultimately led to its extinction as a form of religion altogether. On the subject of the soul and its relations to God, I am wholly *with* Dr. Price, and wholly *against* Dr. Priestley. Some of the arguments of Priestley to prove that the human mind is altogether a result of the material organisation of the brain, and that it perishes absolutely in death, might be urged, I think, with great plausibility to show

that the Universe itself is only a system of material phenomena, not implying anything else behind it, and therefore not necessarily indicating the invisible presence of a God.—I cannot but think, that a true *religious philosophy* based on a sound and comprehensive psychology, is a work yet to be accomplished; and that, whenever it is, it must take up and assume as its *basis*, the universal truths, the indestructible religious instincts, of the soul of man. In the meanwhile, my own reliance is firm on the voice within, confirmed by the still distincter and more authoritative voice of Christ, and the wonderfully profound impression left in some mysterious way on the minds of His immediate followers, that He was indeed risen from the dead.—My dear wife and my dear surviving child are both well—admirable in their spirit—sweet, gentle, patient and trustful to a degree that I cannot sufficiently admire and be grateful for. How I should like to see you, dear old friend, and talk to you, as I used to do in former days, over the fire—when the Prospective business was over—in those happy evenings in dear York Place. How I cling to that dear old home, and the blessed memories that belong to it! In sorrow like ours, there is no balm to be compared with the quiet soothing converse of a friend whom one loves, and whose faith on the deepest themes reflects one's own. Your letter, and one from dear Wicksteed, gave us all, I think, more of this special comfort than any of the numerous, kind, affectionate and sympathising letters we have received from many quarters. My

chief object of earthly solicitude now is my dearest daughter. The loss of her beloved brother—her natural counsellor and guardian in the world—is to her irreparable. For her mother and myself, *we* have already set our steps on life's declivity, and the evening shadows will soon begin to stretch over *our* heads; and though I hope many years of united peace and usefulness are still in reserve for both of us, yet our remaining race will be comparatively soon accomplished, and we shall then go to join those that are gone before, happy in that removal, but for the deep interest not unmixed with anxiety, for the one so dearly beloved whom we must yet for a season perhaps leave behind. This is the only great anxiety I have about the future. As far as the world is concerned, we have no reason to complain. I might be considered in a worldly sense prosperous. The College so far is flourishing. We have doubled the number of Divinity students; and the finances are in a satisfactory state. My duties are all of a soothing and congenial nature. I have some time for collected thought and private study. Death and eternity must daily become more familiar themes to my mind.—For myself, while I am content to remain here and do my duty, so long as it shall please God to keep me—yet, but for her, my dearest Hannah, I could be grateful, as I now feel, when my summons comes to my future home.———

To Henry Crabb Robinson.*

22, *Woburn Square, Feb.* 21*st*, 1855.

Would you on Tuesday next (the 27th inst.) meet two of your young friends, Mr. Bagshot and Mr. R. Hutton, at my house at tea at eight o'clock? I should like to have some quiet and dispassionate conversation with you and them. I have a strong feeling, that as a matter of *public duty*, we ought not, if we can help it, to allow some organ of moral and religious sentiment—at once free and progressive and at the same time reverential and conservative—to be wholly wanting. If we do, we shall fail of our duty to our day and generation; for every aspect of society—even the political and literary—is unavoidably influenced by these *higher* considerations and made to assume a nobler character. Were I to yield to *personal* inclination, I should certainly be quiet—for my studies draw me away to the great minds and monuments of the *past*, in which I now find my chiefest solace—and I have little taste, and as I am very conscious, little ability for *Review* writing which catches, and must deal with (of course under higher lights), the more transient questions and interests of the *present*. Still—for the reasons assigned—I feel myself under a kind of compulsion from conscience, to do something for the spiri-

* An idea was entertained at this time that the Westminster might be made the property of the friends of the Prospective Review, but this project having been found impracticable, and a fund raised for the purpose being in hand, the Prospective shortly after became enlarged into the National Review, under different editorship.

tual guidance and strengthening of the generation to which I belong. The question is, *what* are we to do? What I have *protested* against, has been *precipitation* and *one-sidedness*—sure to lead only to abortion and disappointment. Still we have gained a certain *point d'appui*, however slight, in the Prospective. Can we not *strengthen* this, by judicious application of funds, and make it a more efficient instrument of moral influence? We owe something to those who have hitherto supported it, and looked to it as furnishing some small portion of their spiritual food. My present notion is, that whatever henceforth be done, we must—abandoning the more magnificent scheme contemplated by W. R. Greg, take the actual Prospective—if not in name, yet in influence and position—as our instant *point de départ*, and endeavour by the acquisition of additional intellectual and literary force, to push out further and wider and with more varied influence, the *Richtung* which it has hitherto pursued. If I mistake not, your friend, Mr. Donne, dropped something at your house rather in favour of this view, *i.e.* keeping and strengthening a position *already gained*, than of setting up something altogether new, on wholly untried ground, and in more direct antagonism to the Westminster. He has large experience and calm judgment. Should you feel any impropriety in asking him *privately* his opinion on this subject, and giving us the benefit of it?

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

Chez Madame De la Bontraye,
Roche Plate, Avranches, August 2nd, 1855.

—— We have been settled in our present very comfortable, and most beautifully situated, lodgings about ten days, and we are already feeling ourselves comparatively at home. I enjoy most thoroughly the unbroken leisure and quiet of this place, where I have time to work out connectedly a few ideas which occupy my mind, and to despatch some work which has reference to my employment next session.—On the way here I read through the volume on 'La Normandie Souterraine' which you were so good as to lend me, and got from it a great deal of information which was to me comparatively new. The archæological spirit seems very active in this part of France. All the principal towns which we have visited—Boulogne, Amiens, Beauvais, Rouen, Caen, even Avranches, which is a small place without much wealth or activity —have their Societies and Museums. As their present and their future become more uncertain, the French seem to apply themselves with more and more ardour to the investigation of their past, Roman and Medieval. — I find the ecclesiastical architecture of Amiens, Beauvais and Rouen rich to an extent which cloys; and much prefer the greater simplicity of our own, especially our Early English (the Ionic of Christian art), which I dearly love. The French Flamboyant seems to me greatly to exceed in floridness the

most decorated of our styles. The profusion of statuary and bas-relief is almost overwhelming. We saw however two most venerable Norman churches at Caen. But I do not know that I have seen anything more interesting than, first, a bas-relief on an old house in Rouen, exhibiting in a series of compartments the meeting of Francis I. and Henry VIII. in the field of the Cloth of Gold—executed soon after the event, and giving one a most vivid idea of the costume and manners of the time. This interesting work is already much effaced, and as it is exposed to the weather, will ultimately go entirely. Fortunately they have got an exact copy of it in the Museum. But secondly, far above this in interest, and indeed above everything else that I have yet seen, is the tapestry at Bayeux. This is now most conveniently displayed in its whole length under a glass case, so that it can be studied at leisure, in the Museum of that place. I spent a morning in looking at it. What struck me immediately was the *Roman* character of the costume and the architecture. The cloak both of the Normans and the Saxons, (who are only distinguished by the latter wearing moustaches), is fastened on the right shoulder with a clasp, just like the toga of the Romans. In the vessel which transports William and his Knights, (much like one of our large ferry boats with a sail), the shields are all arranged in order on the side, as in a Roman galley. The banqueting-room where the king and his warriors feast is in the upper story, and approached by a flight of steps outside the building. The arches

of doors and windows are all round, and in the only two churches which are represented—one of them St. Peter's, Westminster—the central tower is capped with a cupola. The original Latin legend accompanying each compartment, is in very distinct characters and perfectly legible. Normandy is indeed full of historical and ecclesiastical interest; but travelling with a family, with a permanent residence of many weeks in view, one finds it impossible, from considerations of expense, and the difficulty under such circumstances of rapid, and sometimes rough, locomotion, to bring in all the objects that would properly enter into what might be considered a scientific tour. I am very grateful for what I have been able to see and to learn. Should the fates ever permit it, I cannot conceive of anything more delightful or instructive to myself, than to make a little tour some day through this country in your company, when I could profit hourly by your historical and archæological knowledge to fill up my own imperfect ideas, and satisfy my cravings after information which I so often cannot furnish to myself. Ten days or at most a fortnight well employed, from Havre or Dieppe, might embrace all the principal objects of interest in Normandy, including a careful survey of the Museums. Our slow ten days' journey was half of it spent in Picardy.—We find the air of Avranches very pure and invigorating. We have a range of apartments occupying the whole of the upper story of a most clean, comfortable and airy house, opening at once on the upper portion of a delightfully

terraced garden, and commanding an extensive view (for we are on an eminence) of a richly wooded country dotted with villages and church towers and a few gentlemen's houses—much like Kent or Berkshire, but without mountains and without water—the very antithesis of the country in which we were last summer and autumn. Within two seconds of our front door is a fine esplanade where the moat once was, under the old walls, large portions of which still remain, and the former site of the Cathedral of Huet, which commands a view of the sea and the coast of Brittany, with the tower-crowned rock of Mont St. Michel and its humbler sister Tombeleine to break the uniformity of the horizon.—The lady with whom we live is the widow (now somewhat reduced in circumstances) of a gentleman who was formerly French Consul at Dantzic, and had retired to Avranches, where he was much respected for his social qualities and literary accomplishments. She is quite a lady in her manners, Parisian by birth and education, and speaks (which is an advantage for us) no language but French. There is one other person in the house besides—a French gentleman who also speaks no English. He is perfectly courteous and pleasant in conversation with us, but somewhat guarded and cautious in his language; I suspect he is a legitimist (Avranches I am told is a favourite retreat for persons of these opinions); certainly he has no liking for England and her present policy. We dine with Madame De la Bontraye and this gentleman every day, we breakfast and take tea in our

apartment. We are furnished with *everything*; and for this (exclusive of wine and our personal washing) we pay a £1 a day for *four* of us. This is nearly double what we paid last year at Clarens; but then our accommodation and entertainment are very superior, and we managed our preliminary journey at one half the expense. The English clergyman resident here called on us yesterday and seems disposed to be friendly, though I told him we were not members of the Church of England, and should only attend his service occasionally in the afternoon. The only other acquaintance I have made is that of M. Hericher, professor of rhetoric at the College here. He is devoted to archæological pursuits, and a member of one of our Societies. He has written, I am told, two able works on the history of Avranches and of Mt. St. Michel. I expect to derive instruction and pleasure from his society.

But I think I have written enough about ourselves and our own concerns—much more than I originally intended. I must turn to something more important before I conclude. Among the arguments which were thought of most weight for the removal of our Academy to London and its union with University College, the two principal were, 1st, the opportunity of larger intercourse with young men of different persuasions and various conditions of life, during the undergraduate years; and 2ndly, the promotion of more union of feeling between our best educated ministers and the laymen whom we must look to

as the future supports of our churches. For myself, I ever regarded both these objects as of such vital importance in the present state of the religious world, that I should have thought the chance of attaining them well worth considerable sacrifices in other respects. The experiment of two Sessions has shown us how far we are likely to succeed; the result I think on the whole has been very encouraging; but it has also revealed, what deficiencies have yet to be supplied, and what obstacles are yet to be overcome. The problem we have to solve—and on its successful solution depends in no small degree the future condition of our churches and of enlightened Nonconformity—is the possibility of training up a ministry at once thoroughly well-educated and thoroughly in earnest—imbued in mind and manners with scholarly and Christian courtesy, and yet at the same time capable of self-sacrifice and self-devotion to a noble cause. The world has furnished such examples in former days; why should they be thought impossible now? Never, within my remembrance, were our laity, as a body, more disposed to come forward and help us; and if we can but stimulate our individual congregations throughout the country to organise themselves into a more constitutional form and working, I am not without hope, that in another quarter of a century, some very valuable fruits may be produced. But then we must shake off our selfish apathy and coldness and work *in* faith and *for* the future. The Hibbert Trust just come into action, and the Liverpool

Fund* already resting on a solid basis, indicate great possibilities of good. How can we bring all these efforts into harmonious working with each other, and with our own Institution which is already possessed of an historical character, and *must*, whatever exertions it may cost us, be maintained, relatively to the wants of the time, at the point which it had reached under you and Mr. Wellbeloved, and previously at Warrington? The Hibbert Trust stands in the closest relation to the objects of Manchester New College; and the two Mr. Philipses, who are its *natural* representatives and executors, seem to me heartily disposed to promote their co-operation.—Two things seem to me wanting to the *perfect* success of our present plan. 1st, some *tutorial* aid to our undergraduates, especially previous to matriculation, including a thorough grammatical and prosodial grounding in Greek and Latin, with the more elementary parts of Mathematics and the rudiments of Logic, (our own examination previous to admission, however strictly enforced, only imperfectly secures these objects); and 2ndly, some more vital union and intercourse between our more advanced theological students and our lay-students—*if possible* (and I believe it is quite possible)—through the medium of University Hall. If the former of these objects could be accomplished I think our undergraduates would be highly favoured, as enjoying the full benefit of the *tutorial* and *professorial* systems

* Founded by Christopher Rawdon, and others, for the augmentation of the stipends of Ministers of Non-subscribing Churches.

combined, and enabled to take the full advantage of such instructors as Malden, De Morgan, and Newman. The question is, would the Hibbert Trustees* be inclined to help Manchester New College in carrying out this object? Mr. Hibbert's object was, as I take it, to turn out a learned and accomplished ministry; but learning and accomplishment pre-suppose *solid* foundations at the commencement of the Academic life. It is no use sending men *abroad* to look at pictures, or report on schools, or even attend lectures, till their views and principles are to a certain extent fixed, and they have acquired preliminary habits of mental *thoroughness* and *accuracy at home*.—And now for the second point—I adhere to the opinion, which I expressed at the late meeting of Trustees, that as a *general* rule, I think it would be better for our theological students not to enter University Hall *at first*. They are often when they first come to us, from perhaps an humble condition in life—shy, timid, awkward—and would be more likely to be influenced by rich young lay-students, than beneficially to influence them—if they were *constantly* together; and might according to their character, either be crushed and outcast, or, if they escaped that, become, what is worse, forward and impudent. Of course there will be exceptions. Should our ministers hereafter be more frequently drawn from a higher rank in life,

* The Hibbert Trust, founded and bequeathed by Mr. Hibbert, for the higher education of Ministers of Religion among non-subscribing Christians.

such exceptions may increase: but I speak of the present time and the general rule. The case is very different, when a theological student is more advanced in years, and has distinguished himself in his classes as a scholar or a mathematician, and begins to be conscious of his superiority in those mental and moral qualities which are the great distinction of all men: and if he entered University Hall under such circumstances, he would be more likely to give, than to take, the tone, and his influence might be decidedly beneficial there. Would it be possible to make admission to University Hall, in connection with the enjoyment of the Hibbert exhibitions, be regarded as a *privilege* and a *distinction*, so that theological students resident there, should be considered *a more advanced class* of students? I think this might be promoted, if the Hibbert Trustees could rent or purchase from the Council of University Hall, and neatly furnish, one or two sets of rooms to be occupied by the recipients of the exhibition *rent free* during its continuance. This would bring the most distinguished theological students into the Hall under the circumstances most favourable to their moral and intellectual influence, and afford them an opportunity of further improving their means by giving private instructions to the other members of the Hall who required it, in Classics and Mathematics—subject of course to the approval of the Principal of Manchester New College, lest such employment should interfere with a proper attention to their theological studies. As a general rule, I am con-

vinced, the energetic and industrious men who would be most eager to obtain a little extra fund in this way for the purchase of books or the expenses of a summer tour, would be the very men least disposed to neglect their proper studies: and they would at the same time in this way be most likely to form pleasant and profitable connections with young lay-students.—I have often thought it would be desirable that our more distinguished theological students should take their Master's degree. The enjoyment of rooms in University Hall for a year or more after the completion of their theological course with us—with free access to our Library, and the opportunity if they chose of giving closer attention to Mr. Martineau's classes a second time if they wished to graduate in the *Moral* Sciences, would afford great and desirable facilities for this object. The Hibbert Trust Fund would not, in my opinion, operate beneficially, if it drew young men away prematurely from their proper theological studies and sent them abroad, to plunge in the shoreless ocean of German theology and metaphysics before they had finished their course, and fixed their broad fundamental principles with *us*, as the future ministers of our churches. ——

To Rev. B. Carpenter.

Chez Madame de la Bontraye, Avranches, Sept. 2nd, 1855.

—— We have now been here about six weeks; in another fortnight we shall be turning our steps home-

ward. Greatly have I enjoyed the rest and quiet of this place. It has not, I assure you, been an idle time with me. I have prepared a good deal of work for the coming Session; and what I particularly value, I here have time and undisturbed retirement to *think* over collectedly and leisurely the subjects on which one's mind is exercised. In a London life, it is exceedingly difficult, with all one's efforts, to do this.—I have a charming little chamber, adjoining my wife's bedroom, which I use as a study. My table, where lie my books and papers, is at the window, which opens on a wide prospect of wooded champain, on which the sunshine is continually producing the most beautiful effects, and out on which I can look for refreshment every time I lift my head from my book, and where I hear nothing, but occasionally a voice or two from the servants in the garden below, or the clock of the Hospice striking the quarters from the little faubourg at the foot of our hill. Sometimes for a change, I take a turn in the adjoining garden, which consists of two terraces united by a flight of steps, and which commands a beautiful view; here I can quietly think, or solace myself with a little volume of poetry, as I pace up and down under the pretty trellised *berceau*, which runs along one side of the upper garden. In this way I spend all my mornings; and then take a walk—either alone, or more usually with all our party—before or immediately after our dinner, which is between five and six p.m. At tea, and till we separate for bed, I read aloud to our assembled party. We pass, you will

see, a very quiet and cheerful life—not the less serenely or, I trust, less *gratefully* cheerful, for the sad remembrances which come across it, and the *silent* influence of which is never, I believe, for one moment absent from our thoughts. This quiet regular life (Hannah and Selina are constantly busy with their sketching) has not been broken by many excursions: we made one to Mont St. Michel, and another to the pretty romantic valley of Mortain about seven leagues from this place—of which, I daresay, one of the ladies has sent an account; I myself took one expedition alone to see Granville and the very beautiful Cathedral of Coutances.

You will have heard by this time, that we have been visited by another domestic sorrow in the death of poor Robert Smith.* He had been suffering for a long time, and we were not wholly unprepared for the event; though for myself I cannot say I was not without hope to the last. He was a thoroughly amiable, unselfish, kind-hearted man, and has left many attached friends behind him. His brother Henry feels his death most acutely. His letter to my wife, received yesterday, is quite the utterance of a broken heart. So, dear Carpenter, our contemporaries, even our juniors, pass away one by one. Our own time will soon come. In ten years more, if we live so long, you and I shall be old men, close on seventy—fit to retire and take our rest, if it shall be permitted us, for a year or two before we die. All the ambition I once had as respects

* His brother-in-law.

this world, has been taken out of me by the death of my most dear and truly excellent son. He was indeed my joy and my pride; and I little dreamed this time last year, when we were looking forward with delight to his joining us in Switzerland, that he would now be in his grave.* To be indifferent to *this* world, while we are in it and have duties to perform, would be wrong; but I feel my chief interest in it now is (and I am calmer and happier, I hope wiser and better, for the thought), to do what I can to serve the interests of truth and goodness and genuine religion—to make such provision as I am able for the happiness of those whom I must leave behind me, when I go, and to prepare myself as best I may, by continual aspiration and

* The following lines written at Avranches were found in a Note-book:—

'Farewell! thou child of my right hand, and joy,
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy:
Some twenty years thou wert lent me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I lose all father, now! For why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age?
Rest in soft peace!'

Ben Jonson, on the death of his son: slightly altered.

'Rest in soft peace!' 'Farewell!'—how sad, yet sweet
Those words of distant woe my sorrows greet!
They speak thy loss, sweet bard!—not thine alone;
For other times thou breath'st a father's moan.
In others' accents I would fain express
The weight unuttered of my own distress;
For tears that from a common fountain flow,
Glide in one course, and mingle as they go.

J. J. T., *Aug.* 24*th*, 1855.

endeavours after what is better, for joining, when my change comes, in some more glorious and blessed state, the many beautiful and excellent souls whom God has mercifully permitted me to know and hold converse with on earth. This is the most consolatory of all beliefs to frail and dying man; I never was without it; it always formed a part of my system of religious philosophy; but it never was a reality—a strength and a comfort to me, as I feel it now. A religion which teaches it so emphatically as Christianity—must have a Divine source.

To Mrs. Schunck,* *Manchester.*

East Farleigh,† Kent, October 1st, 1855.

Never did I receive a severer shock than what awaited us on our arrival from France, to spend a few days with friends in this place. My first impulse was to write to you or Mr. Schunck at once; but on second thoughts, we deemed it better a few days should elapse, especially as we then knew no particulars. Since that time my dear child has written to you. My anxiety for her was great. I was afraid of the effect which this intelligence might have on her health. It was like opening afresh the wounds inflicted on us last year—wounds which are not yet, and in this world never can be, entirely healed. To have lost within twelve months an only and dearly beloved

* On the death of her daughter, wife of Signor Gallenga,

† The residence of Leyson Lewis, Esq.

brother, and the dearest friend of her childhood and youth—the memories of whom are so closely interwoven with an early home and years of happiness now for ever gone—is a terrible affliction. We can only submit in patient trust to the mysterious appointments of the Universal Father—and say, Thy will be done! But for you, dear friends, who have lost your sweet and affectionate child in the deepening bloom of her conjugal and motherly virtues—what can I say to comfort your hearts and stay the torrent of your grief?—Human words are powerless under sorrows like yours. My own unspeakable affliction, only just passed away, enables me to sympathise with yours. I can only commend you—which I do from my heart, to the mercies of our common God and Father, and mingle my tears with yours.—Allow me one remark, my old and dearly valued friend, which my own bitter experience suggests. I have no doubt you will prove its truth as I have done. There is ever a fund of religious trust and hope latent in the soul—especially where life has been religiously spent. By a merciful provision, we find this trust—this hope—comes out with new force and vividness under the pressure of affliction. What were mere beliefs before, become certainties and realities now. We never perhaps doubted that there was a God—and that He was our Father; but never do we *feel* Him so near, so intimately present to our inmost hearts—the one great reality of our existence—sustaining us on His merciful arm, and speaking to us audibly with His kind, paternal voice—

as when every earthly support is taken away, and the voices we have most loved to hear, are mute. If I might speak from my own heart to comfort yours,—and this is the true sympathy of friendship—I could say, that although the hope of another and a higher life ever formed from my earliest years a part of my *creed* —yet it never was so clear a certainty—so intense a reality—mingling, I can truly say, in the daily current of my deepest thoughts, as it has become since sorrow made it a spiritual necessity to me. I want no arguments now; they all seem to me poor and insufficient for so grand a theme. I could not live without the belief. God has made it a part of my daily life, and I cannot disjoin it from myself.

'Du hast Unsterblichkeit im Sinn;
Kannst du uns deine Gründe nennen?'
Gar wohl! Der Hauptgrund liegt darin,
Dass wir sie nicht entbehren können.

My very dear friend, in this blessed trust, and in the filial love and reverence out of which it springs—may we all find that consolation and repose, which the incessant changes of this life permit us to find nowhere else. Let us not doubt for a moment, that our earthly life is but a preparation for something more lasting and glorious than itself; and that in the exhaustless resources of Divine wisdom and love, we shall, in some way and at some time or other, recognize once more the pure souls we have conversed with on earth, brightened in every expression of moral and mental excellence, and cleansed from the stains of human

infirmity which clung to them here below. Accept, my dear Mrs. Schunck, the expression of my most affectionate sympathy for yourself and Mr. Schunck, for the widowed husband and the orphan child. There are feelings which we cannot adequately express. My heart is full, and I can write no more.

To a Young Friend under Depression.

22, *Woburn Square, April 16th*, 1856.

I am very glad that you have written to me, for I have had experience in my own life which enables me perhaps more fully than some other and better people to enter into your feelings, and understand your case, and offer you a little advice and consolation. I suffered at one time from extreme depression, accompanied, as I now clearly see, by some delusions—which was the result of over mental excitement. The depression lasted many months, nearly a year; and though I went abroad and sought change of scene, and was surrounded by proofs of the unaltered kindness of my friends—I was at times almost in despair about myself, and thought I should never see the light of God's countenance again. I can retrace many of my old feelings in what you have written to me. I do not speak, therefore, without some *practical* knowledge of the matter about which you consult me. I have had *personal* experience of the *realities* to which you beg me to confine myself.—Some additional value may on this account attach to the few, but most sin-

cere and affectionate, counsels which I shall venture to offer. I will suggest *nothing* to you, of which I have not myself proved and found the efficacy. All that I allude to respecting myself has long passed away, like an evil dream of distant years; and I can now look back on it, and speak of it, in the clear light of reason and of present contentedness and security. This is the privilege, as it is doubtless the merciful intent, of our being fellow-sufferers, that those of us who recover should comfort and strengthen those who are still under the rod. I remember, I was beginning gradually to get well, from the healing influence of time and the restoration of physical health—when it one day occurred to me more strongly than before, that I hindered my improvement both mental and bodily, by dwelling too much on my *moral* state, my character, infirmities, omissions, transgressions, &c. &c.—and I resolved, and made a vigorous effort, to *forget myself* altogether; and I threw myself, *just as I was*, with all my heart and mind into some work which occurred to me as important, for raising the instruction of the young people in the Congregation and the Sunday-school with which I was then connected. That turn in my thoughts completed my cure; and from that time I never had a relapse. I attach no importance to the *particular* work; that was an accident in my social position; I only mention it to show, that the first thing to be done is to throw our minds *out* of ourselves on some useful employment or appointed duty, of *whatever* kind it may be;—and whether we find

present satisfaction in it or not, whether any sentiment or feeling in the *first instance* attends it or not—to persevere in it, and do it, as in the sight of God, simply as *duty*—within the *limits* (and this must be carefully attended to) of our actual health and strength. We must not be too fastidious and particular about our *work*. It is given us according to our character, and position in society; and we must take it, as it comes, as *God's task*. It is beautiful and noble, however unimportant it may appear, when we look at it in that light. It may be the perfecting of ourselves in some useful or liberal acquirement—a language, a science or an art; all such acquirements are indirectly beneficial and agreeable to our fellow-creatures; it may be simply endeavouring to promote the comfort or improvement of others; it may be labouring more directly to help the poor, the ignorant, the fallen, the unhappy. Whatever it be that furnishes us with useful and virtuous employment, if we put our minds into it and discipline our minds to do it *well*, it is a service to God; and while we faithfully offer it to Him, and forget *ourselves* in *His* work—it is *impossible* (I say so deliberately and with the profoundest conviction) that He should ever withdraw His blessing from us, and leave us to perish—however meanly or even despairingly, in moments of depression, (arising mainly, whatever you may fancy to the contrary, from *bodily* causes) we may think of ourselves. Patient submission to God's chastenings (and dark, depressing thoughts are a form of them) combined with the faithful effort to

do our duty, as we see what it is—is all that a just and good God *can* ask of us. While such is our will and endeavour—however frail and imperfect we may be—we are not and cannot be *sinners* in that sense of the term to which the Scriptures' threatenings and penalties apply. The very loathing we experience of the dark and unkindly thoughts which come over us in spite of ourselves—is a proof that they are not of our own seeking: and however mysterious their origin may be (and this life is full of mysteries) of this we may be *quite certain*, that He who made us—He in whom is concentrated all power and all goodness—whom the beloved Apostle designates by one beautiful and expressive word—LOVE—must be less just and kind than an ordinary human father if he could reject a weak and suffering child for *thoughts* in which it does not delight, which it would gladly shake off, and from which it earnestly desires to be delivered. You must rest satisfied, therefore, with the conclusion, that your present state of mind is not a *sin*, since you do not desire its continuance, but a *trial*—to which God has seen fit temporarily to subject you for some wise and good purpose, and which you must strive to turn to good account, by implicitly giving yourself up to His Fatherly disposal—by patience, trust, submission, simple devotedness, and by resolutely keeping off your thoughts—in constant, healthy employment—from *yourself*. If you are at all chargeable with the selfishness with which you reproach yourself, remember it must chiefly consist in your present state of mind in

encouraging or allowing your thoughts to *dwell* on your own unworthiness. Let it be granted that you have sinned—as we have, every one of us, constantly and grievously sinned; you are now conscious of it and deplore it, and desire nothing so much as reconciliation with God: forget it then, and think *no more* of it, but turn with an earnest, resolute will to God. Your *actions* are under your command, and the *motives* from which they flow; though the train of your thoughts may not be entirely so. You can only be accountable for what is now *within* your power. Were God no more than simple Justice, He could not reject those who are making every effort to serve Him, whatever their past sins may have been; and if He be, as Scripture assures us, our Heavenly Father, full of loving kindness and tender mercy, not willing that any should perish—then we may be sure, wherever He sees an humble, patient, trusting, striving spirit—He will accept that spirit—although, for some high purpose known only to Himself, it should be doomed for a season to walk in darkness and have no taste of joy; nay, because there is greater faithfulness in serving Him under such circumstances, He has probably a richer blessing in reserve, when the cloud passes away, and the sun breaks forth again! Let me assure you, that I do not *artificially* adapt my words to what I may fancy the wants of your particular case; but that they are my deep, genuine and sincere convictions, of which I have been growing in the belief for years, by which I strive, however imperfectly, to live, and in

which I hope at last to die. You speak of Scripture. Do not distress yourself with particular texts which are often obscure, and when exclusively dwelt on may often have an *untrue* effect on persons in your present state of feeling. The great truth of Scripture lies not in particular texts, but in the spirit of its general message—in those clear and bright statements respecting the character and purposes of the Father, by which we must interpret darker and more difficult passages, and which stand out like illuminated peaks from the mistiness which sometimes rests on the lower level of the narrative, to show the grand direction and tendency of His high providence. There are some golden words in Scripture, which we should treasure in our hearts, and let nothing dark or doubtful take from us: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." It is clear from these words that God loves us, before we love Him, and even independently of our loving Him. We have every thing to hope from such a Being, if we only give ourselves up to Him. "We love Him, because He first loved us." "This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments." Our Lord Himself says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Now we can all keep the commandments, for this depends on our simple will and effort; but the state of our minds and feelings will often be influenced by circumstances which we cannot control. Nevertheless, if we persevere in well-doing, we shall

come to peace at last. Our lives will react on our hearts; and sooner or later the source of happy and kindly feeling, which seemed stopped, will flow again. Let us only be patient and trustful, and bend humbly under the chastening hand of our Father. And how glorious is that assurance of St. Paul! "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," who when the season of trial and suffering which is appointed for us all shall have passed away, are predestinated to the peace and joy which await the faithful and obedient; for again we are assured that "nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord." If any thing is clear in the New Testament, it is that the love of God, as manifested in and through Christ, is infinite, exhaustless—that the greatest sinner, if he but turn to God, though his will *seem* paralysed, and his heart be cold and dark—by the simple act of turning, *secures* the Divine blessing, and has salvation pledged to him. Even the Old Testament on this topic in many passages most beautifully anticipates the spirit of the New. Just read that delightful 103rd Psalm. Only observe how full it is of the tenderest mercy and love! And to whom is this promised? To such as *keep* his covenant, and to those who remember His commandments to *do* them; requiring, be it observed, not states of mind and frames of feeling, and a perpetual dwelling on our own sinfulness, but simply this—the *forgetting* of ourselves, and the faithful *doing* of that which at every moment is *within* our power to do—the *work*

which God has given us—and the leaving of every thing else to His fatherly justice and mercy. A mother's love faintly expresses the love of God for us. In moments of darkness and despair let us never forget this; let those grand and consolatory words of Isaiah speak peace to our hearts: "Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, *they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.*" And this is the God under whom we live. O faithless hearts! how can we despair! How can we ever let a morbid brooding over our own insignificant weaknesses and imperfections fill us for one moment with doubt in our Heavenly Father's mercy, with the almost impious thought, that the very greatest sins with which it is possible for us to fill the short space of our mortal years could ever outweigh the infinity of His love!—With regard to the penalties of the life to come, they can endure so long only as wilful and deliberate sin endures; or, if perpetuated a moment longer, only to make the final conversion to good more blessed and complete.—Before I conclude, let me entreat you, once more, to seek useful and cheerful occupations; to interest yourself (even if at first it be quite *mechanically*) in your friends and their proceedings; to dismiss all thoughts about your own character and condition; and quietly, humbly and trustfully to put yourself into the hands of God. Where can you be safer or happier? Do not neglect your bodily health. Force yourself to

take air and exercise. With regard to reading, as your mind seems at present over-wrought with attention to moral and spiritual themes,—turn your thoughts to natural science—seek refreshment in the sweetness, the purity, the tranquillity and the grandeur of God's visible works in creation.—Any study, which does not over-tax the powers, pursued steadily and perseveringly, with an aim of excelling in it, is sure to open into some applications of help and benefit to our fellow-creatures, and to raise our thoughts at last to Him, who is the source of all power and beauty and goodness and happiness.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

Heidelberg; im Bekker-Müllerschen Hause,
44, Schloss Strasse, July 25th, 1856.

Here we are comfortably settled for two months, in delightful lodgings close by the castle, high above the town, and commanding from our balcony a magnificent view over the wide plain of the Palatinate towards the mountains of the Haardt and the Vosges, which make a beautiful horizon. I have got my books out, and am thoroughly enjoying rest in the midst of beautiful scenery, with uninterrupted leisure for thought and study. I should esteem it no great misfortune, if some unforeseen necessity should compel me to continue this kind of quiet, contemplative life, for which I fancy I am by nature fitted. And we are

not without pleasant and improving society here; as I have introductions to several of the Professors, and the Chevalier Bunsen, who is now living in retirement here, has been very kind in his attentions: I spent a very pleasant evening at his house soon after our arrival. I also know old Schlosser, the historian, who is now *emeritus*, having reached the age of eighty, though still full of life and energy. He is acquainted with your brother-in-law, Mr. W. Rathbone, and inquired after him and Mr. Thomas Ashton, when I called on him this afternoon.—I am a little anxious about College affairs just now, and shall be glad if, without giving yourself much trouble, you can now and then during my absence from England favour me with a short account of how things are going on.

I have offered—at the risk of seeming obtrusive—to undertake the New Testament theology, should Mr. Smith* retire—of course, with no increase of salary. This would simplify matters, if the offer in other respects should be approved—of which I am doubtful. There is an excellent Professor of Hebrew in University College; and if Mr. Kenrick—who has of late years been giving much attention to the Old Testament could be induced, during one term of the session, to read a course of lectures on the history and literature of the Hebrews, I think an arrangement might so be made, that would meet the wants of our students and be satisfactory to the public. From what I observe and

* Dr. Vance Smith, then Professor of Critical and Exegetical Theology, and of Hebrew, in Manchester New College.

can learn—I think Martineau will be most likely at present to maintain and increase his influence both in our own body and with the general public, by confining himself to philosophy. The higher philosophy needs representing by such a mind as his. Something is sure to turn up ere long, which must bring him to London for some clear and urgent reason, which will take from his removal all appearance of risk or adventure. I ardently desire that some change of circumstances would summon either him or you, or, better still—both of you to London. I am certain, there is a field for you. Some change must take place there, or the only earnest religious *life in our body* will be exhibited by zealous * * * doctrinarians: and I am sure, moreover, the elements for such a change exist, and far more widely than is suspected—especially among the young—could only some one appear with the gifts and in the position to develop, combine and express them. —One of the consequences which I most hoped would flow from the removal of our Academy to London—was the bringing of our laymen and our divines into closer intercourse during the period of their College course. And this object I still think of the utmost importance to the future prosperity of our Churches. I must, however, confess with sorrow that not much has yet been done towards this result. It is very difficult to beget the feeling of a perfect harmony of aim and interest between University Hall and Manchester New College, and when it has been produced to prevent its being broken again by some very trifling

circumstance. I foresee difficulties and annoyance in future from this source, which I shall do my best to allay and prevent; but I cannot work impossibilities. My situation has, and must have, I assure you, dear friend, its cares and its responsibilities; but when I undertook it, I undertook it as a duty, and I calculated upon *work*, not on *repose*, and during the years which, if God gives me health and strength, I have proposed in my mind to devote to the College—I will not shirk any exertions, by which I can really promote its interests. I shall feel sufficiently rewarded if, when the time comes which I have marked in my own mind for retirement, I can see that I have brought the vessel through reefs and breakers into deep and quiet waters, to be guided for the future by a firmer and more accomplished hand than my own. Meanwhile, dear friend, you must help and encourage me by your friendly counsel. I hope we are both trying to do God's work, and that ought to be a sufficient motive to proceed cheerfully and with good heart. God bless you and yours. Yours ever affectionately.

To Rev. James Martineau.*

21st February, 1857. 22, *Woburn Sq., London.*

I have had no account of the proceedings at the Committee yesterday. But I know from Dr.

* Mr. Martineau had consented to become resident in London as Professor of mental, moral and religious Philosophy in Manchester

Sadler with whom I had a long and confidential talk yesterday evening, that a Protest is in course of extensive signature, both here and in the country, to which some very respectable names are attached—against the new arrangements. You may rely upon it, that I will take no step till I have seen you and talked with you. But I confess, I am greatly annoyed and pained to find that so deep a feeling of distrust exists in my views and principles, and of my consequent unsuitableness to the office of Theological Professor. I regret now that I ever accepted the office of Principal, and quitted my useful, honourable, and happy position at Manchester. Those who appointed me sinned with their eyes open; for my opinions were before them—and had been for years—in my published writings. I feel an irresistible inclination to retire from the anxious and responsible situation which I hold, into studious privacy. With the feeling that prevails about my *theology*, I do not see how I can with propriety, and with any comfort to myself, occupy the professorship of Biblical Theology. I think some one should take it, who has the attainments requisite, and who will do his work candidly and impartially—but who has not expressed himself so

New College. Some painful, but short-lived, objection was made by the more conservative friends of the College, under the apprehension that the whole religious teaching of the College, philosophical, critical, and scriptural, would pass too much under the influence of one school of thought. Mr. Tayler, on the resignation of Dr. Vance Smith, had become Professor of Biblical Theology as well as of Ecclesiastical History.

decidedly as I perhaps on some points have done, against the prevalent conceptions of Scripture, and the evidence of religious truths. My duties under the new arrangement will be many and onerous; to discharge them will demand the utmost stress of my faculties, and this under present circumstances, I feel too painfully I could not give. My nature is from its origin sensitive even to weakness; and I cannot work (where a stronger nature perhaps might) when I am conscious of a want of sympathy and confidence. Indeed, it has become to me a deep and serious question, whether in the present divided state of opinion in our body, we ought to persist in a course, though sanctioned by a majority at a Trustee Meeting and in Committee—which must draw after it a pernicious schism. We are too small a body to divide, and with all our differences on minor points we have enough in common still, to make it very desirable we should continue to act together. If I resign Biblical Theology I must resign the Principalship too, for you know how strongly I hold they should go together. I long from my inmost soul for peace and freedom. All this to yourself alone. I will *do* nothing till I see you, but the thing must be deeply and impartially weighed.

March 1st, 1857.

I had a kind visit from Mr. Madge* the other day, to explain why he signed the Protest. He spoke very

* The Rev. Thomas Madge, then Minister of Essex Street Chapel, London; died 1870.

kindly of you personally, though he disapproved much some things which you had written. My belief is that he will give you a kindly welcome. I tried to convince him, and to some extent I believe I succeeded, that your coming to London would prove in its results a conservative measure; and that it would certainly be the object of our combined influence not to excite, but to allay and sober, and guide to solid conviction and practical usefulness, the passion for speculation in young heads. I have seen the Protest with its signatures. It pains me exceedingly. I can only hope that Providence is working out its own high purpose through our anxiety and suffering, and that we have not mistaken, however sincerely, the path of duty. When you feel depressed, dear friend, I must refer you to your own beautiful hymn, 319,* "Thy way is in the deep, O Lord." In many sad moments of the last few weeks I have recurred to it again and again, and found the strength and comfort I wanted.

P.S.—Do consider what I have written. Can we carry on the College, even *materially*, with a *divided* support? Be assured there is no sacrifice that I would not gladly make to heal the breach. Write to me soon.

P.S. Monday Morning. — I have considered the Protest again. I am alarmed by its weight and its extent. I cannot help asking the question,—Is it right for us to persist in a course which must probably

* Of 'Hymns for the Christian Church at Home: collected and edited by James Martineau.'

lead to a serious and lasting schism in our body? I find names there, that I did not expect to see; and many, I am told, think with the signers, who have not signed it themselves. Would it be right for us, under the circumstances, to refer ourselves once more entirely to the Committee, and ask whether with the strong feeling of opposition now manifested to their proceedings, they would wish to adopt any modification of them with a view to rectify and prevent, if possible, the breach that seems impending? I wish from the bottom of my heart, I were at liberty to resign.

22, *Woburn Square, March 3rd*, 1857.

Do not let the postscript of my letter, written under great depression of spirits and deep anxiety the other day, disturb you. My fortunes are now bound up with yours, and I will not separate myself from you, whatever mental anguish I may temporarily experience. If God has given me a work to do, I will strive to do it, firmly and bravely, though it may cost my weak and sensitive and too sympathising temper much. I have no one here with whom I can exchange confidential counsel, except Sadler, and I do not see him often.—I received a copy of the Protest from . . . . . , accompanied by an earnest request that I would go back to my original position in the College. —I told him in reply, that I could take no independent move in this direction without dishonourably compro-

mising those with whom I am now associated; that I was in the hands of the Committee from whom I received my appointment, and must do the work which they had committed to me; that in the present state of our body unanimity was out of the question, and that I had no choice but to abide by the decision of a majority: that I should strive to fulfil my duties, whatever they might be, with the best exertion of the faculties which God has bestowed on me, with a single eye to truth on *all* its sides, and with a constant endeavour to infuse a spirit of seriousness and piety into the minds placed under my influence. This was right. Was it not?—His letter to me was personally kind and courteous; but I suggested to him that it was useless to prolong our correspondence on this subject, and that, for the present at least, our intercourse had better relate to other topics.

To Baron Bunsen.

22, *Woburn Square, London, March* 21*st*, 1857.

I take the liberty of asking your advice and assistance in a matter, where I believe your knowledge and experience may be of great service. By a change which is about to be made in the Institution of which I am the Principal, at the close of the present Session, the whole of the instruction, with the exception of one department, will be divided between myself and my colleague, Mr. Martineau; Biblical Theology with Ecclesiastical History being assigned to myself; Men-

tal, Moral and Religious Philosophy being allotted to Mr. Martineau. This arrangement will render necessary the services of some accomplished Orientalist to teach thoroughly, and with all the resources of the most recent scholarship, Hebrew and the cognate dialects of Chaldee and Syriac. We naturally look to your learned country as the quarter from which help may most readily be obtained, especially as we should be glad to procure for our students through the same individual, besides instruction in Hebrew, &c., some instruction also in German.—It has occurred to us, that such a situation might not be unacceptable to many a young man of learning and ability, as he would be introduced at once into respectable literary connections, would be secure of an income to a certain amount,* and have a considerable residue of leisure which he might occupy very profitably. It would of course be necessary that he should possess such a command of English, as would enable him to teach perspicuously. Could you, dear Sir, in your ample range of literary acquaintance, recommend to us any such person? You know what we are, and could therefore describe better than most men the situation which has to be filled. We want, first and before all things, a thorough philologist and a good teacher.—I have myself sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to answer my own theological purposes, but not enough to teach it as it ought now to be taught. My business

* One hundred pounds for ten hours per week through a session of nine months.

will be with the New Testament and the Septuagint Greek. But we wish in our Hebrew teacher something more than a *mere* philologist; for, though he would not have to teach *theology*, we should still think it an advantage that he had gone through a theological training, so as to have sympathy with us in our theological objects. In one word, we should wish him to be a man of a *religious* cast of mind, who would read the Law and the Prophets and the Psalms with his pupils in a religious spirit. You will understand, therefore, that we wish, if possible, to associate with us in this work, some one who is not of the extreme rationalistic school of Strauss or Baur or Vatke, nor yet of the narrow, reactionary school of Hengstenberg—but some one whose views of Scripture resemble those which you have yourself put forth in your recent volume, and which are entertained, I believe, by such men as Bleek and Umbreit. The latter gentleman I only know by name; but Professor Bleek is an old friend, and to him I have already written on this subject. I believe I have now fully stated the qualifications which we are in search of, and the remuneration and prospects which we can hold out. If you can suggest to us any such person, or put us on the right track for finding one either at Heidelberg or Halle or Berlin, you will add another, dear Sir, to the many obligations by which I am already bound to you.

Let me take this opportunity of thanking you very sincerely for your last work, 'Gott in der Geschichte,' a copy of which was forwarded to me by your publisher.

I have read it with much interest, and a hearty sympathy with its spirit and object; though it contains some positions, as for instance, the large share assigned to Baruch in the authorship of certain parts of the Old Testament, of the soundness of which I am not perfectly convinced. But I express my dissent from you with real diffidence.—You have probably heard, that the opinions which Dr. Davison ventured to express on the age and authorship of the Pentateuch, were submitted to the investigation of a Committee. He was acquitted of heresy by a large majority, with an admonition, however, to be more *cautious* in future.

My wife and daughter and sister in law desire to unite with me in kind remembrances to Madame Bunsen and your family, and in most respectful regards to yourself. We shall not soon forget the pleasant evenings that we spent at Charlottenberg.* May God spare you long, dear Sir, in health and strength to serve the interests of truth, liberty and progress, in the greatest of all causes—the cause of humanity and God!

To Rev. B. Carpenter.

22, *Woburn Square, London, April 7th*, 1857.

If the fourth Sunday in May will suit you (the 24th day of the month) I shall be happy to preach for your Day Schools. If I can manage it, I will try to spend the *whole* of the preceding Saturday with you. A quiet walk on the fresh green banks of the dear old

* Near Heidelberg.

Trent will do much to soothe and tranquillise me. I sigh for such peaceful influences. Few can tell what anxieties I have had for nearly the last twelve months. My whole vacation at Heidelberg was darkened by them; for I foresaw from the first what an important issue was at stake. I am sorry to say, recent experiences have not increased my reverence for the real Catholicism and freedom of spirit in our little body. We talk more than we do.

With regard to the ensuing Meeting of Trustees,* I regret that it should have been called, and have kept quite aloof from any measures for promoting it. I thought it would be best to accept the decision and arrangements of the Committee as final, and to proceed by earnest, faithful working to show how groundless were the fears of the objectors, and so let the Protest, having done its work, die a natural death. But I can understand Mr. Martineau's feelings, and sympathise with them. My case is somewhat different from his; though from my known theological position, I am as much an object of distrust on some points as he. The Meeting of Trustees must, however, now be dealt with as a *fact*.—It is clear, that we who are appointed Professors under the present arrangement, cannot do our work effectively and trustfully unless we are *powerfully* and *largely* supported from without. What is needed, is a *large and decided*

* A Meeting of the Trustees of Manchester New College, called to determine what weight attached to a Protest against Professorial appointments made by the College Committee, under powers committed to it by the Trustees. The Trustees sustained the appointments.

majority on one side or the other, expressive distinctly of *confidence* or *want of confidence*. If the former be given, I have little doubt the scheme will work well —will prove in its results essentially a *conservative* scheme, and in the course of a year will live down and confute the groundless hostility which exists. If we do not possess the confidence of the public, that should be known; and of course, if a vote is given to that effect, I have nothing left for me but to resign my office into the hands of the Committee, and retire from a post for which I am pronounced unfit. Such a result, though it would a little interfere with plans which I have marked out for myself for a few years more, would not bring with it, I must confess, any very deep personal regret. I could still live on my little property in a quiet, simple way; and sick and weary as I am of the strifes and jealousies of a petty sectarian existence, I should not be sorry to devote the remnant of my days to the peace and freedom of a studious but not inactive retirement.

To his Daughter.

Woburn Square, Sunday Evening.

You shall have a few lines from me, if only to show that I do sometimes write when I am not obliged. You must not take my silence as a proof that you are not constantly in my mind. Letter writing is like common talking, it constantly turns on things that

interest us least—those weary common-places of life which lie on the surface of our existence, and must be dealt with; while the things in which our affection and interest centre, lie deep and unspoken within us. You are never absent from us long, my dearest child, but my mind continually reverts to you and the associated image of your beloved brother—and the hope springs up vividly within me, that there certainly will come a time when we shall all, mother and father and children, be together again, purer and nobler we will hope, and therefore happier, than we ever were in our happiest days on earth. Your dear mother has been playing this evening some beautiful airs which brought back to me our old Manchester evenings; and I felt cheered and comforted as I listened to them. It was an unspeakable delight to me to see old Manchester faces again, and to speak to old friends on old themes, from the old place; I felt it peculiarly so this Christmas, notwithstanding all the anxiety I felt about College matters; all our friends were so kind—especially the dear old German circle, which you and I both love. But I must not fill my small space with sentimentalising—though it is very pleasant to give way to it now and then on such themes.

We had not a very large audience at the Hall,* this morning; the day was miserably cold and wet. We missed Miss Pilkington and Miss Martineau, who are gone to Weybridge. But Lady Clarke and Miss John-

* Mr. Tayler on fixed Sundays in each month, conducted a religious service at University Hall.

ston were faithful as ever, and poor Mrs. J. Lawford, with her husband and three children were present, looking amidst all her sorrows and anxieties the very picture of sweetness and goodness.

I heard of the result of the College Meeting, first from Mr. E. Enfield, and then from Mr. Shaen; and last night our good old friend, Mr. Robinson, came in on purpose to tell me all about it. He like every one else was charmed with . . . 's speech. Mr. Shaen was quite struck by it, as really belonging to the higher order of eloquence.—I am still anxious about the final result, notwithstanding the strong expression of public feeling, and the very large majority on what I consider the right side—some people's prejudices are so difficult to overcome—and some who are without them, are so fearful of committing themselves.

To Rev. James Martineau.

Belle Vue, bei Kiel, Holstein, Aug. 10th, 1857.

Nearly a month of my vacation has now elapsed, and I feel a great longing to write to you. I have got into still waters; the clouds of suspense and anxiety which the last months had gathered over me, are beginning to disperse; I seem to see my way more clearly into the future, and every day I feel more and more the quickening sunshine of quiet steadfast thought and a hopeful spirit. . . . The villages and the habits of the peasantry, and even the residences of

the gentry (which are numerous and kept up by the prevalence of the right of primogeniture) are like what I suppose those of England must have been, a hundred and fifty, or two hundred years ago. There is a charming air of quiet over the whole country, which contrasts very agreeably with the feverish bustle and perpetual noise of London. . . . . But the great beauty of the neighbourhood consists in the remains of the magnificent beechwoods, which are indigenous in this part of Europe. The smooth grey trunks standing out from a deep background of verdant shade, and the sunlight falling on the broad masses of horizontal foliage, furnish delicious specimens of sylvan beauty, varying at different times of the day, but always equally lovely. I hardly knew before, that *mere wood* had such picturesque capability. We walk under the shade of trees all the way from this place to Kiel, with the waters of the bay glistening through them at intervals.—But I must turn to the future in which, you and I, dear friend, have now so deep a common interest, instead of lingering on the present which will soon pass. First of all, I must express to you my deep satisfaction at Russell's* appointment to the office of "Lecturer on the Hebrew Language and Literature." Uncertainty about the filling up of this appointment kept me very anxious during the latter part of last session. I could not have felt quite comfortable to have this important

* Russell Martineau, son of Rev. James Martineau, Professor of the Hebrew Language and Literature in Manchester New College, London.

place filled by a stranger—one who had no knowledge of, and no sympathy with, the higher aims of our Institution. I now feel certain, that its duties will be discharged not only with conscientious thoroughness, but with that enthusiasm for their special object, which is one of the most needful conditions of successful teaching; and knowing what efficient support I shall have here, and how cordially all my wishes to infuse a spirit of enlightened and earnest biblical study into the minds of our young men, will be seconded by your son, I shall be able to give myself up with more entire devotedness to the Greek element of biblical philology—especially to the New Testament, with Hebrew as a substratum of constant reference.

My time has not been idly spent since I have been here. I am at work all the morning, till dinner, and sometimes part of the afternoon or evening too. Among other things I am reading through, with much interest and profit, the last editions of Ewald's Hebraische Sprachlehre, and Winer's Gramm. des Neuen Testam. The last I already knew in an earlier edition. I have also re-arranged the materials which I already had, with considerable additions now first written, for the Course on the "Truths and Evidences of Christianity." In its original form of "Doctrinal and Practical Theology," this Course had embraced the questions of Natural Theology—as the existence, providence and attributes of God, etc.; but all these questions I shall now leave to you, as embraced in

your Course on the "Truths and Evidences of Natural Religion." We should, however, if possible, so arrange our Courses, that they may supplement and complete each other. In my Course, I begin with Christianity as something now actually existing among men—a concrete reality—a spiritual fact; and endeavour by the analysis of it in its various forms to ascertain its constituent principles, and their relation to the spiritual wants and capacities of the human soul: this leads me to the consideration of the general principle of religion in man's nature, and so I am brought to the verge of your department. Here I shall refer my class to you; and I presume, I shall be found agreeing with you in the general view of the subject, when I assume that the elements of religious feeling and belief are deposited in us from the first among the original constituents of our being, and grow up in intimate association with the development of the moral sentiment, and therefore, though they can be tested and verified, and brought into harmony with practical experience, they cannot in any sense be originated by the logical faculty. I take this view as the ground of the only true distinction of Natural and Revealed Religion. . . . . I want neither to interfere with you, nor perplex our students with too much matter, but to assist your philosophy by my history.

My dear friend, a difficult and responsible task lies before us. We possess, I believe, generally the confidence of the young and of the large hearted, but we shall be watched with no friendly eyes in many quar-

ters, and some really good men are distrustful of us. What have we to do but to throw ourselves on the support of the God of Truth and Holiness, and resolve to do the work to which He has called us with reverence and honesty! It is a joy to me that I have you for my colleague and helper in this work, because I am sure you believe with me that pure and spiritual Christianity, cleansing and animating the whole inward life of man, is the only means of rescuing our actual civilization from the corruption of debasing selfishness and carnality,—and that *our* Churches, small and unimportant as they may now seem, from their historical antecedents, and their social position and free constitution, possess latent means and opportunities of spiritual influence which they have never yet developed, and which we, as directors of the education of their future ministers, must look forward to the prospect of calling into deep and steady operation. We must strive to be at once earnest and conciliatory; reverent and free; conservative of all that was good in the past, and welcoming all the new good that is coming to us with the future: and this spirit we must strive to put into our young men—making them modest, ingenuous, noble-minded, and self-devoted. If I can live and work long enough to see only the commencement of such a state of things, I shall be fully rewarded for all my labours and anxieties.*

* To a plan of work for Session, 1857-8, drawn up at Kiel, are added these words of self-dedication: "I feel the weight and responsibility of the work which I have undertaken; but I also feel its sanctity and its

To Rev. John Kenrick.

Belle Vue, bei Kiel, Holstein, August 23rd, 1857.

* * * We are occupying a pleasant garden-house belonging to the hotel at Dürsternbrook, about a mile and a half from Kiel. We command a very fine view of the bay, and the air is delightfully pure and exhilarating.—It is surprising what a little seems to afford people enjoyment here. It is really pleasant on Sunday afternoons—though it might shock our rigid Sabbatarian ideas, to see persons of various ranks, without offence or pretension, sitting quietly with their wives and children under the shade of trees, listening to the music, and content with a cup of coffee or a glass of Kiel beer. Since we have been

blessedness, and the most earnest desire (God is my witness) to discharge it faithfully and effectually. May He 'from whom all good counsels and just works do proceed'—'without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy,'—give me strength and grace equal to my needs!—Before Him I humbly purpose to confine myself to this work, which is now properly my own, and with only such admission of other literature as may be needed for mental refreshment and relief—not to allow myself to be diverted by incompatible objects, however attractive and however strongly forced upon me, from the one great work to which, if health be granted me, I desire to dedicate unreservedly and with the full concentration of all my powers, the six ensuing years of my life. If after that, God shall permit me to retire into comparative leisure and repose, I shall feel, that I have in some degree earned and won the rest and quiet of age. In the meanwhile, with God's blessing, I will keep this great work, (the training of men to be able, learned and faithful ministers of the New Testament), ever before me as assigned me by God,—exercise a firm and quiet control over all tastes and inclinations that would prove injurious to it,—and say *No* to every consideration, however specious, that would allure me from it." ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου, γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου. J. J. T. Kiel, September 17, 1857.

here, I have not seen a single person intoxicated in the gardens. The only examples of excess that I have noticed were in Kiel itself, chiefly among the sailors of some Russian ships of war recently lying in the bay, who certainly seemed very much disposed to enjoy themselves in that way. I am sorry to add that our fleet has left very vivid recollections behind it in this respect—the officers as well as the men. The conduct of the French, I am told, was in this particular very superior. It was almost dangerous to walk in the streets in the evening, especially for ladies, when our sailors issued drunk from the *Wirthshäuser*. An old boatman who occasionally takes us excursions in the bay, tells wonderful stories of the convivial achievements of our officers—how he had sometimes to carry them on his back into the boat. They were very popular with him, nevertheless, for they spent their money freely, though he was astonished how they could bear so much rum and water.—We have seen nothing of our "Landsleute" since we came to Kiel, with the exception of one family who have occupied part of our house—the wife, children, and mother-in-law of the English clergyman attached to the Court of Hanover—pleasant, friendly people, with whom we have taken many excursions by water together, but very orthodox and rather aristocratical in their views of life and manners. All our other acquaintances are exclusively German. Danes indeed we see, for Danish troops are quartered here, but we have no intercourse with them; for the Danes and Holsteiners hate and shun

each other. The shores of the bay of Kiel are tame and low though finely wooded, in many parts down to the water's edge; but the bay itself is beautiful, and has all the character of a vast inland lake. Its mouth is so narrow, that the opposite tongues of land seem in the distance almost to touch each other; but its bed is so deep that ships of the largest size can come up almost to the town. If the entrance were strongly fortified, as it was before the late war between Holstein and Denmark, it must be quite secure from hostile approach by sea; but the Danes, from fear of the Holsteiners, have destroyed the fortifications on both sides.—The country bears considerable resemblance to the midland parts of England, diversified with corn land and pasture, divided by hedges, and enriched at intervals with fine woods encircling some some old family seat.—One district originally colonised by the Dutch, is remarkable for the wealth and family pride of its inhabitants, the female portion of whom still retain their ancient and picturesque costume. They are a fine race, and we see them sometimes on Sunday afternoons—the broad masses of red and blue in their native attire, contrasting grotesquely with the modern dresses of the ladies of Kiel.

Through the kindness of friends I have had several introductions to persons in Kiel; among them to some professors and clergymen. The University of Kiel has suffered in consequence of the late war. The enforcement of the use of the Danish language in the schools, churches, and law courts of Northern Sleswick, sends

many students who formerly resorted to it to Copenhagen. Its numbers during the semester just closed did not exceed two hundred and fifty, those in the theological faculty only about twenty-five. Notwithstanding this, it has the usual German allowance of professors, ordinary and extraordinary, besides *privat-docenten;* among them there are not at this time any men of very remarkable eminence. Curtius, I believe, has considerable reputation as a Greek philologist; but I am not acquainted with any of his works. You may perhaps know the name of Forchhammer; his special department is ancient geography. I brought a letter of introduction to him, and found him very obliging and polite. I was sorry, therefore, that his appointment to represent his own University, with another professor, at the 200th anniversary of the Catholic University of Freyberg, took him from Kiel little more than a week after my arrival; and I am afraid he will hardly return before we leave. Forchhammer has travelled much in Greece, particularly in the interior of the Morea—the ancient Arcadia and Laconia, which are not in general visited. He says, the cultivators of the soil in this part of Greece are a fine, intelligent race, very kind and hospitable to strangers, not at all superstitious, and quite disposed to entertain Protestant views of Christianity. He says the *Greek* section of the Greek church which is now governed by a synod of its own, and is quite independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople, is very superior in knowledge and enlightenment to the

Russian branch. Some of its priests are very well-educated men, and have gone through a regular University training. Forchhammer surveyed the plains of Troy in conjunction with Lieutenant Spratt, who was authorised by our Admiralty to give him every assistance; they have published a map of the Troad in their joint names. I "hospitierte" at one of Forchhammer's *vorlesungen* on Greek geography. It was on the coasts of Corinth and Argos. His class consisted of six or seven future *philologues*. The lecture was conducted in a conversational and informal way, but he made it interesting by his evident fulness of information. He threw on the table a portion of the large map which the French *savans* have published of Greece—and leaning over it amidst the projecting heads of his pupils, directed their attention to the principal points with his finger, and a copious flow of extemporaneous commentary. He gave an explanation of the celebrated "Treasury of Atreus" which was to me new, though I dare say it is not to you. He supposed it to have been a reservoir, for the purpose of keeping water fresh and cool during the summer months, answering a purpose of luxury somewhat analogous to our modern ice-houses. He said he could still discover the traces of aqueducts connected with it, and remarked that in the later Greek writers—I think he mentioned Procopius, examples occur of the use of θησαυρός in the sense of reservoir. From a monograph with which he presented me, on the subject of "Achilles," I suspect that Forchhammer,

though learned and ingenious is very fanciful. In this paper he attempts to explain the whole story of the Iliad as a mythic representation of the physical features—rains, rivers, swamps, etc. of the plain of Troy. He adduces some curious instances of the connexion of the name of Achilles with the mouths of rivers: but whatever may be the ultimate resolution of the mythology of the Iliad, common sense surely dictates, that the tale of Troy was believed in as actual history at the time of the composition of the poem.—I have also made acquaintance with Madme. Hensler, the correspondent of Niebuhr to whom many of his letters are addressed, and the sister of his first wife. She is a fine, intelligent old lady, upwards of eighty, who talks remarkably well and is full of curious anecdote relative to the political and literary world of Germany fifty years ago. The Holstein clergy—particularly those who were most active in the late war on the German side—are generally orthodox in their theology and conservative in their politics. I am acquainted, however, with a very liberal and amiable man, one of the professors of theology, and preacher in the "Heilige geist Kirche," Dr. Lüdermann, who belongs to the party of progress and freedom, and is a great admirer of the writings of Channing. Channing's writings are increasingly read; as also those of Theodore Parker, some of which have been translated into German by the recent head pastor of Kiel, who was compelled to resign his place after the war, and is now settled in Bremenhafen.—I have left no room to

tell you about my own studies, which are pursued very diligently every morning till dinner. I have been able to get books from the University Library, which have been very serviceable to me.

To Baron Bunsen.

Belle Vue, Kiel, Holstein, Aug. 28th, 1857.

I take the liberty of sending you these few lines by a valued friend of mine, the Rev. G. V. Smith, recently professor of Theology in Manchester New College, London, but now residing with his family in Stuttgart, where he is still engaged in biblical pursuits. Mr. Smith is the author of a work just published, the subject of which will probably interest you. It contains a translation of all those parts of the Old Testament, arranged with relation to each other, which treat of or describe ancient Nineveh, illustrated by an introduction and commentary, giving an account of the recent discoveries on the site of that ancient capital. As I have been in constant intercourse with Mr. Smith during the progress of his work, I have little doubt that it will be found to have been executed in a thorough and scholarly way; although, owing to its having been published since I left England, I have not yet seen the work itself.

Allow me to thank you once more very sincerely for the trouble you took in answering my inquiries respecting a Hebrew teacher. In accordance with

the combined and strong recommendations of Ewald and Sauerwein, an accomplished young Hebraist, a son* of Mr. Martineau, has been appointed. He is a pupil of Ewald's, and has already considerable acquaintance with several Oriental languages, besides Hebrew.

To Rev. C. Corkran.†

22, Woburn Square, Sunday morning, Oct. 18th, 1857.

Our young men seem to like to attach themselves to your Mission-station. I hope you will find employment for them both in your own particular sphere, and in the now vacant sphere of our friend Mr. Vidler. The Seniors will, I have no doubt, be glad to help you on an evening in the weekdays. I am most anxious, that scholastic habits, and ideas inevitably acquired in going through a long Academic course (indispensable as I hold such a course to be), should be qualified and counteracted by frequent contact with the *realities* of our living world, and that young men destined for the ministry should acquire the power of speaking *extempore* clearly, simply and intelligibly, at the same time forcibly and affectionately, to the minds of the young and the uneducated. The Session before last I suggested to the Theological Students, and we commenced, a monthly conference,

* Professor Russell Martineau.

† Minister to the Poor, London.

in which the questions which exercise young men's minds and sometimes harass them with difficulties and doubts—both speculative and practical—might be freely and at the same time earnestly and reverentially discussed in the presence of their Tutor. I think some good came of this; but the discussion took too much a conversational character; we were too few to inspire the earnestness and animation of vigorous debate, and moreover, were perhaps all too much of one cast of thought to get a sufficiently wide and many-sided view of the different questions brought before us. I much wish to resume something of the same kind; but I should be glad to carry it beyond the limits of our own boundary, and engage some more practical and experienced minds—minds that are largely versed in the *social realities* of the world, to join us in it. My object is this—I want to prepare our young men for handling *practically* some of the religious and social questions which must come before them, when they enter the ministry; I wish them to acquire the power of speaking upon such questions clearly and correctly *extempore*, or rather without any thing written before them. Any one who would do wide good in this day must possess this power; and if he is besides a well-educated well-disciplined scholar, so much the better. But I am afraid common debating-societies merely give, when they succeed at all, a certain glibness of talk, without anything higher. What I want is to get up occasionally *grave* and *earnest* discussions on questions of real importance—questions that must come before us in the world—

questions where the scholar and the man of experience might both contribute something to elucidate them; and so the two spheres of *learning* and *practice* not be kept so wide apart as they often are. I have talked to my colleague, Mr. Martineau, on this subject, and he enters cordially into my views. Could you help us in it, my dear Sir? Your presence in London has always been a great comfort to me. I hope in different ways we are doing something to promote the same good work, and in every thing which should bring us into clearer consciousness and recognition of each other's work I should greatly rejoice. To be more explicit:—Do you think during this ensuing winter and spring you could join Mr. Martineau and myself in conducting (we might take the chair in turns) a *monthly* discussion on some of those grave, moral, and social questions which are now so deeply exercising the minds of all serious men—in which *all* our Theological Students should be expected to take part, and any other earnest young men whom we could get to join us—on the sole condition that those who take part in the discussion should have previously thought on the subject, and should express their opinion respecting it *without writing?*

I would mention, as a specimen, such subjects as these—'What is the cause of the present alienation of the working classes from the public services of religion?'—'On the best mode of communicating elementary religious instruction to the young:' 'On the organization of Sunday-Schools:' 'On modifications in the forms and agencies of the Christian

Church to meet the present wants of society:' 'On the best mode of teaching the people the truths of a *historical* religion like Christianity, so as to make them *feel* the application of its precepts and examples to their *present wants*:' 'How Christian *learning* may be best made subservient to this end?' 'How the religious doubts of the intelligent and moral of the working class may be best encountered?' 'How spiritual deadness may be best overcome?'—I merely give these as specimens of the kind of subjects I should like to have earnestly discussed. Unless we feel the *importance* of them, and see that we are likely to get clearer and more practical ideas by discussing them—there will be little use in discussing them at all. All good popular speaking must be *earnest* and grapple with something *real*.—Oblige me by turning this matter over in your mind; and give me your thoughts respecting it. I should wish to do nothing precipitately: but there is a great work to be done in the world, and I wish to increase in every way the means of doing it, and to render those means as effectual as possible.

To Rev. B. Carpenter.

22, *Woburn Square, London, Dec. 2nd*, 1857.

I will gladly take the services which you request, on Christmas-day and the following Sunday. On January the 3rd, I shall by long standing agreement, be in my old pulpit in Upper Brook Street. A

quiet week with you at Nottingham, especially if we have time and weather for a few of my favourite old walks will be very refreshing to me; for I am hard worked, though not without the interest and delight in my pursuits which lessens all labours. Internally the College is going on very well; the young men are earnest and industrious; and all the classes are working satisfactorily; nor have I any doubt, that we could ultimately produce some good results, if people would only leave us alone, and give the thing a fair trial. But very antagonistic tendencies are at work in our body. I fear it will be impossible to reconcile them. They are brought out most strikingly in three * * * sermons which Thom has just preached and printed on resuming his pastoral charge at Liverpool, and in a speech which Dr. Montgomery delivered last spring in Ireland, and has just published with introduction and notes. I cannot conceive anything more radically different than the two publications.—What you think of Dr. Montgomery, I must leave you to say, when I see you. That he is clever, powerful and amusing, no one can dispute; but as for higher and nobler qualities —*sit silentium.*

To Rev. Joseph Henry Hutton.

Feb. 22nd, 1858.

* * * I was not aware, when we talked together at Manchester, that you were harassed by any mental doubts and uncertainties. This is a trial which all must go through, some time or other, who search for

truth with any earnestness, and wish to appropriate it as something personal. I have had that visitation myself years ago; and though on all fundamental points my mind is at length finally made up, yet there are times even now, when I wish I could see the whole truth more clearly. God grant you a happy and satisfactory issue out of this trial! One thing, I confess, I am not quite able to understand—how you should feel the final alternative lies between the views of Mr. Maurice, and those of F. Newman. The former of these I hold to be a truly excellent and earnest man; but his heart seems to me better than his head. I have read one or two of his books, and while I could not but sympathise with the pure and fervent spiritual feeling pervading them, like sunshine gleaming through the clouds—yet I could never, I confess, catch a clear and distinct view of their fundamental views—nor do I ever remember to have read an author who seemed to me to abound more in *half* truths—glimpses of great principles—cut short in their natural development and application, and ingeniously dovetailed into innumerable odds and ends of ecclesiastical doctrine. If there be logical consistency in his system, it is simply in carrying out to its legitimate consequences the Philonian doctrine of the Logos, as the real practical deity of this human world; and it must, I presume, be this show of consequentiality that has given him such a hold on minds that appear to me—as for instance your brother Richard's—very superior to his own. I think I can see what the writings of John and the

fathers formed in his school, meant to express under the *form* of the Philonian doctrine—and I recognise in it a grand and consolatory truth—that God manifests himself to our world through our humanity and so admits us, through sympathy with Christ, into direct communion with Himself; but though that truth may have been first distinctly expressed through the Philonian form, I do not see why we are bound to keep it for ever in that form, which is plainly borrowed from a corrupted Platonism, and which if admitted to its full extent must make the Son the real God of Christians, and reduce the Father to the place which he held in the Gnostic systems, as the unknown God.—Newman is a man whom I love and honour from my heart for the singular purity and uprightness of his nature, and on his own basis of simple theism, I have rarely met with a more sincerely and consistently religious man; but I cannot abjure *history* (as he seems to do) in my religion. Feeling as I do now, I could not be happy without some *concrete realisation* of human religiousness —human harmony with God—in such a life as that of Christ, to look up to and rest upon—in my own conscious weakness and liability to aberration—in those rich records of the *past* which furnish us with the clearest interpretation of the *future*. If you feel, as I confess I do, that Christ's is the purest embodiment the world has yet seen of a life in God—without which, feeble as its influence yet is, compared with its intrinsic worth, the world would be meaner and viler than it is—you cannot, I think, but find, in that simple fact of

history, a ground for faith—*for sympathy with and trust* in Christ—which could not be strengthened (so I feel) by adding to it all the dogmas which Philo has infused into the Church, or by taking to the literal truth all the assertions which ecclesiastical doctors have deduced from certain phrases of Scripture, of the *absolute Deity* of Christ in knowledge and power—even as this same fact of the utterance of true religion in the life and word of Christ, kept distinctly before my mind, in conjunction with my own sense of spiritual weakness, must prevent me from letting Christ slip down to the level of an ordinary man—merely wise and good in his generation, because, as Newman (F. W.) contends, he did not talk sound political economy, and because he could not, while an intellectual dwarf, be a moral and spiritual giant. I would join issue with my excellent friend on this point, and am prepared to maintain that one of the conditions of Christ's being a great reformer in his own age, and a moral exemplar and spiritual guide to all ages, was that in matters which depend on the *scientific reason*, he should in no way be distinguished above the ordinary wearers of our humanity.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

22, *Woburn Square, London, Jan.* 11*th*, 1858.

You will see by the announcement of the Annual Meeting of Trustees, notice of a motion for rescinding

Mr. Field's two resolutions.* This would virtually be a reversal of the broad principle on which from time immemorial the College has been founded, and an upsetting of the whole ground taken in Lady Hewley's case and the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, and upon which we defended, and still *alone* hold all our trusts and endowments. I do hope, dear friend, you will maturely weigh, and carry out into all its consequences, the momentous bearing of this movement, that you may be fully prepared to meet it in the way * * * and which I am sure will be required to prevent a mischievous antagonism of feeling.—The ground taken by our opponents will, I foresee, be this: that injustice is done to a respectable minority of our body, by failure to represent their peculiar views in the present teaching of the College. The reply to this seems to me fourfold: (1.) That competency of attainment and integrity of principle, with capacity to teach, have ever been the sole qualifications, within the limits of a Christian profession, looked to in filling the offices of our Institution; and to resort now to a narrower ground of choice, implies a distrust of and shrinking from the consequences of free inquiry, which may have the effect of excluding from appointments some of the most competent men. (2.) If the representation of different types of opinion be insisted on as essential to

* To the effect that Theology should be taught scientifically not authoritatively; and that adequate knowledge, competency to teach, with the power and the will to do full justice to various views, were the only legitimate points of inquiry as to the qualifications of Theological Professors.

the fair teaching of any science which is living and progressive, see what the consequences are to which it must necessarily lead. As science advances, while *fundamental* religious trusts and convictions not only remain unchanged but become deepened and strengthened, varieties of *opinion*, dogmatic forms of thought, will unavoidably increase, and in direct proportion to the fervour and earnestness of the spirit brought into the field of inquiry; and therefore in time, if the principle is to be consistently carried out, we shall require not two or three, not four or five, or even a dozen representatives of various opinions: and how could the resources even of Oxford and Cambridge, to say nothing of a small and poorly endowed Institution like ours, sustain such a provision as this? In teaching Chemistry, will it be argued that it is necessary, that the different theories of Berzelius, Dalton, Liebig, Dumas and Bunsen, must all have their representatives—in order to initiate young men properly into the *facts*, and set before them the great and as yet *unsolved* problems of the science? So viewed, a complete *reductio ad absurdum* may be brought home to our friends on the other side.—What is wanted is zeal and fidelity in the teacher, and the power of kindling interest and the love of truth in his pupils. This is only to be effected by candour combined with earnestness—not by the *soulless neutrality* which some insist on as essential to a teacher. (3.) We have historical precedent on our side: one of the most learned and venerated of our old and still surviving ministers, to

whom for the best part of half a century was confided the *sole* Theological teaching of our young divines, with the respect of *all* our body—the excellent Mr. Wellbeloved—held opinions respecting the Kingdom of Christ, the authority of prophecy, and the value of natural religion which, I will venture to affirm, were more at variance with the generally received views of his contemporaries among Unitarians, than any which are held by what is called the New school differ now from those of the Old. Indeed I regret altogether the introduction of this recent distinction. The Old and the New schools fade off by imperceptible gradations into each other; and if we would be complete and exact in our classifications we must recognise not two schools, but many. (4.) This movement must prove in its results, though I am sure not intended to do so by its promoters—hostile to real theological progress and true freedom of inquiry—nay, even injurious to the very type of opinion which, it is argued, has been neglected and passed over. Set a man who is known to hold certain opinions, to *teach*; and unless he crushes at once the inquiries of his pupils, the natural and even healthy antagonism of young and ardent minds, will dispose them freely to canvass those opinions, and secure their full, if not more than their full, weight to views on the opposite side: and this not from any disrespect towards, or distrust in, their teacher. Every teacher's experience will confirm this observation. If my desire were, not truth and healthy rational progress, but the rapid extension, and exclusive predomi-

nance, of views in which I am supposed to be strongly interested,—I should wish nothing more than the appointment of a person holding *rigidly* opinions the opposite of my own; for if there were a suspicion in the minds of students that he had been placed where he was to check the diffusion of different principles, that feeling, combined with influences diffused everywhere through the present mental atmosphere—would probably lead to consequences that might startle and annoy the most reasonable and patient, and which I should myself sincerely deprecate.—I do not speak without considerable observation of the present tendency of young men's minds. The service of truth and freedom, dearest friend, is not an easy one. But Providence sends its compensations. What a happiness it is to have such an associate and ally as yourself. Ever affectionately yours.

To Rev. John Kenrick.

July 1st, 1858.

* * * I consider the Greek of the N. T. and that of the Septuagint, my proper work henceforth in the College. If I can make the better part of our students masters of N. T. criticism and exegesis, I shall feel that what is most essential in my department has been accomplished. I begin with the undergraduates of the first year in the Greek of the N. T. and continue this exercise through the two ensuing years,

and as I make this very much an exercise on the forms and meanings of words and the laws of construction—I do hope in time to find that this undergraduate discipline on the N. T. combined with the weekly grammatical exercises, to which Mr. Martineau and myself intend henceforth to apply ourselves—will enable our students in their theological years to enter with some thoroughness on the proper critical study of the New Testament. I see that our system must on several points undergo some modification to meet the altered wants of our times. What I most earnestly desire, and is the ideal which I have set before myself—is to combine, to the utmost extent that our materials and our opportunities will allow—the qualifications of thorough and exact philological accomplishment (at least in the Scriptures) with those of pulpit acceptableness and pastoral earnestness and zeal. But the conditions are more difficult to combine at the present day, than the persons who have not attempted it, are aware. There is no real incompatibility between the functions of the preacher and those of the scholar; but the habits of mind that form the one, do not always co-exist with those that appertain to the other. But the problem is given us; and we must solve it as successfully as we can. On the whole, I think the quality of our students is improving. We have been joined this session by a young man, a graduate of Cambridge, of most amiable mind and manners and a truly earnest and religious spirit. He is a good scholar and distinguished himself at his

own College, Caius and Gonville. He had been previously a term or two at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. * * *.

May I once more express my earnest hope, that now you are provided with a colleague, you will on no account withdraw your name as one of the Visitors of the College. *Your* name, I can assure you, does us more good than you are aware. It maintains old, and to me dear, traditions unbroken; and this is invaluable. Do let it remain. If it were removed from the place which it has so long, and to us so honourably filled—I am sure it would be misinterpreted and damage us.

I wish now to make myself well acquainted with the Common or Hellenic Greek of the centuries in the midst of which Christianity appeared—and have begun with Polybius, whom I find very interesting. As a matter of personal taste, I should have preferred the fresh poetry and eloquence of the morning-time of Greek Literature; but the great crisis of thought and language which marked the Græco-Roman period is well worth a thoughtful study, as closely connected with some phenomena of our modern civilisation. It has occurred to me in reading Polybius, that the Latin must have had some action on the later Greek. I thought I could discern a Latin turn in some of his phrases. Do you know whether this subject has ever been noticed by any philologist of importance?—I shall be very glad to see your little volume on Latin Inscriptions.* It is a subject which

* Roman Sepulchral Inscriptions: their relation to Archæology, Language, and Religion. By Rev. John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A.

always interested me—especially in relation to sepulchral monuments. I love to catch the expression of the human soul under all religions, at the moment when its affections, no less than its hopes and fears, are most deeply touched.——

To Mrs. Schunck.

22, *Woburn Square, London, July* 1*st*, 1858.

Your letter gave me great pain, because it revealed to me the weight of sorrow which is now pressing on your heart and home. Our common experience, dear friend, of domestic life has been darkly shaded.—Our children grew up together innocent and happy, and there seemed the promise of an abiding and delightful friendship for many years. But He whose wisdom is deeper than ours, and whose hidden love does not burn the less brightly, because it may be hidden for the moment in a thick cloud—has ordered it otherwise. The old survive; and the young are gone; and as you have to mourn over a daughter, so we over a son consigned in the midst of brilliant promise to an early grave. Yet I feel a peace in this retrospect, which is very refreshing. Sorrow has brought out faith from its secret hiding-places—and never in my earlier life did I feel the strong assurance which I do now—that this earthly life is but the dim infancy of an immortal being, in which nothing which has once exercised the functions of a rational

and responsible soul, and tested the sweetness of affection and felt the high solemnities of religious duty, can ever finally perish to us. Be assured, my excellent friend, our dear children are only gone before; we shall finally be with them again; they have been taken from us, only that we may receive them back again purified by a higher discipline, better and happier than they left us. And precisely the same consolation applies to that heavier grief (for so perhaps in some respects we must regard it) that has fallen on you now. An immortal spirit may be temporarily eclipsed, but it cannot perish. The good that was in it, is not lost. It is only hid for a time; perhaps hid with 'Christ in God:' and though we cannot fathom the reason of these appointments—though they are indeed among the darkest and most mysterious of human experiences —yet we *know*, that they are the appointments of a *Father*; and in that one consideration all doubt, all fear must cease—yea, we must be *certain*, that they are accomplishing some high purpose of wisdom and mercy, which the Eternity that is coming will reveal to us, and cause us gratefully to rejoice in. 'Our God is a strong fortress.' Let us put our trust in Him. In Him we are safe. In Him *all* will finally be well, if only we are patient and faithful.—We rejoiced in the presence of your sweet grandchild. His innocence and affection delighted us. Hannah dotes on him as if he were a bequest to her from his dear mother. I hope you and his father will let him come and visit us again.——

To Rev. J. Martineau.

Harzburg, near Brunswick, August 1st, 1858.

We have been settled here now rather more than a week; and I think you will like to hear something of us and our proceedings. By the necessities of some private business, we were vexatiously detained in town more than a fortnight after you left us; but on Sunday, July 11, we got away, and reached Antwerp after a voyage rendered exceedingly unpleasant by a heavy ground swell, at an early hour on Monday morning. To avoid the mob of English tourists who were all rushing to Cologne and the Rhine, we made a little *detour*, partly by rail and partly by river—steaming to Rotterdam; and thence proceeded by the most direct route, through Arnheim, the capital of Guelderland, where we spent a very pleasant half-day in a charming hotel in an elevated position commanding a noble sweep of the Rhine and a vast expanse of the Low Countries—to Hanover. Here I had a letter of introduction, and we spent part of a morning very agreeably in seeing the palace, which has some interesting portraits and is fitted up with great magnificence—and what was to me more interesting still, the house once inhabited by Leibnitz, which remains externally unchanged, and exhibits a very fine façade in the rich bold style of the *Renaissance*. From Hanover we came through Brunswick and Wolfenbüttel to this place, where we have established ourselves in very

comfortable lodgings at a moderate rate for a month. Through the kindness of Mr. Horner, Dr. Pertz had sent me a letter of introduction to Dr. Bethmann, the librarian of the ducal library at Wolfenbüttel; and we spent a morning most agreeably and instructively in seeing the many literary curiosities which the library contains. It is particularly rich in medieval treasures, and contains some beautiful illuminated works, and a large collection of admirable wood-engravings from the hand of Albert Dürer, and some of the earliest specimens of printing—block-printing, before the introduction of moveable types. It is astonishing to observe, how we have made little—I might even say, no progress for nearly four hundred years in the typographical art,—as far as respects the sharpness and clearness of the character, the whiteness and firmness of the paper and the brilliant blackness of the ink. Cheapness of cost and rapidity of production, rather than excellence and durability of work, seem to be the governing aim, I am sorry to say, of the present age. Let you and I, dear friend, try to do what we can to check and qualify this tendency in that field of human labour, where Providence has appointed us to work together, I hope for the remainder of our active lives. Dr. Bethmann is a very intelligent and interesting man, who has lived in Rome, and is assisting Dr. Pertz in his great work.* As I am only half an hour from Wolfenbüttel by the rail, I intend to go and spend a few more hours with him. He lives in the

* Monumenta Germanica.

24416

house adjoining the library, which was once occupied by his predecessor Lessing, and which still remains in the state in which Lessing left it, only the paper and painting being altered. We were shewn the room in which he is said to have written Nathan the Wise, and Emilia Galotti. . . I cannot tell you how I enjoy the refreshment and repose of these summer vacations. I must leave you to judge of it by your own corresponding experience. My mind, relieved from the feverish hurry and excitement of a London life, especially during the latter months of our sojourn there, seems to recover its natural elasticity and calmness, and with only a passing cloud of occasional gloom sees all things in a just and rational light, and is filled again with a cheerful trust and hope. I enjoy particularly seclusion for a time from all local and sectarian influences; my mind rights itself and recovers its wonted breadth. I frequently muse, dear friend, in my solitary walks among the silent woods, on the intimate and responsible relation in which I have been placed to yourself and the great work—for such, if we regard it not with the eyes of this world, it really is—which lies before us. The thought of its greatness inspires and animates me, while the consciousness of my own weakness makes me tremble, and sometimes quite depresses me. It is a comfort beyond what I can express, to feel that I have so strong and noble a mind to help me. . . . When I first removed to the metropolis, it was with the hope that, aided by more powerful men, I might

be able after some years of toil and difficulty to lay the *foundation* at least of a permanent school of learned theology and free religious philosophy, in connection, through University College, with the University of London, developing the fundamental principle so consistently asserted, and carrying on the work so nobly begun by our predecessors at York and Warrington, with such modifications as the state of the times and the progress of men's ideas might render indispensable. I thought we were the only religious body, whatever might be our deficiencies in culture and in practice, that could consistently set the example of religious thought and religious research at once free and devout. I thought it would be honourable to us to make the attempt, and that if we in any degree succeeded, and our Institution bore some good fruit, we might be the means of raising the standard of theological attainment, and widening the range of theological view, not only in our own body, but indirectly among those who might be affected by us. The thought, perhaps a very presumptuous one, would sometimes obtrude itself into my mind, that our Institution might become in time, when I was succeeded by abler and more gifted men, to the thoughtful and earnest portion of our countrymen, what the Academy of the Remonstrants at Amsterdam was to the learned and religious public of Holland in the 17th and 18th centuries, under the teachings of such men as Episcopius, Le Clerc, and Wyttenbach. Nor, though we have had a battle to fight, and have still many diffi-

culties to encounter—chiefly through the prevalence of a narrow doctrinalism and a bad religious philosophy, and the want of appreciation among the most religious of our laity of deep and thorough Christian learning, —am I yet discouraged. Your removal to London has brought an immense accession of strength to the work; and if we do our work well, conciliating without compromise, "speaking the truth in love,"—I am full of hope. Still the problem which we have to work out—and which must and will be worked out by somebody, if not by us, unless the world, against all appearances, is to go back, and Christianity become a soulless tradition of the past—is one of some difficulty and delicacy. We have to convince some truly good men that they are not true to their avowed principles, if they shrink from admitting, with all their consequences, any *demonstrated* facts of criticism and history—that there is no baulking a principle of its legitimate results—and to shew them moreover, by the visible effect on life and language and the whole spirit of religious character, that the wider and freer views of Christianity, resulting from concessions that can no longer be honestly refused by the competently informed,—not only are not inconsistent with the deepest devotion and the holiest reverence for Christ, but are really necessary to throw a new sanctity around his person, and breathe an intenser fervour into Christian faith. Unfortunately, the general tone of London theology is but little advanced. Our older ministers there have not been much of students. They stand in the

old paths, and repeat the old phrases, and seem hardly aware of what has been going on, not only in Germany, which is such a bugbear to them, but also in America and France. A very modest and intelligent young clergyman from the United States, whose somewhat puritanical name I cannot at this moment recal, spent part of a day with me just before I left London, and he gave me an interesting account of the change that is coming over the Unitarian churches in America. With the exception of Dr. Gannett, I understood him to say that scarce one man of eminence stands on the old platform of opinion; and a sermon of Longfellow's—brother of the poet—sent me not long before I left home, if it may be taken as a specimen of prevalent sentiment, altogether confirms that view. I do not know, whether M. Martin Paschoud has sent you any numbers of his "Disciple of Jesus Christ." If so, you will have seen what tendencies are at work in a certain section of the French Protestants. I was particularly interested with a Memoir of Samuel Vincent, formerly minister at Nismes, who seems to have discerned very clearly the weakness of all the existing forms of Protestantism, and to have held on the subject of Christianity almost the very views which you and I hold to be just. * * * But I must say a few words on a matter that is much in my mind. To do our work, we have to deal with the men of the generation in which we live. If we are to procure favour to a *learned* ministry, we must turn out a *preaching* ministry. This is a *sine quâ non* to our success. * * * Hitherto we have thought too much of the scholar, and

not enough of the preacher. Surely it is possible to combine them. The last session was the first in which I could really obtain a comprehensive view of the working of the College. With theology, properly so called, I had little to do till then; for though I was nominally Principal, my work and function in the College were limited and subordinate. Now, my strong conviction is, that our students, both undergraduate and theological, have too much to do—have too much knowledge poured into them by their teachers, instead of its being acquired by their own thought and reading, and that if we are to qualify them for effective preachers, and men of vigorous action, they must not be oppressed by attendance on too many lectures, and the copying out of so many notes; they must have more time left for private study; we must exercise some wider discretion in the remission or enforcement of certain parts of the course in reference to their individual tastes, habitudes, capacity or preparation—and exercise them from the first more carefully and constantly in composition, speaking and elocution. I do not say, any material parts of the course can be struck out; but we must attempt less in each, and do it more *thoroughly*, in our examinations fixing a *minimum* of attainment, and allowing room for the more diligent and gifted student to shew the greater amount of his acquisitions. I am resolved to modify my own courses on this principle. I had some serious talk with some of our best students last session. This is a vital point for our Institution; and our future success depends on its being well and thoughtfully considered. If we pro-

fess to turn out a learned ministry, it is quite essential to our reputation that our young men be well grounded in fundamentals; otherwise our students will be neither one thing nor the other; superficially tinctured with many things, and thorough in none. * * *

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

Grosser Gasthof, Ballenstedt, Anhalt-Bernburg, Sept. 5th, 1858.

* * * You are aware, I dare say, that the region of the Harz is divided into the Upper and Lower Harz. Our object has been to see a little of both, as they differ considerably in character. We therefore fixed our residence for four or five weeks at first at Neustadt-Harzburg, which may be regarded as a sort of centre for the principal points of the Upper Harz. We have now taken up our quarters for about three weeks, *i.e.* till we must turn our steps homeward, at Ballenstedt, which lies at the extremity of the Lower Harz, and has some interesting places in its immediate vicinity. Had we had our present experience to begin with, it would have been better to reverse this order: the Upper Harz and the immediate neighbourhood of Neustadt abound with picturesque and striking scenery; the Lower Harz is tamer and furnishes the transition to the champaign character of Thuringia. Ballenstedt itself is a little dull lifeless *Residenz-stadt,* with no particular beauty to recommend it. Indeed, the general character of the *Harz-gebirge,* when seen as a whole

from an eminence, disappoints the traveller; the contour of the hills is tame and monotonous, very inferior to that of our own hills in the north of England, and still more to those of Wales and the Scottish Highlands; and though their sides are generally clothed with wood—a perpetuation, I suppose, of the old Hercynian forest—yet the predominance of pine and fir deepens the sombre monotony of the general impression. The granite juts out at intervals in strange fantastic forms, particularly in one direction along the northern border of the Harz, where it goes by the name of the *Teufel's-mauer*, stretching down into Thuringia, but nowhere in sufficient mass and with sufficient continuity—except perhaps for a limited space in the Bode Thal—to imprint its own bold character on the general scenery. Nevertheless, in the interior of its sylvan retreats the Harz contains spots of delicious beauty. Its narrow wooded valleys, or rather glens, are traversed by bright and sparkling streams which leap down in a succession of ever-varying cascades, filling the air with delicious natural music, and especially in hot summer days inspiring an indescribable and most delightful sense of freshness and repose. Owing to the humidity of the climate, the herbage is luxuriant and the verdure exquisitely bright. The sides of the hills are strewed in every direction with huge masses of granite and other primitive rock; but these only add to the sylvan richness of the scene, for they are covered with a soft deep carpet—the growth of countless centuries—of moss, lichens, ferns, wortle-

berries, &c. and spangled with clusters of beautifully tinted fungi. I have stood several minutes looking at a single mass of this kind, and have felt it so pre-eminently beautiful, especially when the rain drops hung upon the delicate stems and diminutive leaves, and the sunlight came down upon them through the broad beech or pine-roof over head, that I thought it was an object to be preserved and perpetuated by art, and was half reconciled to the elaborate minuteness with which the Pre-Raphaelites put in their foregrounds of plants and flowers. All the valleys of the Upper Harz that I have seen—those of the Oker, the Radau, the Ilse, the Holtemme and the Bode—the Bode-Thal is the wildest and most striking—are very well worth seeing, but they must be lingered in, not hurried through; to the botanist and the mineralogist they must, I should think, be very interesting and attractive.—An allusion to the beautiful scenery which we have recently traversed, and which has left so vivid an impression behind it, has led me into more description than I intended. You know that I destine the quiet and retirement of my vacation quite as much for work as for recreation; or rather change of work and uninterrupted leisure to pursue my own studies, is to me the most delightful and restorative of all recreations. A solitary walk through quiet woods and lonely fields, in which I can digest and mature what I have been reading, sometimes bears fruit of which I can feel the good effects through the whole ensuing nine months. In this respect my present vacation has not been one of the least satisfactory

that I have passed. Neustadt was very conveniently situated, within an hour's ride by railway of Wolfenbüttel, and an hour and a half of Brunswick.—In Brunswick there is an interesting collection of works of art, and some curious antiquities of the time of the Reformation: among the former is an exquisite *alto-relievo* in *speckstein* of our Saviour's Baptism by Albert Dürer, some fine silver reliefs by Benvenuto Cellini, and two admirable original portraits of Grotius and his wife, by Rembrandt, both taken when they were young. I visited the Library at Wolfenbüttel twice, and spent nearly a whole day there on both occasions.—Dr. Bethmann [the Librarian] is a learned, intelligent and liberal minded man, who lived a long time in Italy employed in literary researches, and is now assisting Dr. Pertz in bringing out the "Monumenta Germanica." He very obligingly gave me some valuable information respecting the sources of our knowledge of the earliest introduction of Christianity into the North of Europe, including England and Ireland.—He has discovered, I understand him to say, some unpublished correspondence of Lessing in the Library of Wolfenbüttel. I am not sure whether he intends to publish it or not. Lessing died at Brunswick, where he was on a visit, while he was librarian at Wolfenbüttel.

On the 15th of last month occurred the third centenary of the foundation of the University of Jena. As Jena is within a day's journey by railway of Harzburg, I thought it would be a pity to lose the opportunity of being present on so interesting an occasion. Dr. Bethmann and Miss Passow of Berlin,

whose uncle is the Curator of the University of Jena, furnished me with several letters of introduction; so off I set on Friday morning to be present at the commencement of the proceedings on Saturday. As Jena is one of the few Universities which still retains a great deal of the old character of German Student life, and is still very jealous of its ancient privilege of *Lehrfreiheit*, I thought I might have an opportunity of seeing something of the spirit yet working in the freest and most active German minds, which might not occur again. Nor was I disappointed. My visit was a most interesting one; and I would not have missed it for the world. When I quitted the railway at Apolda to turn off to Jena, an extraordinary spectacle presented itself. Crowds of students, old and young, from all parts—some perhaps who had not seen each other since the days of their Student life—were cordially embracing each other with a kiss on each cheek, or rushing about distractedly to find a place in one of the many vehicles of every description, including *wagons* literally, furnished with benches and shaded with branches of trees, that were waiting to convey us to Jena. I fortunately secured a place in the *coupé* of a sort of Diligence beside a young lady and a student, and found them very civil and obliging companions. When they found I had not written to secure a bed, they shook their heads, and thought my case a desperate one; but when I shewed them the address of my letters of introduction, they gave me a word or two of comfort. Our progress to Jena was like a tri-

umphal procession; every village through which we passed was hung with the colours of Saxe-Weimar, and crowded with cheering spectators. The students who passed us, or whom we overtook, greeted us with hearty cheers; and as the weather was very hot and the road very dusty, your knowledge of German life will naturally lead you to believe that the dryness of the throat was relieved in every village by copious potations of foaming beer. The entrance into Jena itself was very striking. Perhaps you may remember it. It lies encircled in an amphitheatre of bold and picturesque hills, which though rather bare of wood looked well in the various lights and shades that were cast upon them by the time of day. A triumphal arch covered with evergreens led into the narrow antique street by which we entered the town. It, like every other street, was waving with flags; carpets and draperies hung from the windows and balconies; and on the fronts of the houses, as we passed, I read the names of the distinguished men who had once lived in them. Those who had had the getting up of the affair had taken great pains to ascertain and identify the different localities, and had published a list, accompanying a map of the town, in which they stated when the name connected with a particular dwelling was an ascertained fact, or only a conjecture.—On the front of the house where, through the kindness of a friend I was fortunate enough to obtain a chamber (though I was obliged to share it with another gentleman), was inscribed in large characters the name of Schiller, with

the date of his residence; and from the window of my bedroom I looked, to the right, on the name of Paulus, and to the left on that of De Wette. These two last indications might be relied on. The number of distinguished men connected with the learning and literature of Germany, who at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century studied in Jena, is really surprizing. The University has been particularly rich in philologers and philosophers. My letters were very serviceable to me. Dr. Siebeck, the curator, received me very kindly, and gave me an invitation to a splendid soirée, given by himself and the Pro-rector on the Sunday evening, where all the notorieties of the occasion, including the Grand Duke and his Duchess, were assembled, and where I saw several persons with whom I had previously some acquaintance, old Professor Welcker of Bonn, and Kuno Fischer, author of a book which has made some stir, on Lord Bacon, whom I knew two years ago at Heidelberg, where he had been suspended from lecturing by clerical interference, but whom I now found installed as *ordinary* professor of philosophy in Jena, and gathering a large auditory round him. On Saturday evening there was a public entry of the Duke and his Court. Great numbers of the Students assembled to meet the *cortege* and accompany it into the town; the Marshals of the several *corps* of students wore the old German costume—a bonnet and plume, velvet jerkin with girdle and sash, gloves, long sword, and high military boots. The members of the ducal court wore

their official uniform, and were preceded in an open carriage by the four deans of faculty in their academic bonnets, hoods and mantles. The scene was animated and picturesque, and brought up for the moment a vivid image of bye-gone centuries. Among my letters I had one to Fraülein Fromann, sister of a printer and publisher at Jena, a man of taste and cultivation. Their father, also a printer and publisher, had been an intimate personal friend of Göthe and Schiller. I met an agreeable party at their house on Saturday evening, and accompanied them round the town, when it grew dark, to see the display of fireworks and the *fackelzüge* exhibited by the peasants on the neighbouring hills. The scene altogether was thoroughly German. Among other persons whom I saw at the house of the Fromanns was the grandson of Göthe, now an attaché to the Prussian legation at Dresden. I was told he is very clever: but neither his countenance nor his manners were to me prepossessing. One of the most agreeable acquaintances I made at Jena was that of Dr. Beck, the step-son of De Wette, who married his mother for his second wife. Dr. Beck followed Dr. Follen to America, and was for some years professor of Latin in Harvard College. He has married an American lady, and has avowedly joined the Unitarian church of New England, where he has known all the principal divines whose names are familiar to us, including Dr. Channing and Mr. Norton. He spoke very encouragingly of the revival of a taste for thorough classical studies at Cambridge.* The present professor of Latin

* Massachusetts.

is his own pupil, and succeeded him, and was educated partly in Germany, where he passed with great credit to himself through the severe training of a philological seminary. I have not for years enjoyed a more agreeable and instructive conversation than I had with Dr. Beck. I presume he must have married a lady of some fortune, as he has retired from all professional engagements and occupies his time in literary pursuits. At present he is busy examining the various MSS. of Petronius in different libraries of Europe, with a view to determine the date of his work, which he is inclined to place earlier than critics in general. Among other persons, I met Pastor Sydow in Jena. The Theological Faculty have recently created him a Doctor—a sign of liberal feeling. Though I brought no letter to him, I was received very cordially by Dr. Schwartz, University preacher, superintendent of the churches in Jena, and professor of what we should call pastoral Theology and Homiletik. I found he was acquainted with the Prospective Review, and knew what was going on amongst us in England, and to my surprize pulled out a recent number of the Inquirer, which I find D. Davis* of Norwich, who married a lady from Jena, occasionally sends him. He insisted on my staying to breakfast with him (as I called early), and gave me an invitation to dinner at one, where I met with pastors and professors from different parts of the world: Professor Reuss of Strasburg, Henke of Marburg, and a Lutheran clergyman from St. Petersburg. Schwartz married the daughter of Gesenius, a very

* Now of Lancaster.

pleasant, friendly woman. Sunday the 15th was the great day. At 8 o'clock a.m. the deputations from different learned bodies were received in the New Library which was opened for the first time on this occasion. Of course I was not admitted; but, according to printed instructions, stationed myself with other strangers in an open space in front, to be ready to join the general procession when it should form, to proceed through the town to the principal church where Schwartz was to preach. While I was waiting, I fell into conversation with a very old clergyman from the neighbourhood of Weimar, who had been a hearer of Griesbach's, and who remembered Herder when he was Hof-prediger at Weimar. He told me a story which seemed to have made a lively impression on his mind — of Griesbach's having left his *Hefte* behind him one morning, and having to fetch or send for them from his house, which was at a considerable distance outside the town. I could not find that the old man remembered much else of his former master; of more recent German theology he seemed to know nothing, not even the name of De Wette, who was a favourite pupil of Griesbach.—I was soon joined in the crowd by Dr. Beck (whom I had met the previous evening), and walked side by side with him (we were ordered to walk four in a row) in the long procession to the church. It was sultry and wet and very fatiguing. I got an excellent place in the church, though it was crowded to excess. Dr. Schwartz has a powerful voice, and preached with great animation and earnest-

ness; but the resonance, the indistinctness of his articulation, and his frequent turning of his back to that part of the church where I was placed, prevented my catching more than a few words here and there. Even Dr. Beck, who is a German, did not hear more than about the half of the discourse. I have since read the discourse in print. It is bold and liberal, yet moderate and conciliatory; pleading for charity and mutual toleration amongst unavoidable differences of opinion, and asserting with energy the right of Jena to the unimpaired enjoyment of her hereditary privilege of *Lehrfreiheit*. "If she lost that, she would lose what made her what she was, and what they were proud to look back upon that day." At the conclusion of the service, the procession formed again, and made another long perambulation through the town to the *Markt*, where a recently erected statue of Johann Friedrich of Saxony, the founder of the University, was to be unveiled after a speech by the Curator, Dr. Siebeck. Siebeck's speech, like Schwartz's sermon, was printed before it was delivered; so that though I could not hear it, I was able to read it. The spirit of it, though less marked than that of Schwartz, is liberal, and earnest on behalf of Academic freedom. Another speech was delivered in Latin the following day by Göttling, the professor of Eloquence, which I did not stay to hear. I shall get it before I leave Germany. There was a grand dinner in the New Library at 3 p.m., to which I had the opportunity of obtaining admission by paying four dollars; but I did not think it worth the

price, and preferred quietly dining with Dr. Beck at a table d'hôte in the Inn. From what I saw and heard on passing the New Library late in the evening, on my way to Dr. Siebeck's soirée, I concluded that the banquet must have become rather noisy and tumultuous towards its close, and I was glad I had kept away. I have already spoken of the soirée. It was elegant. I was pleased with the manners of the Grand Duke. He was unaffected and amiable, and received with great courtesy all who were introduced to him. His lady is a Dutch princess. I was told she is "*sehr klug*," but though not at all handsome, she, like her husband, seemed amiable and unpretentious.

In the course of the evening, an enormous *fackelzug* of students passed the Saal where the soirée was held, and sung with excellent effect one of their Student songs; while a party of them entered the Hall and presented an address to the Duke, who made a gracious, and judging by the effect on his own countenance and that of the bystanders (I was myself at a distance and could not hear it), a somewhat playful and humourous reply. The festivities lasted two more days; but I returned to Harzburg on the Monday, quite exhausted with heat, excitement, and want of sleep.

I wished much to have given you some account of two works by two learned Jews, on the history of the Hebrew Bible and of the Septuagint translation, which I have been reading with some attention during this vacation, but I have left myself no room. Let me only say, that they have confirmed me in my previous

resolution to make the *Greek* philology of the Bible a leading study with me henceforth. I have never yet thanked you for the elegant little volume on Latin Inscriptions which I received just before leaving home, and which I read with great delight.

To Rev. John Kenrick.

Ballenstedt, Sept. 10th, 1858.

I have just heard by a letter from one of my sisters at Nottingham, of the event which at last removed from us to a nobler scene of existence my venerated friend and instructor Mr. Wellbeloved. Though I have written to you so lately and so much at length, I should be doing violence to my own feelings did I not express to you how deeply the event, much as it might have been expected in the inevitable course of things, has impressed me. With the death of our revered and excellent friend, the last link of the chain has dropped which connected the present with a former generation of teachers and divines. And how many tender memories and solemn recollections that one consciousness awakens! I was bred up in a circle in which the names of Mr. Wellbeloved and his contemporaries were familiar to me as household words, and in which the ideas associated with them of learning, culture, and courtesy, as the fitting attributes of a Christian Minister grew up with me almost unconsciously from my earliest years. My father, Mr.

Kentish, Mr. Wellby, Mr. Corrie, Dr. Shepherd, Dr. Hincks, were all, I believe, fellow-students at Hackney, and each of them, with very different gifts and in various ways, contributed their share to the work of scholarly instruction and Christian enlightenment in their day. The whole of that generation has now passed away. The painful sense of their removal leaves on those who survive a deepened sense of responsibility. I can only pray from the bottom of my heart, that those of us who have been called to work in some of those positions which they once so eminently filled, may be strengthened to discharge to the extent of their ability, with the same conscientious and unfaltering earnestness, the great task of sustaining and perpetuating the cause of Christian learning, Christian sincerity and Christian seriousness. My wife is writing a few lines to Mrs. Kenrick; and she will convey to her, as earnestly as I do to you, the deep sympathy which we both feel on this occasion, and how strongly our hearts are drawn out by the melancholy tidings of death which reach us from various quarters, towards the dear friends whom we have left behind us in England, and whom we long to see again. I do not know what change this event may make in your own plans of life; but if it should bring you to pass the rest of your days in the midst of your kindred, your old friends and your old pupils—in or near London—I can hardly express to you, my dear Sir, how much happiness such an event would add to my life, and what an accession of strength I should find in it to the work that has to

be now done in London. With grateful, reverent remembrance of the departed, and affectionate sympathy with the surviving, believe me, my dear Sir, your sincerely attached pupil and friend.

To Henry Crabb Robinson.

Ballenstedt, Anhalt-Bernburg, Sept. 13th, 1858.

—— Your name has been often in our mouths, and we have again and again wished you had been with us, to animate with a new interest, by your vivid reminiscences of the men and things of the past, many places which we have visited. We approached the Harz through Hanover and Brunswick.

In Hanover, one of the things which most interested me, was the house in which Leibnitz lived. The façade in the rich, elaborate style of the *renaissance* of the 16th and 17th century, is very striking in its way, and remains just as it was left by Leibnitz. How interesting are these old German towns! how picturesque! how full of character! Our modern, smooth-faced, pre-eminently convenient streets, seem to me to stand somewhat in the same relation to them, as the superficial polish and monotony of our present widely diffused culture to the sharp, angular, humourous originality of character in which European society abounded formerly much more than now. Brunswick and Wolfenbüttel possess still more of this antique interest than Hanover. The old *Stadthaus* in the for-

mer affords a fine subject for the pencil. What is the reason of the remarkable picturesqueness of the buildings of this date? Exclusive of antiquarian associations, which of course mingle largely in the general effect, I suppose it must arise in great measure from the rich alternation of deep recesses and bold projections, and the sharp contrasts of broad lights and shades thence arising, for which the buildings that date from the close of the Middle Ages, are so remarkable, and in which our own street architecture up to this time has been so deficient. In Brunswick there is a beautiful statue in bronze to the memory of Lessing, who died there while he was librarian at Wolfenbüttel. It must be confessed, that they succeed better in works of this sort on the continent, than we do in England. The statue of Lessing is simple and majestic, in the costume of his day, telling its own tale, without any conventional additions; yet, in looking on it, you feel that it is full of meaning and poetry. Among the many statues that have been raised to Sir R. Peel in various parts of England, during the last few years, I do not remember to have seen one that was satisfactory; they all seem got up by an effort, and not to spring from feeling—the presence of an inspiring idea—and are hence awkward and prosaic. Wolfenbüttel took me greatly. On different occasions I spent more than two days there. The first time, my wife and daughter were with me, and we saw the curiosities of the library—which are of no ordinary interest—together. As I walked through its quiet,

old-fashioned streets, with the grotesque gables projecting into them—I could not help fancying, such must have been the appearance of the better parts of London in the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Indeed, one of the great sources of interest to me in visiting these old German towns is my strong impression that they preserve a remnant of the form of life that existed among ourselves two hundred years ago. Till now, they have been in a great measure insulated from the spirit of innovation that has been transforming the general face of European society. But this will not last. Already I can perceive a change since I first came to Germany, three and twenty years ago. Railroads and the electric telegraph are the ruling powers of the day; and everything must ultimately yield to them.

To Samuel Robinson.

22, *Woburn Square, London, Oct. 3rd,* 1858.

I was in Germany when the tidings of your great affliction reached me indirectly; but I heard no particulars, and did not know where you might be in this time of heavy sorrow. My first impulse was to write to you at once, but I thought I had better postpone it till I reached England, and now seize the first moment of leisure since my return home, to assure you, dear friend, from my heart how deeply I enter into your grief, and to offer you whatever consolation you can derive from the affectionate sympathy of an

old and sincerely attached friend. The event awakens affecting remembrances in my own bosom. Your excellent partner,* and all her sisters, had been my pupils in early and happy days, when I was myself in the morning of life, and my children in the bloom of infancy, and my future lay bright and full of hope and promise before me.—Three of those whom I then taught, long before the natural limit of life was reached, and my only and most promising son on the threshold of the world, have gone before me to that solemn and mysterious state which lies beyond the grave; and you and I, dear friend, are left to deplore the precariousness of our chief earthly blessings, and to wonder at, without distrusting, the inscrutable providence which seems so constantly to reverse the natural order of events. Surely, if there be an all-wise and benevolent Father at the head of the universe, something must be meant and intended by all this—perhaps a blessing too great and glorious to be revealed to our earthly vision, hidden in the mystery. There are things which we cannot demonstrate, and yet we feel, on the assurance of a voice too deep, too inward, and too solemn to deceive us—*must* be true. When we part for ever here with those whom we have tenderly loved, an irresistible faith lays hold of the life to come as a *reality*, and will not permit us to doubt, that somehow and some where, in the exhaustless resources of the Divine wisdom and love, there will be future recognition and renewed and more blessed in-

* Daughter of John Kennedy, Esq., Ardwick, Manchester.

tercourse. In its emphatic assertion of these inextinguishable trusts of the human soul, Christianity; to my mind, carries with it the clearest evidence of its divine origin and authority. ——

To Rev. James Martineau.

Sunday Morning, Dec. 19th, 1858.

I do not at all know what is likely to be the result of this day's deliberations at Portland Street,* nor do I wish in any degree to influence your decision; but I cannot refrain from writing you one line to say, that if any proposition should come before you in a form that might dispose you to entertain it, you will find me just as heartily disposed to co-operate with you as I ever was, and quite willing to join, as far as I consistently can, in any application for such an expression of general approval from the Manchester Committee as may suffice to remove your present difficulties.—I need not repeat to you, what I have so often expressed—that it was the prospect so unexpectedly offered, of working with you, my Academical Colleague, in a joint ministry which I believed might not only be of some service in the diffusion of more spiritual views of Christianity, but would also re-act beneficially on the College—that induced me to listen even for a

* Mr. Tayler and Mr. Martineau became joint Ministers of Little Portland Street Chapel, succeeding the Rev. Edward Tagart, who had died on his homeward journey from visiting the Unitarian Churches of Transylvania.

moment to the suggestion of a work which I would not have undertaken alone, or with any other associate than yourself. It was this strong feeling, combined with my perhaps too enthusiastic persuasion, that a distinct opportunity of usefulness, not to be neglected, here offered itself, which made me speak so earnestly and even warmly on the subject, as I have several times done during the last few weeks. * * *

I do not say that either the building or the locality of Portland Street are all that could be desired to realise our *ideal* of what should be. But *more* I do not believe to be attainable at present. We must work up from given and extant facts to something beyond them. It will be a resistless argument bye-and-bye for doing *more*, that a life has been created to which its present external conditions are altogether inadequate. In advancing into a wider future, it is a great thing to have an ascertained *reality* behind us; as on the other hand, nothing is more discouraging than to find great hopes, which have been prematurely indulged, fall short of their expected fulfilment.—If it should ultimately come to this, that we do undertake any joint work—I for my part am prepared to throw myself into it with all the ardour and devotedness of which I am capable, and which my other engagements will admit. We must leave the past out of sight—go to work heartily and in good faith and hope, and resolve to work out from existing materials—a better and nobler future. We must let neither schools, nor congregational activities, nor the systematic training

of the young be forgotten; but rouse the people at once to more vigorous exertion. Possibly this Congregation, and what is destined to grow out of it—may become one of the principal representatives—perhaps the principal representative, of a nobler and more comprehensive Unitarianism in the Metropolis. It will be a great thing in my judgment to have our Academy—the only seat of Theological and Philosophical Learning that we possess—intimately connected with it in a sort of normal discipline and associated activity. When the experiment has been tried for a few years of this union—it will be felt to be not only allowable but indispensable. In future stages of possible progress—you may become head pastor with a young man as your colleague—and be at the same time Principal of the Academy. For after some years I look forward to retirement. These are of course only the possibilities of the future; but I think them something more than dreams. We must work up to them from present facts and existing conditions. My very dear friend, I have spoken to you oftentimes during the last week or two with unreserved frankness and plainness of speech. I thought I could not better shew my regard and affection for you. We all make mistakes of judgment, and let our feelings run away with us. When I err in this way, as I know I often do—speak to me with the same openness in return. Your counsel will ever have value, not only for its intrinsic wisdom, but as coming from a generous and noble heart. I know how very

differently we are constituted: but we may not the less on that account work effectually together. In moral endeavour—in spiritual aspiration—in the final aim of our Theology we are *one*. To co-operate with you in carrying on the noblest work of life is truly a happiness to me. While life's activity remains, may we never be separated in it!

To his Daughter.

April 25th, 1859.

I am leaving for Nottingham to-morrow. The accounts of your uncle Carpenter are much the same; with perhaps some indications of improvement.—I see nothing now to be done but the resignation of his office, and making the best provision possible for future tranquillity and comfort.

Anxieties and responsibilities—coming in addition to extra work of other kinds, which would not have been too much in itself, make me long for the rest and quiet of the vacation.—Mama has written to inquire about a cottage on the slope of Loughrigg, quite above the fogs and dampness of the valley. It will furnish you with fine opportunities for sketching—for studying colour, light and shade—trees, flowing water and mountains. I shall feel very happy, my dear child, if you enjoy it and profit by it. Amidst this dark and troubled life of ours God gives us many passing gleams of rare beauty—the dim foretaste per-

haps of something better beyond the last great change, awaiting the pure and gentle in heart, the patient and trustful of spirit. It is a sort of impiety to let all this beauty pass over us unimproved. I have often had to reproach myself for doing so. * * *

To Mrs. Robberds, *of Manchester.*

22, *Woburn Square, May 9th,* 1859.

I have been intending to write you a few lines, ever since I heard of the death of your venerable father,* if only for the sake of expressing my own sincere feelings on the occasion. To write a letter of condolence and consolation to one whose own mind is so well furnished with the holiest trust and the sublimest hope, would be superfluous, even if we could look on the retirement of the patriarch who had well nigh counted a hundred years, with any other feelings than those of gratitude to the great Giver of all good for the bestowal of a life so long and honoured and happy, passed in such tranquil contentment and such active usefulness. He is gone whither we must soon follow him: but memory recalls scenes long past, separated from this day by nearly half a century, in which his familiar form and benignant countenance are a conspicuous object to my mind's eye—presiding at our annual examinations at York in the midst

* The Rev. William Turner, formerly of Newcastle.

of other well known figures now like his vanished and gone—and the very tones of his voice seem to recur to me distinctly as he distributed the prizes to the successful competitors, and gave his parting counsels and good wishes when our labours and anxieties were all over. What a wonderful longevity was his! The beginning of his life takes us back to what we now regard as remote history—the days of Aikin and Leechman and Cappe—to the times of the French and the American Revolutions, when England was so different from what it is now, that it seems hardly possible that the same individual should have lived in both periods.—The whole of the generation of ministers which succeeded his, had passed away before him. Mr. Wellbeloved was the last survivor of them. Yet what a point, when it has once vanished, seems the longest span of human years!

'Tis but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.'

But it is a delightful thought, if it be not presumptuous to express it—that there they are—the friends, the guides and the counsellors of our youth—safe in our Father's house—serene and happy now in our future home. As life's shadows gather round us, and we feel that we are ourselves getting old, how precious is this Christian hope! May it burn, dear old friend, with ever, calmer and brighter ray on your evening and on mine! May we never lose or forfeit the love of those who are yet preserved to us, and die in hope of being welcomed by a purer love hereafter!——

To Rev. James Martineau.

Gale Cottage, Keswick, August 14th, 1859.

To-morrow I complete my sixty-second year. It sounds very venerable; I can hardly realize it; but so it is. I have been long in writing to you, and answering your kind letter received a fortnight ago: but the fancy took me, early in my vacation, not to write to you till I had reached this point.—I left London at the close of the Session, jaded and even depressed, and with less of *spring* in me, than I ever remember to have experienced; and I was resolved not to exchange any thoughts with you about our common future, till I was refreshed and renovated by rest, and my mind, somewhat out of joint, had *righted* itself, as it never fails to do, with quiet leisure for reflection, fresh air, and the soothing influence of beautiful scenery which is to me like a foretaste of heaven itself. I am glad to say the experiment has succeeded. I never felt myself in better health and spirits. We are delighted with our present situation. The view it commands, is one of the most beautiful in the neighbourhood; and the air is both sweet and bracing. We feel the difference the moment we are down in Keswick. During the hottest days we have never been incommoded by the heat. * * *

I am so enamoured of the sweet and quiet life we now lead, that if duty allowed, and the circumstances of my family at present justified it, I should be tempted to quit the busy world for some peaceful

nook, not altogether beyond the reach of friends and intelligent society, and spend the remnant of my days in the studies that I love, and in working out into form and definiteness, as my small contribution to the cause of truth, some thoughts that have been haunting me for years. But I daresay it is well for me, that this blessing, if it ever comes to me, should be postponed for the present. Our life here flows on in calm and even course. My mornings till dinner are occupied with proper study; after dinner till it is time for a walk, I refresh myself for an hour or so with Apuleius or Montaigne; we then sally forth for an excursion, and happily cannot go wrong in any direction, so full is this neighbourhood of beauties; and on our return we read aloud till bed-time. Speaking of Apuleius, I do not know whether you ever read his Metamorphoses. Its beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche I read some years ago, but the entire story never till now. It is much more like a modern romance than any work of antiquity I am acquainted with. In many passages I have been forcibly reminded of Gil Blas. It seems to me much superior in interest, character and power of description to the only Greek novel I ever read, but in point of execution and the working up of the narrative much below the level of even our average novels. Though defiled occasionally with the undisguised grossness of the later Roman civilization, it has many passages of uncommon grace and beauty, but all of the sensuous kind. As a picture of manners in the

second century (and for this purpose I began to read it) it is very graphic and amusing. There is a description of a dinner-party in a provincial town of Greece, which would have done no discredit to Thackeray, had he lived in that remote age.—But to graver matters: I sometimes feel almost oppressed, dear friend, when I think of the many responsibilities I have taken on myself, and am conscious that, perhaps with undiminished mental powers, I have not the same capacity for physical exertion that I had ten years ago. This morning, when the ladies went to church, I put the small edition of your Hymns in my pocket, and climbed under a beautiful sky, bright but dappled with clouds, the huge shoulder of Skiddaw which rises immediately behind our abode, resolved to think quietly over, amidst its inspiring solitudes, the work of various kinds that lies before me in the coming session. It was to me a morning of pure, I could almost say, of holy enjoyment. I never felt so strongly before "the Sabbath-silence of the hills." I had nature entirely to myself. Not a voice came to me, but the murmur of the brooklet, which only made silence audible, as it leaps gently down the broken declivity of its rocky and fern-tangled bed at the bottom of the deep cove which hollows out the broad bosom of the mountain. All was sweet, calm, and grand. From time to time I seated myself—on some projecting mass of rock, and read one of Charles Wesley's, Gerhardt's, Tersteegen's, or Montgomery's hymns. My thoughts flowed freely and happily. I

can always think better under such influences, than in a close room or amidst the feverish excitements of a great city. I contemplated what I had to do, and measured it by what I felt I had yet left of power to perform it; and I resolved quietly, but with full conviction, that I would not shrink from the work to which I could not but feel God had in a measure summoned me, though to do it as it ought to be done, would, I knew, demand the utmost effort of which my powers are now capable.—To speak plainly, I had been in doubts whether I had not rashly and with a too sanguine confidence (which I am but too well aware is my constitutional tendency), committed myself to more than I could well sustain, in consenting to share with you—besides our Academic duties, which for me at least are sufficiently heavy and laborious—the additional responsibilities of the ministerial office. If I was mistaken in yielding to an unexpected request, I was beguiled by the earnest wish to bring our Academy and our Church into closer and more vital union, by the pleasure which I feel in working with you (whose fundamental views of religion are so remarkably in accordance with my own) in the effort to infuse a more earnest spirit into our churches, to make the faith which should animate them, at once more free and more spiritual, more rational (not rationalistic) and more devout, and lastly by the refreshment which I experience in exchanging at times the scientific teaching of theology which is almost my daily work through nine months in the year, for more direct con-

verse through prayer and the spoken word with the spiritual realities of the human soul. All this I feel as strongly as ever, but there is not a more difficult point to adjust than the "ne quid nimis." What I feel is this, that the proper discharge of my duties to the College requires me still to be a close student; and this I find it difficult to combine, except by such a strain of the faculties as really exhausts and enfeebles me, with such a preparation for the Sunday's duties as ought to be made either to satisfy myself or benefit the public. * * *

What a distressing event is poor William Roscoe's* death! Another beautiful light that was beginning to shine with bright promise on the world is extinguished. * * * I had a very kind letter from Newman a few days ago. He is at Aberystwith, enjoying himself much, but working hard. He still does not give up all faith in L. Napoleon, and thinks Italy benefited by his interference. What say you? For my part I think he has betrayed Italy, and shewn himself, what I always believed him to be, an unprincipled adventurer, who lives from hand to mouth on desperate expedients. The world is in a strange state. Are we going back or going forward?

* William Caldwell Roscoe, grandson of the Historian. See his 'Poems and Essays, with a Prefatory Memoir by Richard Holt Hutton,' 1860.

To F. W. Newman.

Gale Cottage, Keswick, Aug. 26th, 1859.

Your letter was a very agreeable surprise. I wish your wanderings had brought you northward, that we might have had a few peripatetic discussions, *more antiquo*, in this beautiful scenery and delicious air. I am glad to find that you are enjoying yourself so much where you are. My life must be something like yours. I work every morning till dinner; after dinner lighter reading for an hour or so; then an excursion on the lake or among the hills; and after tea reading aloud till bedtime. It is a delightful kind of life—a happy mixture of study and domestic tranquillity—which if I felt it my duty and had at present the adequate means, I should be strongly tempted to exchange for the more rapid and somewhat feverish flow of existence which is scarcely avoidable in such an enormous accumulation of people, and such a vast conflict of interests, as makes London what it is. Moreover we are not here wholly without some intelligent society. I cannot but think with you that our towns are becoming too large, and that if great cities are really a sign of advanced civilisation, civilisation, as usually understood, is by no means an unmixed good. But I must not get into discussion.

I have read with great pleasure your letter to Herford. Its suggestions seem to me full of calm wisdom, and its spirit excellent. I am afraid, I do not entirely agree with you in your estimate of the service which

Louis Napoleon has rendered to the cause of liberty in Italy. At all events, the Italians themselves seem to have lost all confidence in him; and if one may trust the reports in the newspapers, the Tuscans are apprehensive that he has some dark design of fastening his cousin upon them. One good, however, has sprung out of this war. It has shewn a capacity for freedom and self-government in the Italians, which many persons previously could not give them credit for. The utmost I ever hoped from Louis Napoleon was, that he might prove a great military *besom* in the hand of Providence to sweep the Austrian nuisance clean out of Italy, though I always looked with apprehension to what might happen then. I confess, I am one of those who look on Louis Napoleon with a distrust and aversion almost amounting to abhorrence. He attains his ends by profound dissimulation and unscrupulous perfidy. No doubt, he possesses remarkable mental powers; but when a man is reckless about his means—has clear and cool intellect without any conscience or any heart —*immediate* success is more within his reach, of necessity, than with men who are restrained even imperfectly by moral scruples. His career has been that of a successful adventurer; and on such a basis I cannot believe that his fortunes will endure.——

To Mrs. Carpenter.

Gale Cottage, Keswick, August 27th, 1859.

I write a few lines immediately, in order to spare you unnecessary alarm, lest you should hear in-

directly of an accident which has occurred to us. Last night H. E. T. and myself went to Keswick to meet our friend, Miss Escher, who had promised to spend a week or two with us, and whom we were expecting by the coach from Windermere. The coach arrived very late, not till near 10 o'clock; and the night was excessively dark. We engaged an open car (one of the usual conveyances of this country) to take us and the luggage, hardly a couple of miles, to Gale Cottage. We apprehended no danger, as we concluded the driver knew his road, and we had a lamp. To save a small distance, the man turned up a new bit of road. Owing to the darkness of the night we got into it and had made some way before I was aware of it, or I should have insisted on his keeping to the usual road, which though a little round is much better and more even. Still we did not think there was anything to fear. But about half a mile from Gale Cottage there is a deep dell with a little stream at the bottom, and thickly shaded with trees, which, added to the cloudy state of the sky, made it pitchy dark. The road descends sharply and rises sharply on the opposite side; but in ascending the road is very narrow, with a stone wall on one hand and a high mound of earth on the other. If the man had known his road, or had had his wits about him, all would have been right; but, in the darkness, though he had still his lamp to guide him, he ran one wheel of the car up the high mound of earth, and in a moment, without any warning, we were all thrown over, the horse down, and the car laid on its

side. The lamp was dashed out, and the horse was kicking and struggling in the road. With some difficulty I found the two ladies, and dragged them after me up the hill to the house. Miss Escher and myself were only stunned for the moment, and have experienced no other injury; but on reaching the house we found our dearest child had received a cut above the left eye, from which the blood was streaming copiously —a fortunate circumstance, which is perhaps the reason that she is so well as she is. We sent for a medical man immediately. He said there was a slight fracture of the bone, but in the most favourable place where it could have occurred, and he gives us strong hope, that with *perfect quiet* for several days, no permanent injury is likely to ensue. He saw her again this morning with another medical man. They both agree in their view of the case, and report very favourably of it. But we shall be in anxiety for a few days, though they speak encouragingly. But she must be kept from all light, heat, noise and excitement of every kind, and take no stimulants. She is, God bless her, very patient and gentle, and all at present is going on well. * * *

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

The Howe, near Keswick, September 6th, 1859.

In the good old days of the Prospective I seemed to have some constant relations with you. Every quarter at least we wrote, and we had great

common interests; and so we have still; but I could wish that our opportunities of intercourse were more direct and more frequent. I constantly look back with a feeling in which pain and pleasure are strangely mingled, to those former days when you and Martineau and Wicksteed met so often at my house, which stood fortunately half way between Leeds and Liverpool, when both my children were living and, even young as they were, used to look forward to the meeting of the 'Editors' with a sort of half awe and half delight, and when we were all of us some ten years younger than we now are, full of the zeal and the enterprize which ever accompany the setting afloat of a new undertaking on the uncertain waves of public opinion. * * *

You have seen, no doubt, J. H. Hutton's letter to the Brook Street Congregation, and heard the particulars of his resignation. I had been aware for some time of the change that was taking place in his views, and had had some correspondence with him about them. They are in fact Mr. Maurice's. To me they seem founded on a misconception of the theological value of the Joannean doctrine of the Logos. He has confounded or rather identified—so I think—a *form* of thought, notoriously the product of a particular philosophical school, with *essential* and *eternal* Christian truth. Nothing seems more difficult for some minds to understand, than that forms of thought are something local and secular, which require translation into the equivalent intellectual idioms of other ages and countries, but leave the fundamental truths which underlie

them, wholly untouched. Yet, without this susceptibility of translation, as to form, one cannot conceive how a religion of so marked an historical origin as that of the New Testament, should ever become a *world*-religion, retaining its authority and applicability in all stages of civilisation, and meeting the spiritual wants of very different kinds and orders of intellect. *** There is nothing in his change of opinions to necessitate an interruption of the closest Church fellowship, and the most friendly interchange of pulpits; and if he could have carried a *preponderant majority* of the congregation with him, the terms of the Upper Brook Street Trust Deed would not have demanded his retirement from the pulpit, nor would there have been then, any more than there is now, any reason for his separation from our communion. If he can gather a congregation of sympathising hearers, I hope he will still minister among us. But there is a point where divergency of sentiment between minister and people, especially if it concerns the object of worship, becomes painful and consequently injurious. Where that point lies, the religious consciousness of each congregation must determine for itself. For myself I should have felt it a pain and a privation to separate myself from the spiritual benefit of such services as our friend's, especially as I feel that our bond in worship should be spiritual rather than doctrinal; but here again too, I cannot deny, that there must be a limit. I could not with satisfaction *habitually* attend services where *proper worship* is offered to every being but the Supreme Father, the

God whom Jesus himself worshipped and prayed to; and here the whole of Scripture and the ecclesiastical usage of at least two centuries and a-half are, I think, clearly on my side. Had I been a member of the congregation, this question of worship would have been the determining point with me.

How strangely our little body is agitated at this time! Not only the recent lamentable proceedings in Ireland,* but expressions of feeling that every now and then break forth incidentally in our Journals and at our public meetings, make me feel more than ever how much we want a broader and more spiritual conception of what it is that constitutes a man a Christian, than is yet current even among Unitarians. I have long been convinced that it is the simple recognition of the *Divine* in the humanity of Jesus Christ, *however* arrived at, moulding the heart and will through the deep spiritual sympathy of faith and love into *oneness* with Himself, which is the main thing, and not any intellectual conclusion produced or producible by what are called Evidences. I do not believe that the Evidences ever *tell*, till the inner man is previously touched and already won by a deep feeling of spiritual want. Yet I hardly ever met with an Unitarian of the old school who did not regard such a statement as mystical and almost incomprehensible; while to my mind it flashes with all the conclusiveness of the clearest light. It is the want of this broader and more genial view of

* Some attempts to exclude heresy by some of the *non-subscribing* Presbyterians.

Christianity, which keeps, I think, many good men from carrying out their naturally liberal tendencies to their full and legitimate extent. * * *

I suppose you have read Martineau's letter to Macdonald of Chester, which appeared in the Inquirer of Saturday before last. I need hardly say to *you*, that with the substance of most of it I entirely agree. It expresses sentiments which I have entertained and uttered for years past. I wish, however, he had brought out rather more clearly and strongly what is the real value of the *Unitarian* element in our faith. Monotheism is not indeed a *specific Christian* truth, but it is a *very grand* truth of reason and natural religion; and the whole history of the Church shews how indispensable it is as a co-existent condition of the healthy working of the proper Christian idea of *God in Christ*—how *without* it the proper Christian idea inevitably lapses into some form of idolatry and polytheism, with the whole mass of consequential errors; and our clinging firmly to this great truth of universal religion necessitates our worshipping apart from those who have allowed it to be obscured and corrupted, and, so long as this is the case, renders inevitable to some extent our having directly or indirectly a corresponding name. * * * I think we make too much potter about a *name*. Let us in our Academical Institutions, in the constitution of our Churches, and in our theological recognition of one another, keep true to the *broad principle* of our Presbyterian forefathers, and the name by which we are *de facto* known will right itself; it

will either die away and be succeeded, through the natural working of events, by another and more appropriate one, or the old name will itself expand into a broader and nobler significance. All names are to a certain extent inadequate and inappropriate. But usage and long possession partially rectify the evil. Any deliberate attempt to suppress a name already in wide circulation, and *artificially* to substitute another, which must be coined for the occasion, would do more harm than good, and expose us to more suspicion and ridicule than ever. * * *

To Henry Enfield, Esq.

The Howe Farm, Keswick, September 8th, 1859.

Only yesterday we learned the heavy affliction which has fallen on you and Mrs. Enfield in the loss of your dear child. Having ourselves had experience of similar griefs, we can well appreciate your's; and I cannot refrain from writing one line to say, how deeply we sympathize with you in this sore trial. You and Mrs. Enfield have so long been familiar with spiritual thoughts—have so long been convinced, that there is a higher and a purer world, invisible and surpassing this, ever around us and only hidden from us by a thin veil of sense, in which we have the deepest interest, and which is the destined home of the immortal within us—that you will instinctively know where to turn for those consolations which the earthly

and the perishing cannot give.—You will doubtless feel, as we have done, that when these dark clouds come over the brightness of our domestic happiness, the soul goes down at once through the superficial crust, if I may so call it, of our human dogmas, to the grand and eternal truths underlying it, which bring us into direct contact with the spirit of the living God, and furnish an immutable basis for perfect rest and trust. It is the embodiment of these eternal truths to which our inmost souls bear witness in the person and work of Christ, which makes him to all who so believe, a present help in time of need, and a deliverer out of the darkest and deepest whirlpool of earthly trouble. His Father is our Father, his God is our God; and there is unspeakable comfort in the reflection, that we are in the hands of such a Father and such a God. Doubtless there is some silent blessing hidden for us in these severe trials, which will come to us sooner or later, if only with patience and submission and silent trust we wait for it.

To his Wife.

Greenheys, Manchester, Jan. 3rd, 1860.

My whole journey was saddened by the thought of having left you and my dear child behind, for the first time in our lives, on this periodical visit to our dear old friends in Manchester. My own regret was shared by every one to whom I spoke last night.—We

must look right and left for some suitable rest for our old age, where you can enjoy purer air and more quiet, and I shall not be too far from my duties, to discharge them comfortably and efficiently—and where, if possible, you and Hannah can have the entertainment and refreshing of a small garden.—Before deciding on removal, I must know what my future income is likely to be; and that I cannot know till after the annual meeting of the College, which is, I think, on the 16th of this month. As soon as we have finally *fixed* our plans, I shall wish to make our future home, wherever it be, as comfortable and simply elegant, as it will be in my power to make it, for your's and dear Hannah's sake. Let us only be trustful and patient, and all will be right at last.—Good bye, dearest wife. Let me hear how you are going on. I shall see you again at tea-time (I hope) on Monday. My best love to my dearest child. Beg her to be less anxious and more hopeful. There is *One* who takes care of us, who is wiser and better than we. He will never forsake us, if we do not forsake Him.

To his Wife.*

Nottingham, Jan. 27th, 1860.

—— The people here are exceedingly kind—full of respectful attention in every way. We had a printed circular sent us this morning from which we learn,

* On the death of the Rev. Benjamin Carpenter, husband of his sister.

that the Directors of the General Cemetery mean to attend the funeral, out of personal respect to our good Carpenter, as one of the original founders of the Institution. It is gratifying to see how real goodness—genuine uprightness and consistency of conduct—command the respect of the world without brilliant qualities of any kind. It teaches us, in spite of the false estimate of things so prevalent among men—that after all religious virtue is the one thing needful.

To Samuel Robinson, Esq.

March 4th, 1860.

It was a great pleasure to me to see your well-known handwriting, familiar to me now—it is even so—for a good fifty years. I wish you would let me see it more frequently, for as we get older we cling more and more—so at least I find it—to the friends of early life. How is it that the scenes of youth and even of childhood become more vivid to us as we go down into the vale of years—as if the soul had possessions, especially when consecrated by the affections, which *could not* perish!

Thank you for your kind expressions of sympathy relative to the controversy* in which I have been

* In the Christian Reformer, owing to strictures on an Article by Mr. Tayler in the National Review on Ewald's Apostolic Age, especially on Mr. Tayler's Views of the Nature and the Evidence of our Lord's resurrection, as personal and spiritual, but not 'of the Body' in the ordinary human sense.

involved. It has given me no annoyance—I am surprised myself how little, when I remember how sensitive I used to be five-and-twenty years ago. One gets wiser, or, if you like, more hardened, as one gets older. I know that I have had no object, in speaking as I have done on a serious and difficult subject, but to serve the truth and to present it in a form as free from difficulties as possible; and with that consciousness I am quite at ease. I never claimed for my own views the merit of completely settling the question, which I have ever considered to involve a choice of difficulties; but I ask liberty—and if it is not granted me I shall take it without leave—to state the views which to my own mind, taking all things into consideration, involve the fewest and slightest difficulties, and which as I can testify from experience, have had the effect of settling and strengthening my faith on a subject of unspeakable comfort and support to my own mind. I neither expect nor wish all men to coincide with me; for I know how much these things depend on mental temperament and early association. I am however a little surprised at the tone taken by some men, who would be very indignant if you questioned their title to the largest liberality. All *sects* appear to me to have very much the same spirit. It is more the *object* than the *animus* which distinguishes them. I except wholly from these remarks my two last opponents, Mr. Bache and Mr. Means; they are both excellent men, and write with the purest love of truth and with the deepest feeling of religion.—With regard to our *Lay Friend*, I shall

pass him over in silence. He gives one nothing to reply to except personal insinuations and unsupported assertions—not even the semblance of an argument. He is not worth "powder and shot."

I have had great anxiety lately about my dear wife, and this has diverted my thoughts, though sadly enough, from all other topics. I am happy to add, that within the last day or two, she has rallied wonderfully, and is getting like herself again. But she will require very careful treatment, and must be guarded against all undue excitement.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

Norwood, near London, April 15th, 1860.

I have been intending to write to you for weeks past. We have been here for a week for the sake of my dear wife's health. *I* return to my work in London to-morrow. I have had more than ordinary sorrow for the last twelve months. My poor brother-in-law, Carpenter of Nottingham, a right worthy creature, a true Christian soul, without any remarkable intellectual gifts, but the best of husbands and brothers, for a whole year lay in a state approaching mental and bodily helplessness, which it was painful to contemplate. During this period, the management of his private affairs fell very much into my hands; and this was a source of anxiety. Since Christmas my dear wife has been attacked with a series of painful seizures

which seriously affect her general health and keep me and my child in a constant state of anxiety. And now within the last few weeks, I have had to inter and preach the funeral sermon for my dear and valued friend, Dr. Hutton, the intimate friend of our family for more than forty years, who in my early youth when he settled in Nottingham as colleague to my father, first seriously opened my mind by the beauty and fervour of his preaching, so different from any that I till then had heard, to religious impressions and a sense of the value of religious truth.—As we draw towards the evening of life, sorrows like these must multiply around us. We need them to chasten us—to wean us from what is vain and perishable, and to make us better know ourselves and the Great God in whom is our only trust. I mention these circumstances, to explain why it is that I have not earlier thanked you for the acceptable present of your little volume on 'The Revelation of God and Man in Christ.' Unfortunately these private sorrows came on me at a time when I had just increased my burden of public duty by undertaking the joint pastorship of Little Portland Street with Martineau—which, though a divided duty, is no sinecure. At times during the last few months I have felt the demand on heart and brain almost more than I could stand. Were it not for a rest of three months every autumn, I must really give it up. But when this session is over, I hope I shall be able to maintain this *double* duty for at least a year or two longer. I have no desire even then, should health and

strength remain, to abandon my *College* work, which has the first claim on me, and for which I am by nature best fitted.—But enough of myself.

Sometimes you have been feeling after an idea, and know whereabouts it lies, but cannot distinctly lay hold of it; when a friend whose mind has been ranging in the same quarter, catches the right point of view, gives form and delivery to the thought that has been dimly struggling into existence in your own mind—and performs for you, if I may adopt a Socratic figure, the function of spiritual midwife. You have placed the *religious* value of the proper humanity to Christ, in many hands so barren and dry a doctrine—in a clearer light than I ever saw it before—and fully satisfied, so it seems to me, the double demand of the highest reason and the deepest reverence. I think your little volume very seasonably occurs to check—by meeting a religious want which the old Priestleyan Unitarians did not supply—that tendency to revive an exploded dogma of the Philo-Alexandrian school, which Mr. Maurice's example has done so much to recommend. Yet your doctrine is strictly Unitarian. The manifestation of Deity in and through Humanity is evidently *the* revelation of Christianity—the realisation of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth—what explains and justifies the vague, indefinite reverence we all feel for the person of Christ, and opens an access to partial reconcilement, or at least mutual understanding, with spiritual-minded Trinitarians. This is certainly the pervading idea of the Joannean writings, which exhibit the highest develop-

ment of Christianity within the Apostolic age. The foundation of the view which you have so well and clearly put forth, is the perfect humanity of Christ, resulting from perfect harmony between the human and the divine. I have heard those who take the purely critical standing point, say that this is an assumption—that we are not justified in drawing so grand and unprecedented a conclusion from such *fragmentary* notices of Christ as are alone preserved to us in the New Testament, and that we cannot tell how much of the beautiful portraiture is due to history, and how much to the unquestioning love and reverence of the recording mind. Some years ago that objection occupied me as having considerable plausibility. I turned it over in my own mind, and resolved it in the following way. I should like to know how the matter appears to you.—So long as we stand barely on the historical and critical ground, I do not think we can fully meet the objection. There is always the possibility of the question, what is subjective? what is objective? What is *given*, and what we ourselves *give*. Not till we take the proper *spiritual* ground, not till our mind is kindled by *faith* into *sympathy* with the mind of Christ, can we rightly interpret that mind, and see not only what it *was*, but what *it must have been*. Yet this is no arbitrary creation of our own—it is an impression produced *upon* us not *by* us. What I mean is this: Words and acts are recorded of Christ which, though in themselves slight and fragmentary, when taken in connection with the

effect they produced on contemporaries are full of the deepest and richest moral significance and excite, through the affinity which binds together all spiritual nature, a corresponding reflection of moral feeling in us.—We feel that more is *implied* than is actually *shewn*, in those grand outlines and salient features of a divine life. Our own sympathy, in proportion to its strength, fills up the outline and colours the features, and makes us feel, through the intuitions of our own moral consciousness, what the real man must have been. What is best and noblest in us is roused out of its latent, semi-conscious state by the awakening touch of a kindred but higher spirit: so that the more our own moral nature is enlarged, the further we see into the unsearchable riches of the nature of Christ. The ideal of our humanity glows out of dimness into distinctness before us—through the consenting witness and contributing light of our awakened spiritual consciousness. As in the natural world we half create the beauty that we feel, though the inspiring touch still comes from God—so there is a spiritual tact and divination which sees what must have been through the indication of a few suggesting lines and touches, and repels the idea of whatever is at variance with, or destructive of, the essential necessary perfection implied, with the same instinctive rejection as a Cuvier or an Owen cast out from their conception of an organisation, which they have restored from a tooth or a claw or the fragment of a bone, any structural form that would contradict its presiding and con-

trolling law. What we *do* see and know of Christ, is so pure, so lovely, so heavenly, that what we do *not* see and know, we are sure must be in harmony with it. Any thing contrary would render what is seen and known incredible. The character could not else be a *consistent whole*, a *reality*, a *possibility*. This consideration has great weight with me; and it is strengthened by what at first view may seem a defect of historical evidence—by a reference to the purely *popular*, for a long time perhaps even *traditional* channels through which our knowledge of the historical Jesus is derived. Had there been any thing of a lower nature in his character, it must have reached us through so many, such various and such unconscious channels. That all should conspire to yield so pure and beautiful a result, can be explained only by their common emanation from a wonderful reality at their origin, which overpowered ordinary minds by its heavenly brightness, and shot its pure rays through the thickest and darkest folds of their ignorance and prejudice. A more complete *objective* type would have been less stimulating and suggestive, and would sooner have exhausted its effect. I think, too, I can see a reason why the human manifestation of the divine life in Christ, should have been only partially and fragmentarily disclosed to us, and that our own spiritual conception should be called into active exercise to supply the lacking details. Faith becomes thus a more intensely *personal* act, and in its clearness and steadiness is the reward of personal purity and faithfulness.—I can see too, I think,

a reason in the great order of divine providence, why man's ideas of the eternal and permanent relations of our humanity to God, should be fixed once for all in the eye of successive ages by their historical realisation in a *perfect* human life—perfect, I mean, in its relations with God and the spiritual world, for *intellectual* perfection is quite another thing and can never be reached by man; his very immortality precludes it. I have written, as you will perceive, rather hastily, for I have not time now to write otherwise. But I really wished to say to you what I have thought on this subject; and when you have leisure, I shall be glad to have your ideas in reply.

I am beginning to wish ardently for a little more quiet and leisure, to gather up a few thoughts that lie scattered in my mind, and to complete a few inquiries that I have been brooding over for years. In the course of a year, I hope to give up some of my present occupations, and get a little way out of London. Railways afford facilities for such plans that formerly could not be thought of. Moreover, in the course of another year I shall have got pretty well mapped out and written down the grand outlines of the new lectures which I have had to write, since the new arrangements on the withdrawal of Mr. Vance Smith. This will be a great relief, and afford the leisure which I earnestly court. But all these things are not wholly in our power. We must entertain our fondest hopes submissively and patiently. The last twelve months have made me feel more than ever the uncertainties of life, how weak we are, and how little we can do!

To Rev. J. Martineau.*

Heathside Cottage, Northend, Hampstead, Aug. 3rd, 1860.

I postponed writing for some time, till I could send you an account of myself on which you might rely. The progress of convalescence is certainly slow, but I have no doubt it is steady. All friends who have not seen me for several days, are struck with my improved appearance. * * *

I am beginning gradually to resume my old studies and to take up again my old books; and this transition from a regular invalid state is delightful and refreshing: but I am obliged at present to do every thing moderately and carefully. Last night was the best that I have had since I began to recover—less broken and disturbed than my nights have usually been; and I feel proportionately better this morning. That in the course of another month or six weeks I shall be quite well again—unless something quite unforeseen should happen—I have not a doubt, nor has Dr. Kirby. Nevertheless, this severe attack has been a warning to me; and if I am to secure ten or fifteen more years of active service to the world, I must arrange my future plans with a corresponding prudence. During the last eighteen months I am conscious, that I have taken on me more than my limited strength will bear; and if I am to preserve my health and my capacity for usefulness, I must diminish the burden. So my medical adviser and all my most expe-

* After severe illness.

rienced friends strongly urge on me. You know what pain it gives me to separate myself from any work in which I have once engaged with you; but I have now *finally made up my mind* to relinquish the *habitual* exercise of the Ministry. * * *

Should it be possible, I should wish to terminate my ministerial connection with Portland Street at Christmas next: but I shall take no steps relative thereto till your return. Therefore do not let this matter disturb you in anywise. Go, I beseech you, dear friend, with your mind free and unembarrassed—and with a joyous, elastic spirit to the interesting career which now lies before you—sure that all will go on well at home in the interval—and come back to us in October, richly laden with health, strength, spirits and noble reputation, to serve the cause of truth and freedom with new power and wider success in your own country.* My heartiest good wishes are with you, I assure you. My wife is not quite well; she is generally ailing at this time of the year. But dear H. is the strength and support of both of us. I don't know what we should do without her.

August 27th, 1860.

My interest in, and my efforts on behalf of the Schools† which we have jointly raised, and which give such an omen of ultimate success, will not, I trust, in any degree be interrupted.

—— In the course of the ensuing spring, I propose,

* Mr. Martineau was at this time contemplating a visit to America.

† Portland British, Day and Sunday, Schools.

if we can find a suitable house, to effect a change of residence. My dear wife's health renders it indispensable that we should lead a life of rather more retirement and repose, and breathe habitually a purer and sweeter air than is attainable in the most favoured situations in London. I had always looked forwards to this, after spending ten years in London. Events have anticipated by a year or two the final change. For myself I could live very agreeably in London; and town life, with a long vacation like ours, is not without its charms for me. Nevertheless even in my own case, I believe the change will be desirable, preserve my health and secure me more leisure and quiet for effectual study. * * *

The great ambition of the remainder of my life would be in conjunction with you to raise our Academy into the highest repute for the *thoroughness* of its teaching, and the *efficiency* of its results. I should throw my whole soul into this work, and make it the great business of my life. I agree with every word you say as to the necessity of imbuing our students with more spiritual fire and earnestness, that they may exert a prophetic influence on the religious deadness of the world. With this view we must perhaps select our students more carefully than we have hitherto done; but most will depend on our making them see the subserviency of thorough scholarship to high spiritual purposes—and on the spiritual tendency of our own lectures and our own personal intercourse with them. * * *

The Americans have doubtless a great superiority over us as orators—they make what they know tell wonderfully on a popular audience; and I am far indeed from undervaluing this gift, especially at the present day; but their most accomplished men, with one or two exceptions, seem to me to get their learning at second hand, from French and German sources. * * *

I am steadily improving, but am not yet strong and well. I have still invalidish feelings hanging about me. I am soon tired and exhausted.—The intolerable thirst from which at one time I suffered, is considerably abated. My progress is sure and constant; but I wished you to know exactly how I feel. In a fortnight we go to Eastbourne for the benefit of sea-breezes during the last month of the vacation.

To Miss S. Greg.

4, *Grand Parade, Eastbourne, Sussex, Oct. 4th*, 1860.

It was exceedingly kind of you to think of writing to me on my birthday; and I ought before now to have expressed my sense of your kindness; but till quite recently writing has been a pain to me, and I have wished to escape as much of it as did not come within the range of necessary duty, and writing to a friend should be a pleasure, not a burden. I hope, however, that my daughter assured you, how much I felt gratified by your kind remembrance of me, and gave you all particulars about our present state. My

wife and I have been much benefited by this place—I more especially; my dear wife, I am sorry to say, has for the last day or two been suffering slightly from her habitual complaint—disordered action of the liver. We like Eastbourne as much as it is possible to like any regular watering-place. There is a glorious sea, and the air is some of the purest and most invigorating I ever breathed. Our lodgings are right on the beach, and command a delightful sea view. The environs are charming, abounding in beautiful walks and rides. I knew nothing of Sussex before. The Downs—soft, swelling elevations, clothed with herbage to the top, sprinkled over with numerous flocks of sheep, the tinkling of whose bells delightfully breaks the silence of the hills—and their sides shaded by fine-grown woods—form a delicious element in the scenery, different from any thing I have seen before. The farms and farm-buildings are old-fashioned and picturesque—usually sheltered by a cluster of fine old trees, and the deep red-tiled roofs are clothed with a rich orange-coloured lichen which blends harmoniously with the green of the trees and the warm grey of the stone-houses, and furnishes a perfect feast of colour to the eye of an artist. We have made pretty good use of our time, though the weather has been so unfavourable, and have seen most of the places of interest within the immediate neighbourhood. Locomotion in an open carriage through this pure, sweet air, with delightful views opening on every side—has done me a world of good. What I am now chiefly

suffering from, is a weak and sensitive stomach accompanied with frequent feeling of nausea, which makes food, except in a liquid or sodden form, still distasteful to me; and this I suspect is a consequence of the severe, though I do not doubt necessary, discipline I have passed through, and the quantity of medicine I have taken. I have swallowed enough of quinine, iodine and nitric acid during the last two months to disorder one's natural system completely. I am returning now as rapidly as I can to natural influences; as my original disorder is almost entirely subdued, and I have little doubt will in time disappear altogether. All I shall need, will be caution and prudence—and strict attention to the prescriptions of the best of all physicians—Nature herself—fresh air, bodily exercise, early hours, wholesome diet.

I am looking forward with much interest and not without good hope, to the resumption of my duties in about ten days. The delight I take in them, and the regular quiet stimulus they supply—will, I quite expect, promote, instead of retarding, my recovery. I have, however, after due consideration thought it advisable to send in my resignation as one of the Ministers of Little Portland Street Chapel—proposing to close my engagement sometime between this and Christmas. * * * I shall still hope to preach occasionally both in London and elsewhere; but I find that if I remain in the regular ministry, I must make it the principal object of my time and thoughts, and that would be quite inconsistent with the other and not less

important duties which I have to perform. Moreover, I remember that I am getting fast into years—already sixty-three; and that if I am to collect and digest into any form useful to my fellow-creatures—the fruits of the studies and thoughts of my whole life—I must lose no more time, but husband my resources, and seek a little more leisure and quiet and collectedness of thought, than the necessary engagements of a Metropolitan Ministry would leave me. If God intended me for any thing, it was for a scholar; by which I do not mean a literary dilettante and epicure—but one whose business is to read and think, that as far as possible he may instruct others. I may be deluding myself with an old man's vain imaginations; but I feel my mental vigour and my capacity for literary work quite unabated—and I will at least try to make some use for others' good of the studies of my whole life. After all, it is very possible, I may disappoint both myself and others; but age tempers the disappointments which would have been very bitter in earlier years.——

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

Woburn Square, Dec. 23rd, 1860.

I this morning preached my farewell sermon at Little Portland Street. Though it has in some respects been a pain to me to give up the regular exercise of the Ministry, yet already my mind feels relief at having this heavy responsibility removed, and an increase of power and spirit to be devoted to remaining duties.——

Before I received your last welcome letter, I had

heard from Mr. R. D. Darbishire of your wish to resign the Visitorship.*—Your name alone is exceedingly valuable to us—as marking the continuity of interest and aim which still subsists, and which I hope will never be broken, between York and London. I for one am proud of our historical descent, and hope we of this day shall not prove ourselves unworthy of it.

What you say about the classical training in University College has hitherto been found only too true. I think matters are better now. At least I hear fewer complaints. The evil would be less, if our students came in general better prepared and more thoroughly grounded. The students admitted this session are superior in this respect to the average of their predecessors. One or two of them have had a regular grammar school training. One or two of them, moreover, are drawn from a more respectable social position, and are distinguished by a greater refinement of manners and bearing. * * * I shall be very glad to send you from time to time some account of the state of things here, both Academical and general.—It will give me the opportunity sometimes of asking questions growing out of my studies, which no one could answer like yourself.

To Rev. J. Martineau.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, August 18th, 1861.

You will be wishing to hear some tidings of us. I should have written before, but we have only just

* Of Manchester New College.

settled down into something like order. * * * My dear wife has not suffered, I am glad to say, from the change, but she is weak and incapable of much exertion—especially during hot relaxing weather. Happily the energy and spirit of H. have never failed, and it is mainly owing to her exertions that her mother and I find ourselves in the comparatively advanced state of comfort on which we are able to congratulate ourselves. I am very well satisfied with our new abode. It is comfortable, commodious and for a builder's house, well and solidly built—in excellent air (of which we feel the good effect already) and within five minutes walk of open fields and delightful views. It makes no pretence to being country; but it combines the nearest approach to it with constant facility of access to London that was possible to a person in my situation. I confess the determining consideration to the purchase of it was a very prosaic one—the passing of omnibuses past my gate, to and fro, from eight o'clock in the morning till a late hour at night. * * * As our present house is quite new, there are endless things to do ever springing up afresh; and the papering and painting of some of the principal rooms and the staircase will not be finished till the spring. Nevertheless I feel already a sort of rest and contentment in the reflection, that I am now in all human possibility fairly housed in my last earthly home. I have a very cheerful, spacious and convenient study with a dressing-room opening out of it. Here I have put up and distributed all my

books and arranged all my papers; so that I can at once lay my hand on what I want; a convenience which, as you know from experience, is an immense saving of time to a student, and which, as I removed to London in a hurry eight years ago, and with a doubt whether I should long remain in the house which I first occupied, and so stowed away my books and papers as I could best find a place for them, I constantly missed in Woburn Square. And now, dear friend, sitting reflectingly at the desk, where so many hours will henceforth have to be spent—I seem to see a tranquil but not inactive, and I hope not wholly unfruitful, future opening before me. God has given me jointly with you, were I only less unequal to it, a noble work to do—that of breathing light and power into younger minds, and fitting them through God's spirit and co-operating providence, to do a work nobler still. I assure you, I feel myself happy in having such a work to do, in such companionship. If I can preserve health of body and peace of mind and competence of worldly good, I would not exchange it for one more conspicuous and more remunerative. I have enough to occupy all my powers and engage all my aspirations, but not enough to oppress and confound them; and I feel at this moment very grateful. But enough of sentimentality. Let me turn to something practical. * * *

I think the prospects of the College on the whole encouraging. I find our young men are liked, and giving satisfaction where they are settled. What I feel strongly we must aim at combining with scholastic

thoroughness and accomplishment is power and impressiveness in speaking and preaching. The main condition of this is a judicious selection of men in the first instance, and a kindly recommendation of withdrawal in case of proved unfitness—but above everything, in inspiring them with a soul of earnestness and deep devotion to their work, as the greatest that can be committed to man. In this matter I feel with a painful sense of responsibility, how much depends on the spirit that we ourselves put into our work, and the silent, undefinable influence of the obvious aim and tendency of our instructions. Our constant endeavour must be to make our men feel—that their main business is not only to *know* but also to *speak* and *act*—not merely to possess knowledge, but to make it tell with a kindling effect on the convictions and aspirations of others! Without this I feel more and more every day, how cold and formal all Elocution Lessons and Debating Societies are.—After all, there is nothing like reality and contact with human sympathies, for calling out young men's earnestness, and inspiring them with genuine interest. On this account, I am very anxious, that early next session the plan you have so often alluded to, should be carried out, of having—at least during the winter and early spring—Sunday evening services for the parents and friends of our school-children—either at the schools or in the chapel, whichever you thought best—and of engaging our Senior students to take part in them—with the understanding that they should acquire the

habit of speaking to this class of hearers in a plain, simple, familiar and extemporaneous address. I will gladly take my share in such a service. Our schools might in this way serve as an introduction for our young men to the practical side of their future profession, and help to break the hardness and dryness of an Academic frame of mind. Do think of this in your present retirement, that we may talk it over with a view to some practical result when we meet. And this leads me to a kindred subject. I think the Hibbert Trust an excellent institution, and capable of the best fruits. I also have the best opinion of the intentions of the present managers. But I am not perfectly satisfied with its present working. Its connection with the spiritual wants of our churches does not seem to me sufficiently direct and close. I think it very undesirable that a young man who obtains a scholarship under this Trust, should have a prospect of indefinite leisure before him for the prosecution of his studies. * * *

From what I remember of my own youth, I can well conceive how seductive such opportunities may prove. Moreover, if not kept distinctly to certain objects the working of this Institution may tend to substitute purely literary tastes, perhaps even a feeble *dilettantism*—for that deep and serious interest in religious and theological subjects which ought to be the chief aim and thought of the future pastor and preacher. E——, who is a simple-hearted, right-minded young man, who can in no sense be charged with having

neglected the opportunities of his scholarship, and whose reports gave great satisfaction to the Trustees —confessed to a friend, as I know, that had he enjoyed the opportunities for general study which his scholarship afforded him—much longer—he should have lost altogether the taste for his future vocation in life. I found this last summer in conversing with some of our ministers from the North, * * * that an idea had occurred to them, which seemed to me an excellent one, and capable of being worked out into very good results—viz., that it should be part of the application of the Hibbert Trust to place its Scholars for a time as assistants to ministers of experience in large and influential congregations, where they could put their scholastic acquirements to use and be initiated under guidance and without the full weight of ministerial responsibility into the active duties of their profession as pastors and preachers. I cannot conceive of a better plan for introducing a young minister into the world. * * *

With regard to the increasing demands of the University of London and the necessities thence resulting for cram—I think we shall do best if we can act in conjunction with other Academic bodies, to obtain some diminution or choice of subjects. De Morgan is heartily with us in his hostility to the "Useful Knowledge" principle of the University of London.—I have little local news to tell. London is almost deserted—and friends are fled in all directions. I occasionally go into town on business: I cannot conceive of anything more positively disagreeable than Oxford Street on a

glorious August afternoon, with the blue sky over-head, reminding you of fresh-breathing gales and heath-clad mountain sides far away. Happy you, thrice happy who enjoy them. * * * Partly with the worry of removal and partly through some other anxieties, I have been troubled with sleeplessness at night. I want a change of scene and a new direction to my thoughts. I shall soon have this now, and all things are already getting quite straight. As yet I don't feel that I have had any holiday. I have had a short Latin communication from Tischendorf, in answer to my claim on behalf of the College for a copy of the Imperial edition of the Codex Sinaiticus, in which to use his own words, "Significat se Collegii illustris Novi Mancuniensis causam acturum;" so that by having interest at head-quarters we shall have some chance.

I have written you an awful long letter in the style of our great-grandfathers; but you are now living, I presume, in the old world, amidst primitive formations, and it is natural you should be addressed in the old world style. * * * I suppose your portfolios will come back filled with glens and friths and mountains. We are at the very antipodes of scenery. Yet Hampstead has great charms in its way. We saw this evening a most glorious sunset over the wide-stretching blue distance, which we look over from the hill at the back of our house.

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

Hampstead, Aug. 25th, 1861.

* * * I have every reason to be grateful for the prospect of comfort which seems opening on the concluding years of my life. I am particularly fortunate in my study, where I have found room conveniently to arrange my books and papers, so that I can at once lay my hand on what I want. We have also many kind friends around us. I only wish it would occur to you and Mrs. Kenrick to take a house in this neighbourhood. We should, then, want nothing more.

My vacations, as I have often before told you, are my most important seasons for close unbroken study, when I arrange and prepare my work for the coming Session. This summer, like the last, has been an exception. Last summer from illness, and this from the confusion and bustle of removal, I have been able to do comparatively little. I have not, however, been wholly idle; I quite hope in this comparative retreat, to realize to some extent, the dream of long years, and to be able to devote the remainder of my life to more regular and consecutive study than I have ever yet enjoyed. I am particularly anxious to *read myself into* (if I may so express myself) the thought and belief of the early centuries of the Christian era, by studying the principal sources carefully for myself. I propose to read backwards from the time of Eusebius; and this year, with such leisure as I could command, I have begun with his "Preparatio Evangelica," of which I have read about half. Euse-

bius's Greek, I need not say to you, is abominable—wordy, turgid and involved, and notwithstanding some good *general* sentiments (which, I observe, weak minds often readily appropriate), with such a thin vein of thought underlying his prolixity, as sometimes to raise a doubt whether it is always worth while to disentangle his involved skein of words. I wish, however, tedious as the task is, to familiarize myself with the mode of conceiving and speaking of religious topics in that great age of transition. The most valuable part of his book I find in the extracts, especially those from Porphyry and the later philosophical exponents of the old heathenism, which are very curious and instructive. It is quite clear to me, that during these remarkable centuries—from Augustus to Constantine—a great change was taking place in the religious thought of the upper classes, contemporary with, and to a large extent independent of, the still greater revolution which was transforming the belief of the lower classes. Greek, biblical and ecclesiastical, at all events the κοινὴ διάλεκτος—is the chief philological instrument with which I shall have to work; and of course I am very desirous, as far as is now possible, to perfect my knowledge of it. To read ordinary Greek is one thing; to handle a particular form of it, at all like a scholar, is quite another. But how little time there is in a life, spent as the greater part of mine has been in the active duties of a preacher and pastor, for developing and completing the rudiments acquired at College! I am very grateful for the opportunity afforded me of

supplying in some degree these deficiencies, in the latter part of my life. I find one thing—that to understand the degenerate Greek of the Lower Empire, it is necessary to keep up one's acquaintance with the classical standards. We can only measure the deflection by the contrast. I find also that reading over the more recent grammars is very improving. I have just gone through Ahrens' *Griechische Formlehre*, which strikes me as rather too theoretical and unnecessarily divergent from received usage. I like *Curtius's Schulgrammatik*, which I am now reading, much better. How different is the present mode of teaching the dead languages from what was usual when we were young! It is like a new study; such minute attention to the value and affinities of letters, to accentuation and the laws of derivation and combination! To read and write correctly with a due observation of quantity, was the old measure of scholarship. The present mode of study is infinitely nobler and more interesting; but it sometimes occurs to me as a doubt whether, with the numberless questions that have to be attended to in the modern philology, we shall ever again witness such a range of scholarship and so firm a grasp of the practice of a language, as distinguished the great scholars of former generations. Of this I am convinced, that constant and varied reading must go along with the knowledge of grammatical rules, even the best established, to secure any proficiency. Like a true Ὀψιμαθής, I practise double translation on Plato every morning. I comfort myself with the reflection

of old Cato, "Senem fieri, quotidie aliquid addiscentem." I have been put up to these exercises by reading since the vacation Bentley's Correspondence, which was a legacy to me from Mr. Kentish's library—and over again, what I had not read for years, Porson's preface and supplement to the Hecuba. What marvellous men these were! Yet their example serves rather to deter than to excite. Ordinary men must be content to learn from them, without attempting even at a vast distance to imitate them. It requires their strength of brain to carry their weight of learning! And what rubbish they must have held with much that was precious! A feebler mind would be buried under the load. It is a comfort, therefore, to have a definite, useful object in view, and to use such learning as we can acquire and hold, for more effectually attaining that. The words of the old Book occur most opportunely to the mind: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding." I have written, I fear, a strange rambling letter; but when I write to you, the spirit of old tastes and studies revives in me, and I am quite carried away. You will be glad to hear that I have received a short but very civil note from Tischendorf, in which he assures me he will plead the cause (*causam acturum*) of the *illustrious* M. New College for a copy of the Imperial Edition of the Codex Sinaiticus.

We are leaving home on Monday for four or five weeks. I really feel, that I require relaxation and change of scene. We take my wife down to Clevedon,

where she will join her sister Emma. H. E. and I shall then wend our way through Wales up to Glyn-Garth on the Menai, where we are to spend some time with our old friend Mrs. Schwabe.——

TO HIS WIFE.

Haverfordwest, Sept. 5th, 1861.

* * * The whole coast of S. Wales from before you reach Newport almost to Carmarthen, is one crowded hive of industry, teeming with mineral wealth, and rapidly increasing in population. This is the district which the line of railway traverses—cutting through the ancient woods, and sweeping past the old-fashioned residences of the native gentry, and rapidly revolutionizing the whole face of the country. Perhaps you remember Newport was the scene of the great Chartist movement some twenty or thirty years ago, when the Mayor was wounded by a bullet shot, as he was reading the Riot Act from the windows of the Westgate Hotel, where we slept last night. The pillars supporting the entrance are still perforated by the bullet marks made in it by the mob. We took a car, and went this morning three or four miles along the bank of the Usk to Caerleon, a celebrated Roman station, the seat of the earliest British metropolitan bishop, and the traditional court of King Arthur and his knights. It is now a dull, quiet village, with fragments of an old wall and gateway, which I cannot myself believe to be Roman—and a grassy mound just

outside the wall, which, but for its diminutive size, one might suppose to be the remains of an amphitheatre. There is a Museum of Roman antiquities in the place, which is really interesting, especially for some curious inscriptions, and a collection of Roman ornaments and utensils dug up on the spot. We left Newport at one to-day by the railway for this place, and to-morrow morning we are going to St. David's, of which I will give you an account before I close this letter, after our return. Good-bye, my own dear Hannah—God grant you may yet recover a portion at least of your former health and strength, and have much placid enjoyment in your remaining years. A thousand times to-day, your old beaming eye and happy face—reflecting the beauty of the scene on which it glanced—has come back to my memory, and made me think of happy days long passed. Let us hope that quite as happy, if more quiet, are still in store for us ere we go hence.

Sept. 6th, Friday Evening.

I must add a very few lines before I go to bed. We have had a very beautiful journey to St. David's. The weather was fine, with floating clouds, and just a few drops of rain in the course of the day. The sea views were glorious. St. Bride's Bay is magnificent—though the general character of this part of Pembrokeshire is somewhat dreary. You see nothing of St. David's head till you come right upon it. The cathedral, with the remains of the bishop's palace and

the college are seated in a deep hollow, with the little town overhanging them on the slope of a hill. The cathedral is a magnificent relic of the past—but only a relic; for though a portion of it is still used for service, the greater part is but a ruin. It impresses one deeply with the penetrating influence of medieval piety which reached this secluded spot, and filled it with the richest architectural beauty. I attended the afternoon service. Hannah preferred drawing outside; and I think she had the best bargain of the two. There was no organ to-day, and the choristers had tuneless voices. The entire congregation consisted of the Dean, one Canon, eight singing boys and myself. This operation goes on all through the year. Much as I admire in general the Cathedral service, I could not but feel that here at least the past was dead and gone. The country is studded over with small Dissenting chapels, ugly in the extreme.

Bellevue Royal Hotel, Aberystwith, Sept. 9th, 1861.

* * * This place calls to mind, with a mingled feeling of pain and pleasure, the impressions of more than thirty years ago; when *both* our dear children were infants. How vividly I remember that time! You and aunt Emma and the nurse and children, with Hannah Hawkes and aunt Lizzie, had preceded me by a week at Aberystwith—and I walked through North Wales to meet you there. Dear John was then a tiny little fellow, and in the absence had almost forgotten me, especially as I was pretty well sun-burnt by my pedestrian tour. I recollect, as if it were but yester-

day, his innocent look of inquiring hesitation, as I approached him, and his sudden smile of recognition when he saw who I was. These are sweet remembrances: I hope, not unreal elements of a distant hope. But I must not moralise—especially with this wretched pen, the only one I can for the moment lay hold of. I do not think this place much changed; I think I can recognise the very house we were in. To-morrow we go forward by coach to Dolgelly and so on to Tan-y-Bwlch and Festiniog, where we hope to stay a day or two quietly before going on to Mrs. Schwabe's. All the way from Cardigan to this place we have been compelled from the failure of other modes of conveyance to travel post, which has considerably run away with my money; but we have enjoyed the journey through quiet secluded country exceedingly. I am very glad we have been at Cardigan. It is a place which no regular tourist would visit; but the banks of the Tivy are beautifully wooded, and the town is a clean, quiet old-world sort of place which took my fancy amazingly. I believe I am half a Tory, the old is to me so infinitely more interesting than the new. Moreover the growth of morals by no means keeps pace with that of wealth and population. At Cardigan the calendar at the assizes is often a blank, whereas of Cardiff, where industry has been wonderfully developed within the last few years, Murray says, it is the most thriving and the most immoral town in the Principality. We attended church at Cardigan yesterday. Sunday is

kept there with the greatest propriety and strictness. We wished to have got a boat and gone up the river a mile or two to see the ruins of Kilgorran Castle, but as it was Sunday we found it impossible. Near a century ago a fête-champêtre was given to the barristers on the circuit near these ruins. I remembered some lines of a song, written by Sir W. Jones—then a young barrister, on the occasion:

Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods and green eglantine bowers,
Thy banks with the blush rose and amaranth glowing
While Fancy and Friendship enliven the hours.

To his Wife.

Harlech, Sunday Evening, Sept. 15th, 1861.

Here are we, confined, for the first time, by the weather for a whole day to the house. Hannah has perhaps told you, that in travelling from Barmouth to Tan-y-Bwlch, we were so charmed by the magnificent panorama of this place, with the venerable Castle for the centre of the picture, standing out in bold dark relief against the exquisite light which then clothed the northern mountains, that we resolved, after having spent a day or two at Tan-y-Bwlch, to return hither for the remainder of our time, before proceeding to our final destination at Glyn Garth. But the weather has been unfavourable ever since we came—the only drawback that we have hitherto had in the whole of our little tour. Yesterday, notwithstanding the lowering

aspect of the heavens, we walked to Llanbadr, a pretty little country inn about three miles from this place, on the road to Barmouth. It is a favourite resort for anglers, and we dined there and spent the morning and afternoon in the neighbourhood. We walked up a beautiful wooded glen, with a rocky stream dashing through it. Hannah made a sketch of a pretty turn of it, where the stream dashes through a picturesque bridge. We had rain and wind on our return to Harlech; but I would not have missed the walk for the world. It was one of the grandest scenes I ever witnessed. The northern mountains were robed in deep and solemn purple, against which the old Castle stood out in yellowish green, bright with the reflected radiance of a few broken sunbeams which fell on it; the sea was a beautiful expanse of varied hues—purple and a delicious green—while portions of it gleamed with silvery light, and across the sky was sweeping a dark shower, sombre and awful—a fit subject for Turner—with effects that I have seen represented in some pictures of the Deluge. Our time, therefore, has not been wholly lost. I should recommend any one who wished to study sea and mountain effects, with a fine old ruin for the central object, and a beautiful sweep of yellow sands bordered by the foaming surf, to come to Harlech. Though the weather has been so unfavourable, I do not in the least regret it. The house is very comfortable—rather an old-fashioned inn—and the people exceedingly obliging and attentive.—

As I brought books with me, I did not so much

mind being kept indoors, as I enjoyed myself much reading quietly by *the fire*, for a fire we really required. But I am very sorry for dear Hannah, as she has missed one of the objects for which we came here—a sketch of the Castle with its mountain background. I hope, however, it may be fine to-morrow, so that she may do something with her pencil before we set out on our journey. Two gentlemen have been in the coffee-room this evening, whose conversation has much amused us, as they have been wanderers far and wide over the earth; one of them a sportsman in the forests and prairies of California, shooting elks and bears, trafficking with Indian tribes, and travelling for seventeen days through pathless woods by the single direction of a compass. California was in a dreadful state when he first reached it. There was literally no law; every man did what was right in his own eyes; and provisions were brought on mules across the Rocky Mountains from the United States. But the thirst for gold counterbalanced all these discouragements.——

To Rev. C. Wicksteed.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Jan. 1st, 1862.

Let me thank you, as I do most heartily, for your kind letter received yesterday morning. Though I am become comparatively indifferent to such attacks as those of Dr. Montgomery,* when I am conscious

* On Mr. Tayler's views of our Lord's resurrection as real and personal, but not bodily.

of being actuated by a sincere desire to penetrate, as far as I can see my way, into the living essence of our Christian faith—yet the sympathy of cultivated and thoughtful minds that have struggled with the same difficulties and doubts, is, I can assure you, very sweet and refreshing. I should have more comfort and encouragement in the knowledge that you and our dear friend Thom felt with me in my search after truth, though you might not adopt all my conclusions, than in all the popularity that is so easily obtained by *emphasizing* truisms or bolstering up with specious arguments traditional forms of belief. Martineau, I find, has long entertained substantially the same views on this subject, though I was not aware of the fact till the controversy of eighteen months ago. Indeed, I have been surprised to find how much secret sympathy was latent, and in the minds of devout and religious men. I received a letter on the former occasion from a gentleman unknown to me—thanking me for having broached the subject, and assuring me that my views kept him within the limits of Christianity, from which he felt himself repelled by the ground ordinarily taken in books on the Evidences.

Were I a private individual, I should not think it necessary or desirable to take any notice of Dr. Montgomery; but occupying as I do a public position and sustaining a sort of public responsibility, I cannot allow gross misrepresentations to go forth unrebuked, which might damage the Institution I am connected with, by conveying a false impression of my real views. As

for changing his own views, and making him reasonable and candid—that, I agree with you, is out of the question. In any reply which I may find it necessary to make, I shall not consider him but others. It is a thousand pities, that he could not be satisfied to live on the fame which he had so justly acquired a quarter of a century ago. He is a man of remarkable gifts, of great courage and determination. Give him a good cause to start with, and let it be his only task to carry it through, against the prejudice and opposition of his fellow-men, and no man will acquit himself more nobly. But he is not content with his own proper sphere. He is, as you remark, utterly deficient in modern scholarship, and not largely, I think, gifted with the philosophical faculty. Action is his proper field; but unfortunately he does not know when he has filled it. His incurable appetite for power, and love of domination, are blighting the early wreaths which he so gloriously won. Considering his years and his long services—any indignation I might else feel, I find smothered in sorrowing regret and commiseration.

Let me, dear friend, offer you and your's the best wishes of the season. The new year in more senses than one opens somewhat gloomily upon us. I am sorry to say, my poor wife is still in a very precarious condition, and keeps me very anxious night and day.

To Rev. J. Martineau.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Feb. 17th, 1862.

The sad event we have long been looking for, has occurred. My dearest wife, my sweet companion and most faithful friend for thirty-seven years, passed from us yesterday afternoon, a little before five—and is gone, I trust and believe, to receive the reward of as gentle and unselfish a spirit as ever brightened a human home. In this darkest shade of life, there is no trust to sustain us but one;—and you whose powerful mind constantly embraces the highest abstractions of philosophy, know well that the vital elements and the imperishable roots of the truth by which we must all, the wisest and the simplest, live and die—are only to be found in the religion of the heart and conscience, which is our last refuge in the deep sorrow and irreparable bereavements of life. I write to you now, in full reliance on the kind sympathy which has never failed me when I have appealed to it—to ask you to perform the last offices for us at Highgate. My dearest wife will be laid by the side of our son. This will probably be the final resting-place of us all. There will be room in the vault for the two that now survive. * * * I must take *one week* of quiet rest and silent sorrow. On Monday next I shall resume my usual duties. Our young men are all kind and good; and the fulfilment of my holy and peaceful duties towards them, will be a relief rather than a burden to my mind—which might droop,

if left to the unsupported weight of its own sad thoughts. * * *

To Henry Crabb Robinson.

The Limes, Feb. 18th, 1862.

The tidings must have reached you by this time of our bitter trial and irreparable loss. I would have written sooner, but the heart has been so full and the hands so busy with writing to relatives, that I could not find time. I do not, however, like that you should have no direct communication from us on an occasion when, I know, your kind nature will deeply sympathize with me and my poor child.

You will be always closely associated in our minds with the dear memory of one who is now gone. She enjoyed your society much; and her sweet face, always bright, looked brighter, when you came, as you often did, to take your place at our tea-table in Woburn Square. These will be happy recollections for the rest of our days. I daresay, dear Sir, you have felt in your long experience of life, how the moral atmosphere we breathe becomes sweeter, as it were, by the fragrant memories left in it by the good and kind, who have been taken from us. I feel that this will be the case with my dearest wife, whose spirit was the most loving and unselfish that it was ever my happiness to know.

When this sad week is over, and we have to resume the ordinary business of life, we shall then begin to feel the greatness of our loss. Now I shall try to find

relief in active occupation and renewed devotion to the proper studies of my life. I feel it a happiness, that my habitual pursuits are of so calm and elevating a nature.

When this sad week has passed away, perhaps with your usual kindness you will come and spend a quiet evening with us. To see you once more at our tea-table will be like a breath coming over us from former happy days.

To Rev. J. Martineau.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Feb. 21st, 1862.

Let me thank you most sincerely for the sustaining and consoling words which you spoke to us when we most needed them, in the solemn services of this sad day. Now the unavoidable excitement of the last few days is over, my real trial will begin in the hourly sense of my irreparable loss. The sweet and healing influence which I have enjoyed for thirty-seven years, is gone, and nothing on earth will replace it. On Monday I shall take up again the holy and ennobling business of my life, which happily is not out of harmony with the irrepressible tendency of my thoughts at this time, and concentrate the care and interest of my inner life on the happiness of my sole remaining child, in whose affection and devotedness I must seek my best compensation for the removal of her dearest mother. I find it mercifully ordered, that the trusts and convictions, by which

alone we can truly live, while often weakened, at least not strengthened and rendered more conclusive, by reasoning and disputation—come out with a sort of spontaneous evidence from the witness of the soul itself, when most needed. I felt this to-day in listening to your words and those of Paul. * * *

To Sir Charles Lyell, Bart.

The Limes, Hampstead, Feb. 23rd, 1862.

I have not forgotten the interesting and suggestive conversation that I had with you, when you favoured me with a call a week or two ago. You did me the honour then to request, that, if anything occurred to me in relation to some of the questions raised, I would communicate it to you. Under ordinary circumstances I should probably never have ventured to do this, as thinking I could have nothing new or important to say on themes that have been so constantly discussed. But deep sorrow, and irreparable worldly loss have given, as you may well suppose, peculiar intensity at this time to my sense of the moral and spiritual aspects of the universe. I find my mind dwelling on them continually, and catching with eagerness at the tranquillising and consolatory side which they present. The truths that lie nearest to the human consciousness, seem now to reveal themselves with peculiar force, and to possess a reality which on other occasions we do not so clearly discern in them. What is written in this state of mind,

is transcribed direct from living, personal experience, and may derive from the profound sincerity of affliction, a value which higher speculative faculty and greater philosophical powers might not of themselves confer.

What I feel strongly, and what affords me unspeakable comfort, at the present moment, is this—that what is highest and noblest in ourselves is, and must remain, a *reality*, witnessed as it is by the most *direct* of all evidence, our ever present consciousness,—whatever may become of the relations of *external* things either to one another, or to us. We surely find *in ourselves* the nearest and most indubitable of all realities. We grow up, we know not how, in some respects almost unconsciously,—implanted tendencies, voluntary efforts and outward influences acting with and against each other—into a certain individual unity, the mysterious *ego* of the philosophers; and here we have a fact, ever present in the light of consciousness, and the most certain of all facts, from which, as from a fixed point of view, I cannot but think, we ought to construct our general theory of the meaning and final purpose of the Universe, rather than leaving our minds a blank, a purely negative receptivity, take from them all positive individuality, and regard all their utterances as a mere echoing back to us, in a more concentrated form and through a finer organisation, of the last results of physical laws. A voice speaks to us from our inner mental being, in moods of calm thoughtfulness, of holy affection and of deep sorrow—and all the highest art and highest

poetry, to say nothing of prophetic influences, have taken up and perpetuated its accents—which tells us of something, akin to what is noblest in ourselves, which lies behind and beyond all physical phenomena, and which we feel in such moments is needed to give them their true significance and most perfect expression; and it would seem to me strange indeed, and contrary to all the analogies which pervade this vast and wonderful but still harmonious Universe, to suppose that such moods,—which represent the highest conditions of our human consciousness, with which all our best and finest feelings, our most unselfish and least worldly efforts, our noblest aspirations after what is great and good, are associated, in which, as it were, "the bright, consummate flower" of our moral being blossoms forth,—are mere delusions sent to mock us with unreality, rather than glimpses of the sublimest truth, which we therefore only dimly discern and feebly grasp because it is too wonderful and too glorious for our faculties in their present state of incipient development to embrace. The sense of an invisible Power to which we owe a solemn moral responsibility — the expectation of unfailing moral retribution—the feeling that pure and noble moral character is something more enduring than a mere combination of physical elements and conditions, and must survive when this is broken up and dissipated,—are convictions, dim it may be but indestructible, which none can ever entirely shake off, and which break forth at times from the coldest and most doubting when the stroke of some strong natural

affection throws them off the guard of their philosophic caution and reserve. For myself I cannot but abide humbly, but trustingly, by this inward witness of the highest truth, which then, when I most need its support, when the solemn realities of life are most strongly present to me, when the dazzling fascinations of the world are most completely dispersed—shines in upon me with the clearest and steadiest light. The strongest hold of Christianity on the minds of good men is its beautiful embodiment, in the life and spirit of Christ, of these imperishable trusts and convictions of the human soul—giving it its strongest evidence, not in the elaborate defences of divines, but in the ever-present testimony of our human consciousness.

Now, if this spiritual constitution of the human soul, evolving the highest truths within itself, and holding them there by an evidence of their own, be a *fact*—if this be the normal condition of man's nature, for which he is plainly intended, and in some degree always gradually preparing—it is not the less a fact in itself, because there are many things connected with it, which we cannot explain or comprehend—because we cannot tell when our individuality, our personal consciousness and responsibility, properly began, or how it may be related to the possible developments of inferior orders of being. What concerns us in the present inquiry, is the *accomplished result*, with the capacities and aspirations involved in it, not the possible, and by us at present irrecoverable, stages of *pre-*

paratory development by which it may have been reached. A *fact* is not the less a fact, because there may be other facts which we cannot as yet embrace with it in one connected system of thought. The presence to our mind of facts alike indisputable, but in different spheres of thought, between which we cannot as yet trace the logical relations—is not this the unavoidable condition of incipient and progressive knowledge, implying, rather than excluding, the idea of a Future which may yet await us? I often recur on this subject to a fine observation of Paley's, towards the close of the fifth chapter of his Natural Theology, which is strongly marked by his characteristic good sense. "True fortitude of understanding consists in not suffering what we know to be disturbed by what we do not know"—"The uncertainty of one thing does not necessarily affect the certainty of another thing. Our ignorance of many points need not suspend our assurance of a few."

It is true, that all our conclusions respecting ourselves and our possible destiny in this Universe, are perplexed by many exceptions to the data from which we draw our conclusions; but then the very fact, that they are exceptions, implies that the other cases which furnish the rule greatly transcend them in number and weight; and as rational beings our views must be governed, and our conduct in life be determined, not by the exception, but by the rule. Moreover, to say nothing of the common-place maxim that the exception establishes the rule—is it not conceivable,

that what we call exceptions may only be consequences of some broader rule, including both them and the narrower rule, which to the eye of higher beings may reveal a grander harmony and more perfect law? Science appears at first view fearfully to multiply exceptions and increase our difficulties; but science multiplies and increases in an equal ratio our means of meeting and disposing of them. The difficulties which would have been crushing and absolutely destructive on the old cosmical view of things, when creation was limited to some six thousand years, and shut up within the narrow boundaries of the Ptolemaic system, are reduced to *zero*, when Astronomy and Geology assure us, that we may draw on space and time *ad libitum* in framing our theories of the Universe—when surveying the past so far as we can trace it back, as one vast development, we can assign no limit, even at the demand of the severest scientific logic, to the extent, the range and the multiplicity of still higher developments in the Infinity which lies before us. Our very inability to group together here in one systematic view the ever-widening relations of things, carries with it to my mind an implicit proof of our immortality. For why, on any other supposition, should so disproportionate a knowledge have been permitted to dawn on us? Would it not have been reasonable to expect a range of ideas more limited, but more complete in itself and more self-consistent, such as seems to suffice for the lower existence of the brutes? My highest trust is in the Infinite Wisdom and the

Infinite Love, who will gradually, in His own time and way, as we are prepared for it, remove all difficulties, dissipate all doubts, and make all things plain and clear to patient, faithful, self-improving and progressive natures. I am thankful beyond expression for the religious views which it has pleased the Almighty Giver of life and thought to infuse into my mind, because they enable me to accept without fear, nay even to rejoice in, the most startling results of a free and unfettered science—sure that all noxious error will work its own cure, and the highest and purest truth finally assert itself—and in perfect trust that its results, whatever in the first instance they may *seem* to be, can never touch that inner sanctuary of the soul, where nestle, safe under the guardianship of the ever-present and inspiring God, those sweet affections, those high resolves and animating motives, those sustaining and glorious hopes, without which our daily life would be in danger of becoming hard, worldly and sensual, and in seasons of affliction, such as I am now passing through, would sink into blank desolation.

To W. C. Henry, Esq., M.D.

March 25th, 1862.

* * Your kind and sympathizing letter moved me deeply, for it reached me in the midst of fresh and poignant grief when words of sympathy from an old and valued friend are unspeakably soothing and delightful. The memories of former days, and of con-

stant kindnesses experienced from both your parents are still vivid to my mind, and seem even to acquire a new freshness with the lapse of time. Our paths in life, dear Sir, since that early period have been somewhat widely divergent; but the sorrows and losses which multiply on us with years seem to open anew the old sources of affectionate interest, to revive early sympathies, and to draw closely together once more in spirit and feeling those whom a different outward lot had kept in presence apart. Sorrow takes us deep down to the root of our common humanity and the natural piety which grows out of it, and which takes us all in our mortal weakness and helplessness to the hope, the trust, the heavenly consolation, which we are all brought to feel is the one thing needful at last. Time and its solemn *realities* I have found to be the great teachers of a living faith—the religion of the inmost heart—reaching it when the *words* of speculative theologians and the controversies of rival Churches cannot get into it or satisfy it. 'Sunt lachrymæ *rerum*, et mentem mortalia tangunt.' When we feel the evanescence of life and the transitoriness of its most cherished objects, and the awful solemnity of that unknown state into which they are carried away opens upon us in all its grandeur—how indifferent we become to the fruitless questions which perplex the understanding without touching the conscience and the heart;—and what a witness do we feel is borne by the response of our deepest nature to those everlasting trusts and convictions which underlie the peculiar dogmas of individuals

and of sects,—which carry their own evidence along with them in their irrepressible demands on our faith, and which the logic of the schools is as incompetent to prove, as it is unable to deny! It is this witness of the spirit within to the life and teaching of Christ, which is to my view the unanswerable argument for the divinity which we cannot but feel, whatever may be the issue of critical and historical questions, was in both. I have deeply felt recently the comfort of this spiritual faith. It will not let me doubt that things invisible are not only a reality, but the nearest and most certain of all realities.

You must take it, my dear old friend, as one of the strongest proofs of my undiminished regard for you, that I venture to send you a little piece which I wrote in the sad interval between death and interment, to occupy my thoughts and relieve my feelings. You must take it for what it is—a mere gush of strong natural affection. You cannot, of course, share in the memories which are unspeakably precious to me; but some of the feelings intermixed with those memories, which poured themselves out at the moment in a sort of spontaneous utterance, may possibly through common sympathies interest and console you and Mrs. Henry. You will of course regard it as something *sacred*, only meant for those whom common sorrows bring spiritually near to me, and not to go beyond their own private and most intimate circle. Till the last two years, when sickness kept us in England, we have always passed our long vacation somewhere on the

Continent. But be assured, my dear friend, if I and my daughter ever come near Haffield, we shall not fail to accept with pleasure your kind invitation.

To S. Robinson, Esq.

Nottingham, April 21st, 1862.

* * * Let me thank you very sincerely for the kind and sympathizing letter which I received from you some weeks ago. Such utterances of deep and generous feeling from those whom we have known and valued long, are the best solace of such grief as I have had to experience—by far the heaviest that I have ever yet had to bear. At the time—in the sad interval between death and the grave—I tried to relieve my mind by recording my most vivid remembrances and giving written utterance to my feelings. It was a vent for the pent up sorrow which oppressed me. I had a very few copies struck off as a memorial of my dearest wife for my own family and a few of my most chosen friends. Among them, dear Robinson, I shall ever include yourself. I send you a copy as the best proof I can give you of the unaltered affection and regard which years only deepen. You will regard it as something sacred, and keep it to yourself. It is a simple breathing of the heart, which came from me almost spontaneously at a gush, and which no stranger could understand. You and I have had a common sorrow; and only those who have gone through it can tell how deep and how sacred

it is—how it transforms the aspect of this evanescent life, and makes the futurity which awaits us the one great reality of our being. May the searching hand of affliction make both you and me purer, nobler, and stronger men!

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, March 2nd, 1862.

Your two most kind and affectionate letters should have been replied to before now; but, as you will readily suppose, I have had much to do and to think of since the light of our house was quenched, and I and my poor child have, in one sense, been left alone in the world. I cannot thank you sufficiently for the refreshment and comfort which your words brought to me—particularly those in your second note, because they came to me at a time when I most needed them, —when the inevitable excitement which fills up the interval between death and interment having passed away, the resumption of ordinary occupation reminded me at every turn of the sweet and gentle presence that was gone, and gave me the oppressive sense of a loss that must be lifelong. I am glad you knew and appreciated my dearest wife. I shall henceforth feel it one of the sacred links of sympathy which bind me to you, my excellent friend. My remembrance of her is mingled of bitterness and delight—of bitterness, that I did not more prize her and improve by her while she was here—of delight, in the thought that one so

thoroughly loving and unselfish can only have passed through a change of unspeakable advantage to her—of change from weakness and suffering, and the loss of power to enjoy as once this terrestrial life, to that blessed but still conscious and calmly progressive rest which remaineth for the people of God. These sad separations lower our opinion of ourselves, and heighten to an almost ideal beauty that of the departed. It is perhaps part of the deeper reason of Providence that they should do so, that in the long retrospect of six-and-thirty years, the infirmities and passions from which I suppose no human intercourse can hope to be free—every hasty word, every selfish exaction—should rise up with poignant anguish to the quickened memory, and deeply humble us under the sense of our neglect of the choicest of God's mercies, and breathe into us a profounder seriousness—an intenser craving after spiritual redemption, and a closer walk with God than we ever felt before; and that, on the other hand, the cherished image of the departed, as it floats round us day and night, should seem to have dropped the cleaving elements of human imperfection, to combine in it only the rare essence of the brightest, holiest, happiest hours lived with her on earth—and so to give to our deepest thoughts a foretaste of that glorified presence in which we may hope to recognize our virtuous friends hereafter. This is now my constant feeling day by day. It is the feeling which I suppose we all have of the difference between the life that we must to some extent lead here, surrounded as we are with

infirmity and temptation, and that more glorious life to which we aspire hereafter, when purified by the quickening spirit of God, we shall be permitted to join the blessed society of the 'just made perfect.'

We have the good fortune to possess a beautiful coloured photograph of my dear wife—one of the most successful I ever saw—which preserves for us the sweet, sunny expression of features on which it is delightful to dwell.

We propose to remain quietly at home till our short Easter vacation, when, if it would be convenient to you and Mrs. Thom to receive us, we should enjoy particularly passing two or three quiet days with you, and with the dear old friends of my early life at Greenbank.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, June 12th, 1862.

You are yet, I believe, intending to spend some weeks longer in Germany. Hannah has written a few lines to Mrs. Thom. I add a couple more just to say what a delight it would be to my dear child and myself if you could contrive to give us the meeting, and spend some time in the same place with us before you return to England.—At the recommendation of some friends, who know the place, we are intending to spend the summer months at Liebenstein in the Thüringer-Wald, not far from Eisenach and the Wartburg where Luther was confined. From the latter place we looked over this beautiful tract of country some three years ago, and said decidedly it must be a charming *séjour* for a month or two in the summer. There are

mineral springs which occasion it to be resorted to by the Germans, but it is exceedingly quiet and retired. It abounds, so our friends tell us, in clear and beautiful springs and fine old woods, and the air is said to be very pure and salubrious. I always devote the morning till the early German dinner to work, but spend the latter part of the day in recreation and exercise. Do, dearest friend, think seriously of it. How delightful it would be to discuss innumerable English themes with the philosophic calmness of distance, under the old Hercynian shades!

To Rev. J. Martineau.

Wangemannsburg, Liebenstein, Saxe Meiningen, July 31st, 1862.

* * * On Monday, July 7th, we *got under weigh*, having under our charge, as far as Brussels, a young German lady whose friends live in this neighbourhood. * * * Our route from Brussels was as follows:—We took the railway direct to Luxembourg. It passes through the forests of Soignées and Ardennes; and the country is very interesting. Luxembourg is a very extraordinary place—a wonderful natural fortress, rendered impregnable by all the resources of consummate art. It is invested with many historical associations; and there it stands to this day as proud and defiant as ever, held in joint occupation by Prussia and Holland—a witness of the anxious jealousy with which the Germanic populations of Europe watch the uncertain and unprincipled movements of French ambition.

Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine is another witness of the same kind.

A chief source of interest in travelling on the Continent arises from the close juxta-position in which the historic past and the possible future of Europe are constantly brought so vividly before the imagination. But it requires a particular cast of mind to feel this. I could not inspire my dear child with my interest. She feels and enjoys more the pure and simple beauty of nature. From Luxembourg we proceeded to Trêves, a most interesting place, which we had already seen some years before, but were very glad to have an opportunity of seeing again. By 'voiture' we travelled from Trêves to Berncastel on the Moselle, an excellent centre for exploring the scenery of that beautiful river, crowned on a precipitous hill which overhangs the town with the ruins of a *Schloss*, which once belonged to the Elector of Trêves. In the town itself are the spacious cellars which were formerly filled with the produce of the vineyards which he then possessed in this neighbourhood, where the finest Moselle wine is made. His table had once almost a monopoly of this luxury. Here was another instance of change that has occurred almost within the memory of men. In the time of our fathers, the Archbishop of Trêves was a sovereign prince; he is now a salaried officer of the Prussian government.

From Berncastel we took the steamer to Coblentz. It rained hard the whole day. The same was our fate when we ascended the same river four or five years

ago; so that we have yet seen this charming region only through a veil. We spent half a day at Coblentz. We occupied the identical rooms, "*Zum Weissen Ròss,*" at Ehrenbreitstein, that were ours when we first visited Germany seven and twenty years before. When I stood on the balcony, and saw the same Rhine flowing at my feet, and the same towers beyond it rising clear against the evening sky, which I then looked upon—memory, you may be sure, awoke with painful vividness within me. I thought of those who were then with us, but who were now with us no more. Such things cannot be talked of. You know them, dear friend, in part; but you do not know them, as I have known them.—We intended to sleep Sunday night in Frankfort, where I wanted next day to get a circular note changed. But it was the height of the great "*Schützenfest,*" and every hotel was full. As we were expressing our anxiety very strongly to the conductor of the omnibus, after several unsuccessful attempts to obtain accommodation—a decently dressed but not very prepossessing man came up, and said he had a couple of clean and comfortable chambers at our disposal, where we could pass the night; and the conductor said we had better accept his offer, as it was our only chance. Thither accordingly the omnibus took us; but such a horrible, repulsive, cut-throat-looking sort of place I never set my eyes on, in a mean, dark, narrow street, adjoining a slaughter-house, and filled with an abominable stench. Our senses decided us at once; and we returned to the railway station, determined to

take the first train that evening in the direction of Eisenach. It was what we should call in England an excursion train—crowded to excess with noisy passengers, singing all the way under the double inspiration of *Vaterland* and Beer. I was, fortunately, able to secure a first-class carriage, which we had to ourselves; though I had literally to fight my way to the Bureau through a ruder and coarser and worse conducted crowd, which the police absolutely did nothing to control and regulate, than I ever encountered in England—in order to get tickets, with some chance of losing my money in the general pushing and jostling which accompanied the operation. I succeeded, however, in attaining my object without the loss of anything but a large amount of natural moisture.—Notwithstanding our vexation and annoyance, it was worth while to be carried about Frankfort for three quarters of an hour, were it only to see the old city arranged, as in medieval times, for a popular festival. The front of every house was hung with festoons and chaplets; tapestries were suspended from the balconies; and in many cases tall evergreens were planted at the doors. The streets were crowded with persons in holiday attire, every one looking pleased and in good humour. I do not know whether the English papers have taken any notice of this *réunion* of riflemen from every part of Germany. For ten days past the German papers of these parts have been filled with little else. It is evidently understood to be a significant expression of political feeling in favour of liberty and an united Germany. The

Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, brother of our late Prince Albert, has put himself at the head of this movement, and is immensely popular with the liberals, and of course disliked in the same degree by the other German princes. Very ardent, and some really eloquent, speeches have been made on the occasion; and the feeling which animated them is in itself a natural and healthy one. But, for myself, I cannot but feel there is some danger of all this evaporating in sentiment; and the more so, as I see great difficulties in the way of any practical solution of the question. I cannot see in what form or under what conditions the *whole* of Germany is to be united—separated as north and south are by such strong religious and other differences. Then again, the little princes who constitute a natural aristocracy, and would furnish such good elements for an Upper House, as far as I can learn, seem dead set against any surrender of their sovereign rights and the petty ceremonial of their little courts. Of course I cannot enter fully into the feelings of a German; but looking at the question with the eyes of a disinterested foreigner, who desires nothing but the peace and progress of Europe under constitutional government and a well-balanced distribution of political power, I cannot but think Prussia is the natural head of Northern and Protestant Germany. She already furnishes its intellectual strength; has got into practical working her municipal and representative institutions; owes many of her distinctive features to the more recent civilization of Europe so vigorously appropriated and applied

by Frederick the Great; and, like Piedmont in Italy, seems to form a sort of constitutional nucleus around which the smaller states might naturally gather and consolidate themselves—losing their territorial nomenclature not in that of Prussia, should that be felt insuperably objectionable—but in some more comprehensive and less offensive designation. On the other hand, I observe great jealousy throughout central Germany of the political ascendancy of Prussia, for which Prussia herself perhaps affords some pretext by a certain hardness and arrogance in her bearing and undisguised ambition in her tendencies. Again it may be objected, that there is no distinct and positive line of demarcation between northern and southern Germany—neither that of language, as between the Teutonic and the Slavonic races, nor of mountains, like the Alps for Italy, nor a great river like the Rhine, which seems the natural boundary between Germany and France. Altogether the question is beset with practical difficulties. It is impossible to predict its solution. Amidst these difficulties there is some danger of German enthusiasm evaporating in foam, like breakers on the rocks.

One result of my inability to stay at Frankfort was, that I reached Eisenach with just three *silbergroschen** in my pocket. The good natured *Wirth* readily understood and promptly relieved my embarrassment, and furnished me with the means of going to Meiningen, where my circular notes could be cashed, and where the banker gave me letters of introduction to this

* Three-tenths of a shilling.

place. Here then all the difficulties of my journey vanished.—My first impression of Liebenstein was one of considerable disappointment. The general outline of the hills on the horizon, which nowhere rise to any great height, wants variety and boldness; and the woods, as seen from a distance, lie in too large, heavy and unbroken masses on the tops and sides of the hills to be picturesque. But in *detail* this country, like that of the Hartz, is full of beauty, and the more you become acquainted with its interior, the better you like it. It is one vast forest in all directions—a relic, I presume, of the old Hercynian. The beech is here the predominant tree, and it grows to a great size and in great beauty. We had letters from a friend to the head of the principal hotel in Liebenstein. She was exceedingly obliging, but, fortunately for us, could not find us accommodation in her own establishment, and recommended us to the very comfortable and far preferable quarters where we now are. They are in a recently erected *Wirthschaft*, about a mile out of Liebenstein, commanding a beautiful wooded valley, with a fine bold mass of limestone, pine-crowned rock (Altenstein) right before us. The house is built in the Swiss style, with an open balcony in front, but is warm, dry and substantial.* * * On fine afternoons people come to drink coffee and beer in the adjoining garden, but do not encroach on the apartments which we occupy. In the morning we are as undisturbed as possible, and I can work without interruption every day till dinner; and am never prevented from doing what I wish, even after

that time. We have an introduction to a gentleman and lady who live in a large and handsome chateau in a beautiful garden, close adjoining our lodgings. They are refined and cultivated people, the principal persons in the village—M. von Weiss being the head of a considerable establishment for the spinning of wool. Through them I have been introduced to the clergyman of the place, Dr. Rückert, a man of learning and refinement, a former pupil of Welcker's at Göttingen—from whom he imbibed a taste for archæological studies which he still retains—and a cousin of the well-known poet Rückert. I soon found that we had strong sympathies in theological matters. He has not been carried away by the orthodox re-action, and seems equally to dislike the so-called rationalistic and supernaturalistic schools. I expect to have much pleasure in his society. The last thing I heard before leaving England was, that you had been asked to preach in Manchester on the 24th of August, in commemoration of the Two Thousand. I hope you have consented. You know well how little I am of a sectary, but I *do* think it a great privilege to have a noble religious ancestry; and the more I observe the religious condition of other countries, and consider the state of the Establishment and of the Orthodox Dissenters in our own, the more I am convinced, no religious body has a more glorious historical origin than our own, or contains in it richer elements, as yet imperfectly developed, of spiritual power and beauty. *Ne defueris ipsi tibi.*—

To Henry Crabb Robinson.

Wangemannsburg, Liebenstein, Saxe Meiningen,
August 24*th*, 1862.

Ever since our removal to London, now almost nine years ago, you have taken such a kindly interest in our family, and procured us so many pleasant evenings by your lively conversation, that we regard you in some sense as one of our *oldest* friends, though there are several whom we have known longer—sympathy in taste and feeling making up for deficiency in duration. We cannot, therefore, be so long away from London without letting you know what we are doing, and assuring you that we have not forgotten you. Since we first travelled abroad, our domestic circle has been sadly thinned; and pleasant as our residence is here, it is constantly haunted by the dear memories of those that are gone. So much the more reason that we should cling to the valued friends, who knew us *all*, and can appreciate the loss of the survivors.

We are here in the Thüringer-Wald, a delightful region, shaded with woods and fresh with streams, where the air is singularly sweet and pure, and where, though we are within a mile of the little *Bad-ort* of Liebenstein, we live quite retired, and I can occupy myself wholly undisturbed all the morning with my books. Our afternoons are devoted to exercise and society, and the reading aloud of lighter literature. I am reading to H. in the evening the "Extracts" from Ruskin's Works, which I remember you saw on our

table at Hampstead some time ago, and said you should get. I never knew much of Ruskin before. I have found a treasure in his writings. Though I dissent from much of his criticism, as exceedingly one-sided and paradoxical, and though his tone is sometimes offensively dogmatic, and, as the Germans say, "*gebieterisch*," yet he is one of those original and suggestive writers who teach you more by their errors and absurdities than other men by their truth; for at the bottom of all they write, whether right or wrong in its immediate application, there is a living and fruitful idea. What I particularly like in him is his fervid love, almost amounting to a worship, of Nature. He has in this much of the spirit of Wordsworth. When he gives himself up unreservedly to the impressions of Nature, and forgets his theories, I think he is one of the most vivid describers of scenery I ever read. His description of a scene in the Jura, of the Campagna of Rome, and of a singular tract of country in the Canton of Fribourg, occur to me at this moment as perfect pictures in their way. He makes you not only see, but feel, the scenery. I am also now reading for the first time a modernized version of the Nibelungen lied, which has been lent me by a friend in this neighbourhood. I am charmed with it. It is more epic than anything I ever read but Homer—more so than the Æneid of Virgil. Modern epics, and I include in them the Æneid, have all something stiff and conventional about them, and want the air of *reality*. They are the product of *after thought*, not of *direct*

impression. This, like the Iliad, is a draught from life itself, and breathes the spirit of the age in which its wild legends were conceived. The characters are very strongly marked and well preserved, and cast in heroic mould; and there is enough of the supernatural and the savage intermingled with the story to separate it by an unmistakeable line from all modern life, and clothe it with the mysterious awe of dim antiquity. Some of the terrific scenes with the Icelandic princess, Brunhilde, would have furnished a fitting subject for the wild and weird pencil of Fuseli. We are here in the immediate neighbourhood of Saxe Weimar. It and Saxe Meiningen are border states. Jena, where you studied in early life, is the University of this land. The other day we made an excursion to Wilhelmsthal near Eisenach, a favourite summer residence of the Dukes of Saxe Weimar, built by Karl August, and we thought of you there, and wondered whether you had ever visited it in the days when you had many friends at the little Court of Weimar. The second son of Karl August, Duke Bernhard, who distinguished himself during the French war at Leipsic and Waterloo, was living at Liebenstein, where he had a residence, when we first arrived, and died only a week or two ago. He seems to have been a liberal, enlightened, and noble-minded man, and is much regretted here.—

To the Very Reverend John Kriza, Bishop of the Unitarian Churches in Transylvania.

Patri in Christo admodum Reverendo, Johanni Krizæ, Ecclesiarum in Transylvania Unitariorum Episcopo.*

J. J. T. A. B. Nov. Coll. Mancun. Londini. Præpositus.

Serius multo quam voluissem communicatio mea solennis cum vestris ecclesiis fit. Antecessori tuo, viro eximio, Mosi Székely, aliquot abhinc mensibus scripseram, in optatis mihi esse, ut quotannis inter nos Anglos vosque Transylvanos commercium quoddam literarum intercederet. Ne huic consilio maturius obtemperarem, multæ, neque leves illæ, causæ impediebant; primo, ut solitum, maximæ muneris mei Academici occupationes; deinde, quod huic anno ætatis meæ vulnus ineffabile inflixit, uxoris dilectissimæ mihique nexu suavissimo per quadraginta prope annos conjunctæ acerbissima mors.

Accipe sero tamen, vir reverendissime, declarationem quam ex animo profero, imminutæ meæ in te tuasque ecclesias benevolentiæ. Deum. Opt. Max. imploro et obtestor, ut fausta omnia, felicia, fortunata in rempublicam tuam Christianam effundat.

Quanquam longo distantes spatio ecclesiæ vestræ nostræque, sensu, propositoque et summæ veritatis conscientia proximæ sunt; quæ quidem inter nos necessitudo utinam semper beneficiis reciprocandis vires novas sumat, confirmatiorque fiat.

* Of late years one or more Transylvanian students from the College of Clausenburg have been received into the classes of Manchester New College, London, for the completion of their education.

Rediit tandem ad vos optimæ spei juvenis Simén Demokos, qui quales apud nos in literis humanis ac divinis profectus fecerit, ipsi experti deprehendetis; qui quum tales sint, utinam profecto plures ex Transylvanis vestris nos in posterum visitaturi forent. Nullus dubito quin multum et incitamenti et roboris ex istâ apud nos vestratium commemoratione ecclesiis vestris redundârit; neque ulla ex re majorem puto vos adjuvandi opportunitatem nobis exsistere posse. Præcipue nunc temporis in votis mihi est, ut Simén noster in omni vitæ ratione, qua ut præceptor, qua ut verbi divini præco, summo patriæ suæ ecclesiæque et adjumento et decori sit. Id certo affirmare ausim, nihil nostra ex parte, quoad vires sufficiant, unquam defuturum ad vestra commoda promovenda, eamque quæ bono omine inter nos exorta est benevolentiam conciliandam confirmandamque.

Haud multum adjiciendum habeo. Librorum fasciculus quem paucis abhinc mensibus ego et vir reverendus R. B. Aspland vobis expediendum curavimus, jamdudum, ut spero, oris vestris tuto allatus fuit. Librorum rariorum, vel manuscript. vel impress. qui, ut audivimus, de antiqua ecclesiæ vestræ historia multi adhuc in bibliotheca Claudiopil. latent, si catalogum accuratiorem describendum nobisque transmittendum statueritis, gratissimum, crede mihi, Unitariis Anglicis feceritis.

Jamque Vale. Me, quanquam tibi ignotum, ut amicum et in Christo fratrem semper habeas.

Vale.

Datum Londini. a. d. Sext. Non. August. MDCCCLXII.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

16, *Forst Strasse, Dresden, Sept. 15th*, 1862.

Though I have not written to you till now, you and your dear wife have been much in our thoughts and often on our tongues in our wanderings through regions which you had so recently visited; but I thought I should have more to make a letter worth sending you, after we had completed our sojourn in the Thüringer Wald, and had been a week or so in Dresden. Our first impression of Liebenstein was rather disappointing. We thought the outline of the hills rather tame, and the thick woods which clothe them somewhat sombre and monotonous. But the country improves wonderfully on nearer acquaintance, and we became at last completely enamoured of its sylvan walks, its deliciously green meadows, and its soft-gushing streamlets.—I do not know whether you ever rode or walked from Liebenstein to Altenstein, the summer residence of the Duke of Saxe Meiningen. If so, you will probably remember, at the turn of the road just by Glücksbrunn, a newly built *Wirthshaus* on a knoll just opposite a fine bold mass of limestone rock, called the Morgenthor—built in the Swiss style, and known at Leibenstein as the *Schweizer-haus*. There we obtained very clean and comfortable apartments, nicely furnished—two bed-rooms adjoining each other, with the command for our meals of a spacious saloon opening on to a balcony, where in fine weather we constantly took our breakfast and tea. We paid highly

for these rooms; but on the whole we thought ourselves very fortunate. The parties who came in the afternoons and evenings to drink coffee and beer in the garden and in the rooms below, had no access to our suite of apartments. Our mornings and the greater part of our afternoons were wholly undisturbed; and I never enjoyed six weeks of more delightful rest and leisure for reading and writing, to which I always devoted my mornings till dinner. Sometimes in the evening there was a little innocent merriment below, but chiefly of large family parties; and once or twice we were rather annoyed by somewhat noisy and protracted singing. But we never once witnessed an instance of drunkenness and excess. The situation had much to recommend it to us besides its comparative retirement. It was in the immediate neighbourhood of charming walks in every direction. We had letters of introduction to the family Von Weiss, who live in the adjoining Schloss Glücksbrunn, and who treated us with great kindness and hospitality. Through them we became acquainted with the Pastor of the adjoining village of Schweina—a learned and liberal-minded man, whose opinions on theological matters I found very much in harmony with my own.—Dr. Rückert has published some learned monographs on archæological subjects. For one of these—on the historical existence and probable seat of the Nibelungen—he was presented with a medal by the King of the Belgians. Dr. Rückert told me he was sure the present theological reaction in Germany would not endure—that it

was political in its origin—that it was confined to a portion of the clergy, and women strongly influenced by them—that the intelligence and knowledge of the laity were against it. I should add, to give the more value to his testimony, that he is a sincere believer in the divine character and teaching of Christ, and quite opposed to Strauss, and all the tendencies of the Hegelian School. We became so fond of the Thüringer Wald that we left it with sincere regret. We took our departure at the beginning of this month, through Coburg, Hof (where Jean Paul once resided) and Leipsic to Dresden, and had a very interesting journey. We were delighted with the old fashioned and picturesque town of Coburg, with its beautiful environs and the magnificent view from its *Festung*. We visited Rosenau, a beautiful rural residence, very simple and unpretending, where our Prince Albert was born and reared, and where, as well as in Coburg itself, he has left behind him, from his extensive charities, of which we heard much, a tenderly cherished and venerated memory. In a sweet little village about a mile from Coburg, the poet Rückert has a charming residence in the midst of a garden, embosomed in trees and flowers. It is quite a retreat for the old age of a scholar and a poet, with every sign of ease and comfort, and yet marked by the primitive simplicity of the German life. The old man is upwards of eighty, and works in his garden at five o'clock in the morning. We brought a kind of introduction to him from his cousin, the clergyman, who thinks more

highly of him as a scholar than as a poet. He has a wonderful memory, and possesses, I am told, an extraordinary knowledge of the Oriental languages, particularly Sanscrit and Arabic. The only thing of his I ever read, was many years ago—called, I think, 'Die Weisheit der Inder,' sort of a transfusion of Braminical philosophy into German verse. The old gentleman received us very kindly. He has a fine, strongly marked countenance, indicative of great mental power, with an expression of latent benignity—shaded with long grey locks hanging in profusion over his shoulders. I thought of the head of Thor, when I looked at him. At Leipsic we went over the vast establishment of Brockhaus, the greatest publishers, I suppose, in the world. The premises occupy the four sides of a large quadrangle. They do every thing for themselves, from the casting of the types to the woodcutting and lithographing, which furnish the illustrations of books. They are gradually introducing steam-power into all their processes. We saw a die worked by steam, which turns out 18,000 letters in one day. With all our multiplication of books, journals and newspapers —to which, I am aware, we may now apply the measurement of tons—I should still not have thought it possible, there could have been a demand requiring such a supply. If I am not mistaken, the house of Brockhaus a century ago was chiefly concerned in sending out *learned* books. It was a sign of the times to observe how much of their machinery is now employed in putting forth works designed for the diffu-

sion and popularisation of knowledge and especially of modern science, with cheap but admirably executed illustrations. It was a suggestive sight to see their presses at work, turning off page after page of scientific matter and illustration, with the rapidity that a spinning machine turns off cotton twist. Their books for sale—for they are booksellers as well as publishers—are distributed into different departments —scientific, learned, popular, etc. etc.—each under its own head; and so sharp is the division of labour, that when I asked the person who had the charge of one of these departments, about a certain work, he could give me no answer, and evidently had no knowledge of it, but referred me to the department where I should get the information I desired. I have observed something of this kind among the learned themselves in Germany. I have met with men profoundly learned in their own *fach* (and that might be a narrow one) who really knew next to nothing beyond it. With less depth and thoroughness, we have certainly far more general culture, and therefore, I think, more real enlightenment in England.

When in Leipsic, I took the opportunity of calling on Tischendorf, who, as you know, is bringing out a splendid facsimile edition of the Codex Sinaiticus of the New Testament, and the greater part of the Old. As I had had some correspondence with him on this subject, I had no difficulty in introducing myself; and he received me very cordially, and produced the letter which I had written him

some months since. This great work is nearly complete. The names of those who sent in requests for copies, will be laid before the Emperor of Russia, under whose auspices and at whose sole expense the work is coming out, and he will have the selection. Tischendorf told me, he could not interfere in this matter. He shewed us a portion of this precious MS. and permitted us to compare it with the facsimile which he is about to publish. The resemblance is wonderfully close, even to the colour of the paper and the ink. The original is beautifully written, in a clear and elegant character, and easy legible, except where the parchment is worn, and the characters in consequence become faint and dim. Tischendorf himself is fully of opinion that this MS. is as old as the early part of the 4th century in the time of Eusebius—and he even ventured on a supposition, that it might be a transcript of the very edition that was prepared for the Emperor Constantine under the supervision of Eusebius himself. Tischendorf is evdently a man of sanguine and enthusiastic temperament. He is of a strong *physique*, and overflowing with animal spirits, hearty and genial, the very man to carry through such a work, and to encounter all the difficulties and disappointments which he passed through before getting possession of the MS. on which it is founded. He speaks with a tenderness almost approaching a human affection, of the precious deposit that has been confided to his charge. He told me, that when he first shewed this MS. to Tregelles, he knelt down and kissed it.

I find my life in Dresden very different from that which I spent in the forests of Thuringia—very agreeable but not so favourable to work and study; though I still continue to do something in the morning. Unfortunately many of the collections are open only in the morning, which interferes with the previous arrangement of my time. But it would be absurd to be here, and not improve and enjoy to the utmost the singular treasures of art which this place contains. We go constantly to the picture gallery, and examine portions of it at a time. I think as a whole it is superior to that of Munich. With the Italian collections I cannot compare it. I must confess too, that the Opera and Theatre here have great attractions for us. We hear the first music exquisitely performed at a very moderate cost. We were present the other night at the performance of Glück's Iphigenia in Aulis. It was one of the most refined enjoyments of which I ever partook. On Saturday we saw Lessing's Emilia Galotti admirably performed. I do not know whether you are acquainted with the piece. It is a finely conceived and finely wrought out domestic tragedy of the deepest pathos, and gives one a very high idea of Lessing's dramatic power. For it is pure drama, no music, no spectacle—the interest arising entirely from the action and the sentiment. It was admirably performed, every character well sustained, and the whole acting in harmony—nothing vulgar or coarse in any part. It was a treat one cannot often enjoy.——

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Nov. 19*th*, 1862.

We have now been at work, several weeks; and I think you may perhaps like to hear something of us, and to know with what prospects we commence the present Session. We have now seventeen regular Divinity students (besides two or three laymen that attend different classes), the three that we lost on the conclusion of their course last Midsummer, being replaced by three new admissions. * * *

With regard to myself, I am happy to say, that my long Midsummer vacation has completely set me up. I am quite conscious now, that I broke down some years ago from attempting too much, and overstraining my powers. It was a lesson to me which I think I shall not soon forget. * * *

I am sorry to say the classes of University College are unusually small this Session. There is some reason to fear, that the mischievously radical policy of the University of London in dispensing with the necessity of a regular College course for taking a degree, which, you recollect, we did all we could to prevent by petitioning against it—is now beginning to tell injuriously on the College. I am told, advertisements may now constantly be seen in the papers of men who undertake to prepare, in other words to *cram*, youths for an University Degree. Good old York, adhering to the traditions of our learned forefathers, was far wiser in her system; she gave to her *alumni* at least

the aim and spirit of scholarship. Even now Manchester New College and University College are among the most conservative of the Institutions connected with the University of London—more so than King's College. I look more and more to the old Universities for preserving the true scholarship of England. De Morgan gave the inaugural address at the opening of University College. He shewed up the mischiefs of the modern system of cram, with uncommon humour, going, I thought, at times to the extreme verge of propriety for an Academic occasion. I have heard him on the same subject before, when he was graver, and I liked him better. * * *

We are getting into years, but the world is moving on. When I look back forty years, and consider what was the state of theological opinion and the relation of religious parties at the time I began life, and compare them with the changes now in progress, and still more when I think of the quarter from which they are proceeding—Oxford, then the stronghold of dogged orthodoxy and toryism—I am filled with astonishment, and almost feel myself at times the inhabitant of another planet.

Let me say one thing before I conclude, lest I should forget it. It came into my mind with great force the other day. Have you never thought of collecting, and revising, perhaps amplifying—in a separate volume, the papers which you communicated many years ago to the Philological Museum—on some very interesting questions of archæology and mythology, and of some

of which papers I perfectly well remember hearing Welcker speak with high approval some six or seven and twenty years ago. It would be a most acceptable present not only to scholars in general, but more especially to many of your personal friends and warmly attached old pupils.

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Feb. 18th, 1863.

I believe I have not exchanged a word with you, since the two very pleasant half-days which I spent in York at Christmas. I have not much to communicate; for our College session, like that of Parliament, gives no great promise of stirring incidents, to diversify the even tenor of its way. Perhaps it is a good sign—a proof that we are quietly and efficiently doing our work and accomplishing our purpose, with no great triumphs and no great disasters to record. *** Since I saw you I have had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Colenso at Dr. Carpenter's.—I understood him to say, that he thought the date of the Pentateuch might be referred to the age of Samuel. If he means the book, as we now have it—especially as embracing Deuteronomy,—and Joshua—I do not believe it possible to assign it to any *one* date. It seems to me a strictly *cumulative* work, with legislative strata, if I may so express myself, of different ages underlying each other. I suspect Dr. Colenso is new to inquiries of this nature. They have come on him with all the

charm and wonderment of unexpected novelty. This may possibly precipitate him into some hasty judgments: but he is a simple-minded lover of truth, ashamed of the equivocations and compromises, which disgrace so much of the liberal thought of the day, and which disguise without concealing the real sentiments of the writer. To me there was something delightful in the unworn freshness and child-like ingenuousness of spirit in Colenso's first volume. His real earnestness to know the truth, should atone for any failures in the discovery of it.—I am now reading a book of a very different character: Dr. Stanley's "Lectures on the Jewish Church," admirable for its liberal spirit and the graphic force of its style. But he goes nowhere, so far as I have observed, to the bottom of his subject. He uses the results of critical works, without being critical himself. I do not believe he is really startled at them himself, but he constantly evades either accepting or solving them. He is, however, doing a good work in his own way, which Colenso's more downright mode of proceeding prevents him from doing equally well. He is helping to shew, how little the religious aspects and influences of the Bible are affected by these questions of history and criticism—how religion lies above and below them all; and as familiarizing religious minds with this view of the subject, I cannot but think Stanley, without possessing any great depth or originality, one of the most useful theological writers of the present day.

You have probably by this time seen and read Sir Charles Lyell's work on the Antiquity of Man. He was so kind as to send me a copy; and though I was engaged on another book at the time, I could not resist the temptation of giving it forthwith a cursory perusal. Parts of it I must read again more leisurely. I think it impossible to resist the evidence which he has accumulated, that the antiquity of man's appearance on this planet greatly transcends all our previous notions; and that although a recent geological phenomenon, his existence on this earth may possibly be reckoned by tens of thousands of years. Sir Charles seems to think there are traces of his existence as far back as the Post-Pliocene period, immediately following the great glacial period. When we can use time so liberally, questions which seemed insoluble while we were shut up within a space of 6000 years, become comparatively easy of solution. It is evident from the concluding chapters of his book, that he inclines, though he expresses himself cautiously, to Darwin's theory of the origin of species. This is certainly a more startling conclusion to contemplate; but believing, as I do profoundly, that creation is not so much the result of a single *fiat* as a progressive and continuous work of God, all such questions seem to me to resolve themselves at last into the simple question—which is one of *fact*—of the actual *order* of the divine agency. I cannot comprehend *growth* and *development*, especially if orderly and progressive, apart from *mind*, apart from *God*. Therefore my faith is not disturbed

by the possibility of such a theory as Darwin's being shewn ultimately to be true. A mighty mystery which religion only can solve, still remains behind; and I feel strongly with Lyell himself, that "it is the *order* of the phenomena, and not their *cause*, which we are able to refer to the usual course of nature."*

To Mrs. Shuttleworth, *Manchester.*

Mrs. Prentice's, Startforth, near Barnard Castle, Aug. 2nd, 1863.

It was only last night that we heard quite accidentally from one of my sisters of the heavy loss which you have recently sustained. This will explain why you have not earlier received from us an expression of the deep sympathy which you must be sure we should have with you on this sad occasion. Your dear sister was one of the excellent friends whom we most regretted to part with, on our leaving Manchester, now ten years ago. My own dear wife and my child were greatly attached to her, and have constantly spoken of her, along with yourself, with strong affection and regard. I have now arrived at that time of life, when the world seems to be thinning, daily almost, of my earliest and best friends, and I have to seek my interest, as best I may, in a new generation. Were it not for higher consolations than this world can offer—for the cherished hope of final reunion with those we have lost, in some happier state of being—I could only express my feeling in the melancholy words of the old prophet: 'Woe is me, for the day hasteth away, for

* P. 505.

the shadows of the evening are stretched out.' Happily, dear friend, you and I, under the irreparable losses of this transitory life, have a better and a holier trust. May it yield you now all the support and consolation which you need!

Pray give my kindest remembrances to my valued old friend, Mr. Shuttleworth. He will deeply share with you the grief of this sad bereavement; and he will seek with you the same source of consolation. Pray tell him from me, that I look back among the pleasantest of my remembrances of dear old Manchester, on the many agreeable hours that I have passed with old friends, and with some who are now no more, at his hospitable table. Though I have much to be thankful for, though the special object of my removal to London has been more than realized, and my dear child does every thing that anxious affection can do, to repair to me her dearest mother's irreparable loss; yet I must confess, what I have ever felt, that perhaps the happiest years of my life were the ten which elapsed before I went to London, when actively engaged in the service of an attached congregation, I was surrounded by a circle of valued friends and neighbours, and the prospects of my own home were as yet undimmed by the shadow which death always leaves behind it; when my dear boy's early promise was brightening every day, and my sweet and gentle wife shed the sunshine of her heavenly temper and bright intelligence on my daily path. I am ashamed to find, my dear Mrs. Shuttleworth, how I have been betrayed into the utter-

ance of personal feeling in writing to condole with you: but it results from the fact that you and your circle are intimately associated with all the remembrances of my earlier life, and that I cannot think of your heavy loss without awakening again the unabated sense of my own.—Once more, my dear old friend, I beg you and Mr. Shuttleworth to accept from my heart the utterance of my deepest and most affectionate sympathy.

To Rev. J. Martineau.

Startforth, Barnard Castle, Aug. 22nd, 1863.

* * * After we set out on our proper Midsummer journey we were a fortnight rambling up and down the beautiful vallies of the Swale and the Ure, in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Leyburn, in search of a *habitat,* without being able to find a single nook in which we could take root. Not that our time was lost, for we were in constant agreeable locomotion, breathing the purest air and surrounded by the most delightful scenery, all which has told most advantageously on our health. The whole of this part of England was unknown to me; but I can assure you it is well worth a visit. These insulated dales have as yet undergone less change than other parts of the country. The villages retain much of their primitive character, and the cottages are beautifully clean and neat. The inhabitants are a downright, intelligent set of people, whose rustic plainness of speech, concealing a genuine

kindness of heart, presents an amusing contrast to the smooth and dapper servility that one too often meets with in the corresponding class of the South. We made several ineffectual attempts to get accommodation in some very attractive looking farm-houses in lovely situations; but it was the midst of the hay-harvest, and though our inquiries were always met with perfect civility, we constantly received the very decisive answer—"We canna do wi' ye just noo." By a mere chance we got our present lodgings on the banks of the Tees. Had we been a day later in our application, they would have been gone. We are very comfortably situated in a farm-house, belonging to a respectable yeoman. There is an old-fashioned garden in front, full of birds and fruit, looking on a beautifully wooded foreground, and russet moors in the distance. On one side we catch a view of the picturesque old towers of Barnard Castle, with a corner of the town, and a most impertinently intrusive tall chimney, which we should be glad to shut out altogether. But we are not obliged to look that way. The chief objection to the house is its *aspect*—a circumstance of which I never duly appreciated the importance till now. It is placed with such ingenious absurdity, that the sun never enters the rooms at any time of the day. The consequence is, that though not in themselves uncomfortable, they have a chilly, cellar-like feeling, which have rendered it necessary to have a fire during some of our late rainy days. On the whole, however, we have done, and are doing, very well. The external

air is delicious. The great recommendation of the neighbourhood is the delightful scenery, with charming walks in every direction close to your door—with which it abounds. We are on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, about a mile and a-half from the beautiful remains of Eggleston Abbey, and about three from Rokeby and Greta Bridge, all within reach of an easy walk or pleasant drive. The neighbourhood still retains trace of old Scandinavian population. Hard by our cottage is the beautiful wooded glen of *Thor*-gill. Higher up the Tees is *Balder*-dale, and in the same vicinity is *Woden*-croft. My life here is much to my taste. I am naturally inclined to study and quiet contemplation; and I think these tendencies come out more strongly with advancing years. My mornings, till dinner at two, are devoted to my books; the afternoons are given to the ladies to walk or drive or read aloud, as they like best or the weather allows. I am reading to them in the evening—besides occasional interludes of poetry—Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. I do not know whether you are acquainted with it. With the exception of an occasional affectation of Carlylism, it is an able and very vigorously written book, and founded, as appears, on a very thorough and conscientious examination of original sources, some of them as yet only in MS. I am constantly reminded, not by this book alone, how much history has still to be truly written—and not least that which half the world think they have on the authority of inspiration, I mean that of the Old Testament, which I am now diligently working through, with a view to a course

next Session. I cannot resist the impression, that even the books of Samuel and Kings (to say nothing of Chronicles, where there can be no doubt) contain a later, theocratical interpretation of ancient records, which still shew themselves here and there through the mosaic work of the actual text, and give the impression of a state of things very different from that which is evidently intended to be conveyed; and, in particular, that the higher and purer Jehovism expressed by Isaiah and the later prophets was of *gradual development*,—and that the grosser Jehovism, cultivated at the high places, and, as I believe, symbolically represented by the calves at Bethel and Dan—which is so sternly reprobated throughout our extant historical books—was the primitive religion of the Hebrews, upheld originally by Samuel and the Schools of the prophets—and the very faith that was asserted in the northern kingdom by Elijah, Elisha, and Jehu against the intrusive Baal worship of Ahab. The question at issue in the religious history of the Hebrews, was the *single, exclusive*, ascendancy of Jehovism, first in its grosser, afterwards in its purer form. Monotheism, in the *earlier* stages of its existence, must of necessity be exclusive and intolerant. The toleration introduced by the prosperous commercial age of Solomon, if permitted to continue, would have endangered its existence, and intercepted the conditions of a future Christianity. Such are some aspects of the subject which I am endeavouring to develope into something like clearness and consistency.

You are probably aware, that there is a small Uni-

tarian Society in this place, consisting almost wholly of working men and shop-keepers. The only exception is Mr. George Brown—a local barrister—connected by birth and education with the Wesleyan Methodists, who has raised himself by native talent and excellence of character from an humble origin to a high social position in the town and neighbourhood. He is a very interesting man, with a fine intelligent countenance, and an unaffected courtesy of manners which speaks him one of nature's born gentlemen. The congregation have no stated minister, and only meet in the evening in a small chapel, where John Wesley has many times preached. Mr. Brown often addresses them. We have heard him twice—and were greatly pleased; and I will venture to add, I am sure you would have been so too. His views on Scripture and Inspiration and the relative value of speculative theology to the religion of the conscience and the heart—astonished me by their boldness and precision—they are precisely what the Prospective Review was considered little better than Deistical for asserting some fifteen years ago. Yet his prayers are full of the deepest devotional sentiment—breathing love and trust and penitential humility in the presence of the Father who is ever in us and around us. He combines a Wesleyan fervour of spirit with the undogmatic theology which inevitably results from our modern criticism.* He told me how pained he was, when he first inclined to Unitarian views, with the

* A posthumous volume of Mr. Brown's Sermons, entitled, 'Words from a Layman's Ministry at Barnard Castle,' with a Preface by Mr. Tayler, reached a Second Edition in 1871.

hard necessarian and materialistic theories of the older school—and what a relief it was to him to meet with another spirit in the Prospective, which he has taken from the commencement. I have promised to address this little flock one evening in September.—I shall also, before I leave, go and see the nascent church at Middleton about ten miles off up the Tees. They are building a place of worship partly by the contributions of their own labour. At present they conduct their simple worship in the open air, and are much respected by the neighbourhood. These are to me most interesting phenomena, and give me hope for the future of my country. I need not say to you, how utterly distasteful to me was the old Unitarian proselytism so rife when I first began my ministry, now more than forty years ago, in Lancashire—so aggressive and destructive, with so little sympathy for what is profoundly latent in all earnest forms of faith—so inflated with the assumption of superior wisdom and superior learning, to which it had often no claim whatever. When I come here, and see what is going on among humble, unlearned men—notice the doctrine given them, and the eagerness with which they imbibe it—how devout, earnest and loving they are—I am perfectly astonished at the progress which has been silently making. The thing is even interesting to me philosophically. For I see in the fresh, spontaneous suggestions of the religious life in these simple and honest hearts—their strong convictions, their deep trust, their fervent and

irrepressible aspirations—the postulates of a true religious psychology which philosophy must adopt if she is to have any spiritual basis whatever to stand upon—which her own abstractions can never replace, and which if we reject, nothing is left for us, so far as I can see, but helpless, hopeless scepticism. I remember Lamartine saying, during the late French revolution—in recommending the appeal to Universal Suffrage—that they renounced all previous systems, and went down into the depths of the popular heart for the basis of a constitution. This is nonsense in politics, which concern society rather than individuals; but it expresses to my mind, the truth of truths in religion. I am sure, there must be a great reformation of all existing Theologies, if religion is henceforth to strike a living root amongst us.

One other subject of some importance before I close. Indeed I should have written to you before, but wished to have something definite to suggest before I did so. You are perhaps aware, that Aspland is giving up the Christian Reformer at Christmas. Mr. Kenrick mentioned it to me before I left London; and I have since heard it direct from Mr. Aspland himself. Mr. Kenrick thinks—and I quite agree with him therein—that it will be quite disgraceful to us to have no denominational organ—that represents our learning and higher thought—nothing to shew us worthy representatives of the old English Presbyterians. * * * The Prospective, and still less the National, never pretended to

be denominational organs; and perhaps the particular good they have done, has arisen in good measure from their not being so. * * *

I suggested, in a conversation with Mr. Kenrick, C. Beard's name as a very suitable person as editor. The fact, that the National has now passed out of our hands, and represents really a section of the Broad Church party (though I am willing to write for it still, as I presume you will do) seems to me to render it more than ever desirable that we should maintain a respectable denominational Periodical.* Indeed, I do not see how we could do even simple justice to our body without one, in its present critical state.

To Rev. J. Martineau.

Startforth, Barnard Castle, Sept. 3rd, 1863.

* * * I believe no one is less of a sectary than I am; but I see clearly that *practical* good—the diffusion of a religious *life*—is only to be promoted through the medium of *existing* organizations, which have already a place and history in the world; and the organization† with which we are traditionally connected, and which has a noble history of some two hundred years behind it, seems to me to offer at the present crisis as fair an

* The first number of 'The Theological Review: A Journal of Religious Thought and Life,' which is not however a *denominational* Periodical, appeared in March, 1864. Williams and Norgate.

† The English Presbyterian Non-subscribing Churches, dating from the ejection of the Two Thousand on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662.

opportunity of doing extensive good as any organization anywhere to be found in the whole Christian world. I am convinced *our* work is not yet done, *our* special mission not yet accomplished. We have been *behind* the claims, the opportunities, and the traditions of our section of the old Protestant Dissent. I am persuaded that the spirit originally circulated by the Prospective and the National has already pervaded our body to a far wider extent than is often supposed. I am myself surprised at the indications of it which I constantly meet with. I am anxious that this tendency should be taken up, and developed, and applied to our own institutions, by an adequate organ representative of the culture and intelligence of our body—and that the fruits which some among us have been striving to rear for the last twenty-five years should not all be appropriated by others, and go to swell the triumphs of those who on some points at least have learned from us, and who are only too ready to ignore any predecessors. We at least can say what we think without violating any prior implied obligation. The only limit to perfect freedom of speech among us has been the narrowness of our own public opinion, and that is now clearly expanding to an extent no one could have anticipated even ten years ago.

The controversies and conflicts which have occurred in that interval have cleared the atmosphere and enabled us all to breathe more freely. Shall we be doing right to leave our old churches and our now venerable Academy, with all the memories and tra-

ditions attached to them—so dear to you and me—without coming to their aid at this juncture—rescuing them from the chilling torpor breathed into them by what I may call the Priestleian episode in our history—putting them once more in the track which Baxter, Lardner, Aikin, and Price were pursuing—and helping them to reach another step in the progress of their spiritual development. I have every good wish for the "National," and I will serve it to the best of my power; but, if I am not mistaken, it will not henceforth handle some questions with the perfect freedom and *Rücksichtlosigkeit* to which we have been accustomed, and which are indispensable to the discovery of the whole truth. Already I think I perceive a sort of *arrière pensée* in some of the Articles.

To Rev. J. Martineau.

The Limes, Hampstead, July 30th, 1864.

* * * We have been arranging our vacation, for several reasons, on a different principle from former years—spending the first part of it at home, and devoting only the latter half of it to travel. I am not sure that it has succeeded, or that I shall be inclined to repeat the experiment another year. At the close of a session of nine months, I find my mind cuts very much like a blunt knife, and I need the quickening effect of some more decided change, than simply going from home for a couple of days in the immediate vicinity, to give me the full and pleasant use

of all my powers. The same newspapers, the same omnibuses, and the same barrel-organs and broken-winded brass-bands day after day—leave a terribly monotonous impression, and tend to reduce one almost to the condition of a human oyster, conscious of little but the constant pulsation of the sea-wave against its gaping shell. Yet I must do Hampstead itself justice. The old beauty still hangs about it. H. and I have discovered in various directions delicious walks, green and shady, with delightful glimpses of blue distance between the trees. How long the all-devouring town will leave us these, must depend on the continuance of England's prosperity, qualified by the conservative tendencies of the Metropolitan Commissioners. I cannot, however, say that I have been idle. My mornings invariably till dinner, and sometimes part of the afternoon or evening, are devoted to work; and before we finally leave home for the Continent, I shall have despatched a good deal, which will greatly relieve my labour for next session. My business with my class will then be to read the Acts in connexion with the four principal Epistles of Paul, which fit into its history. With this view, I have just finished an analysis of Zeller's very thorough and elaborate work, "Die Apostelgeschichte, etc." I have little doubt of the soundness of his general view—viz. that Acts is composed to a large extent of traditional and legendary materials, with some written documents (*e. g.* the diary of a sea voyage)—all worked up from the compiler's particular point of view, with the desire to produce a

particular result. My objection is, that he has worked his theory too hard. Assuming a particular principle in Paul, and another in the author of Acts—he has reasoned from those principles in both cases with too rigid a consequentiality. He seems to forget that a man of action like Paul does not reason like the German *Gelehrte* in his closet, with nothing but abstract premises before him; but that one half of his impression on human history results from a glorious defiance of logical consistency. My assent therefore to Zeller's conclusions is qualified *cum grano salis*. I am examining again, with reference to the principal Epistles, Paley's famous argument in the *Horæ Paulinæ*. So far as I have yet gone, the evidence from the undesigned coincidences seems to me to establish the authenticity of the Epistles, but not so clearly the historical reliability of Acts. From the cautious way in which he sometimes words his arguments, I am inclined to think that Paley himself was aware that this was the case. Paley's learning and criticism are not to be compared for one moment with the profundity of Zeller's, and his spiritual philosophy is not mine—but I must confess it is rather a relief to exchange the long involved periods, the minutely subtle references, and the thoroughness to weariness—of some five or six hundred closely printed pages of German learning, for the clear and simple style, the broad and luminous statement, and the practical common sense of a mind so completely English as Paley's. Do I shock you by this confession? Perhaps it is wrung from me in the weakness of mental fatigue—I

have also been reading a fanciful but original and suggestive work by Watkiss Lloyd, "Christianity in the Cartoons." The idea is a new one—that of penetrating to the facts which lie at the root of Christianity, through the traditional representations of Art. I do not know whether you have seen this work. If not, and it should happen to fall in your way, I think it would interest you. * * *

A Miss Gifford, who died lately near Exeter, has left a bequest of £100 free of duty to Manchester New College. I had a letter from her lawyer announcing it —which I forwarded at once to Aspden.* I regard with much satisfaction the accumulation of bequests to our Alma Mater, and hope it will be the policy of the Committee to let them accumulate and be well invested; because—though it will not be in my time, and I should regard any precipitate forestalling of such a result, positively mischievous and likely to retard rather than advance the cause of true religious liberty—I hold it to be nearly inevitable in the course of future events, that our dear old College, with its accumulated memories of Warrington, York, Manchester, and London, will become ultimately an independent foundation in one of our ancient seats of learning.

H. E. and I spent a part of two days at Cambridge a month ago. It is a charming place. More memories of my early life are associated with Cambridge than with Oxford, which has lately taken the breath

* The zealous stipendiary secretary of Manchester New College, since deceased.

out of her sister's sails; and as we grow older the feelings of youth seem to come back on us anew. Single colleges, especially those on the Cam, with their delightful gardens, are more attractive than anything at Oxford, though the *tout ensemble* is inferior. As we walked through the silent halls and lonely gardens (for it was vacation time) and thought of Milton, Cudworth, Bentley, and some names nearer to our personal remembrances, Wakefield, Lindsay and Frend—I felt a strange yearning that it is impossible to express. * * *

Old friends are gone since you left us. You have doubtless heard of the departure of good Mr. Esdaile. He failed rapidly at last, and was buried last week—at the Abney Park Cemetery. He was a simple-minded, kind-hearted, excellent man—an admirable specimen of that thorough social respectability which has ever formed the strength of English Nonconformity. My dear old friend Mrs. G. W. Wood is also gone. I am going down to Manchester to-morrow evening to attend her funeral on Monday. She and her noble-minded husband had almost a parental kindness towards me during the first years of my ministerial life in Manchester, and with great tenderness I cherish both their memories. * * *

On the 15th (if we all live and be well) H. E. and I set out for the Tyrol. The 15th of August is my birthday. I shall then be sixty-seven. I can hardly fancy it; and find myself such a child as I still am in so many things.

To H. C. Robinson.

Botzen, September 4th, 1864.

* * * We witnessed in one of the suburbs of Inspruck a curious dramatic representation by peasants in the open air. This is a practice, we were told, of some hundred years' standing. It was interesting as illustrating the rude origin of our own stage, and possibly the way in which some of the earliest plays of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson—certainly of their immediate predecessors—were brought out. The performance was in a kind of booth, with rude scenery, and the spectators sat on wooden benches with their feet on the bare ground, and an awning stretched over them to keep off the sun and rain. The performance began at three p.m. and lasted till six. The subject was taken from the "Ritter-leben" of the middle ages. Each Act was preceded by a dumb-show, indicating its general purport—as you will remember is the case in Gorboduc, the earliest English tragedy by Lord Buckhurst, in Queen Elizabeth's reign. This dumb-show was interpreted in an accompanying song by a Genius, crowned with flowers, and bearing a branch in her hand, whose office was something like that of the ancient Chorus of the Greeks. The performance would have been more interesting had it retained more of its primitive peasant character. But there was too great an attempt to assimilate the performance to the refinements of the regular modern drama. The actresses to my great disgust wore crinolines! There was, how-

ever, a genuine remnant of the old stock in a buffoon (though the piece was eminently tragic, with much fighting and killing) like the clowns in Shakespeare, whose jokes, being in the native *patois*, were wholly lost on us, though they were relished above everything else by the rest of the audience.

To Mrs. Leisler, *Manchester*.

Verona, September 7th, 1864.

We have only this evening heard by a letter from London, of the terrible affliction which has befallen you and my excellent friend, Mr. Leisler.*—I have known you and Mr. Leisler in seasons of heavy sorrow before now. You wrote words of comfort to us, when we were suffering under a similar stroke; and I cannot forget that for many years I stood to you and yours in a relation which made it both my privilege and my duty to nourish and strengthen those high principles of Christian hope and trust, from which alone support and consolation can come. * * *

I shrink from dilating on the common places of religious consolation at times like these. For I have often remarked that the vain words of human speech only disturb those still and holy depths of inward trust and hope, where the blessed spirit of God is felt in its serenest power. I will only utter what comes at this moment directly from my heart—that your most poig-

* The death of their only son, killed by a fall at Llandudno.

nant anguish is sweetened with the divinest consolations. You have lost, not a worthless, but a good and amiable son. If this aggravates your present loss, only consider what a compensation it brings with it, to that other side of our mysterious life which belongs to the invisible and eternal world.* * * The life protracted to the extremest verge of human years, and the life cut off, as it seems to us, by the merest accident, in the bloom and promise of early manhood, will both appear to us hereafter but as the transient childhood which leads through death to a more glorious maturity in the future life. This faith deepens in me with increasing years. Without it, this transient scene of earth, with its deep affections, its fervent longings, and its earnest aspirations, would be to me little better than an incoherent dream, unworthy of the Great Power which gave, and the mysterious Soul which has received it. You have often heard me say this. It is one of the deepest convictions of my being. I cannot reason about it. I *feel* its truth. Life's experience confirms it. Life's gathering shadows bring it out with new brightness, as the approach of night reveals the stars which we cannot see by day. It is to me a spiritual reality, which in my best moments—the moments when I am most truly myself—I can no more doubt, than the presence of the air which I breathe, or of the sun which shines into my eyes by day.

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

Lugano, September 18th, 1864.

* * * For grandeur and sublimity the upper end of the Lago di Garda far surpasses anything I have ever yet seen of the Italian lakes, though at the lower end it becomes tame. There are comparatively few villas on its banks, till you come to the lower end; and this adds to the wild sternness of its character. We took the steamer from Riva to Peschiera. The morning was lovely, and the water smooth as a molten mirror—not at all justifying on that occasion Virgil's description of it in the Georgics:—

"Fluctibus ac fremitu adsurgens, Benace, marino."

Twice we got a capital view of Sirmio—

"Peninsularum, insularumque, ocellus."

It is a promontory jutting far out into the Lake, and connected with the mainland by a low narrow isthmus. We did not land; but from its position we saw it must command the most magnificent view of the mountains at the head of the Lake. The poet shewed his taste in selecting such a spot for his villa. I brought a small pocket edition of his poems with me, which I nearly read through on my journey. It is surprising that though there are constant allusions to Sirmio and Verona in his poems, I do not recollect a single passage in which he even hints at the glorious beauty of this scenery. His chief association with Sirmio, at least as expressed in his extant verses, is the comfort of finding

himself once more in his accustomed bed, after the fatigues and anxieties of his Bithynian journey. Is it not the fact, that we find little sense of what we call the picturesque before the time of Virgil? There are already dawnings of it in Lucretius. I sometimes fancy it must have sprung up with the cultivation of landscape painting. As I have alluded to Catullus, I must add that this recent perusal of him has confirmed the impression which he left on me when I read him for the first time at York more than forty years ago—that he is in his best pieces one of the sweetest and tenderest of Roman poets. I know nothing in my limited range of Latin literature more deeply pathetic than his lines on his brother's death, or more touching than the address of Quintilia to the shade of her deceased lover. Both in his defects (his gross impurities) and in his exquisite tenderness, he reminds me of our own Herrick.—At Verona we found ourselves in a world of interesting associations—the amphitheatre, the Roman archways, the birthplace of Catullus, the retreat of Dante, the original seat of the Scaligers—Padua and Mantua not far off—Vicenza, on one hand, from which, I think, the Socini originally came—and Brescia, with the recollections of its bold reformer, on the other. We had little time to indulge these pleasant associations and inquiries—the chief annoyance in so rapid a journey as ours. However, to have only seen a place always leaves behind a more vivid impression of its histories. At Verona we found ourselves actually only five hours by rail from Venice. The

temptation was too great to be resisted. To Venice therefore we went, and spent there the better part of three days. I have left no time nor space to describe the intense interest of this short visit. One glorious evening we paid a visit to the Armenian monastery, over which we were shewn, and where I purchased a translation of Armenian popular songs into English, and also a copy of their Liturgy, which they affirm is very ancient—the English on one page and the Armenian on the other. The monk who shewed us over the convent spoke French, so that we could converse. * * *

To Mrs. Sturch.

September, 1864.

* * * The next night we rowed to the Armenian Convent. The silence and the sweet odours wafted through the corridors from their well kept garden made a striking contrast to the noise and unsavoury smells of the streets of Venice.—They are in communion with the Church of Rome, but have a Liturgy of their own, which they affirm is very old, and which they use in their native tongue.—They have special masters for the languages, among which English is regularly taught. This is one of the silent agencies through which Europe is reacting on Asia, and paying back the long debt of centuries.—From an eminence at the end of their garden we saw another beautiful sunset behind Venice. The whole scene was to us singularly unique and striking—grand, silent, and

solemn. As we rowed back over the still waters in the clear pure dark of that almost Eastern sky, with the bright moon weaving her silvery chain over the gentle ripple which our gondola left behind it, the bell of the convent began its booming sound for evening prayer, and added to the strange enchantment of the scene; while the glittering lights from the gay cafés of St. Mark's Place in the opposite direction, and the voice of jovial singing from a neighbouring gondola, impressed us as nothing had ever done before, and probably will never do again, with a vivid sense of the difference between a life of contemplative repose and the feverish tumultuous life of great cities.—I do not think we enjoyed anything more than the two evenings we spent on the water. They were really glorious poetry for once in one's life converted into a transient reality. The sun set behind Venice in a blaze of golden light, which gradually melted into a lovely roseate hue pierced by the softly dark forms of the domes and towers of this queen of the waters, and behind them in the far horizon the violet-coloured mountains of Padua and Friuli. * * *

To his Sister, Mrs. Carpenter.

The Limes, Hampstead, Oct. 2nd, 1864.

We arrived at home quite safely last night, when we found your kind letter awaiting us. * * * Our journey has been a very successful one, without any accident or

disappointment, till last night, when owing to a stupid opposition between the South Eastern and the London Chatham and Dover Railways, we got too late to Charing Cross to have our luggage examined. This first impression of the English Railway system (leaving everything to free competition) after recent experience of the Continent, was not much in its favour.

The consequence is, we cannot get our boxes till to-morrow, to our very great inconvenience, for we had everything in them—all my shaving apparatus for instance—so that this morning I had to lather my face with an old tooth-brush and then take off my beard with an old razor that had no more edge than Hodge's at the fair.——

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

The Limes, Hampstead, Feb. 26th, 1865.

The question which you have raised in your last letter about the origin and proper import of the "Son of Man," seems to me one of the most obscure and difficult in the New Testament. What was the relation of this expression to the other, "Son of God," —what rule can be discovered for their respective application, and what are the different sides which they are intended to bring into view, of the Messianic character of Jesus, seems to me equally difficult of solution. Perhaps if we could explain the one, we should find out by the same process the meaning of the other. Whatever may have been the original sig-

nification and reference of "Son of Man" in Daniel vii. 13, 14—when I observe how the same expression is used, Revel. i. 13, and xiv. 14, and how throughout the four Gospels it is applied to Jesus, I cannot doubt that at the time the books of the New Testament were written, it had become a current designation for the Messiah—put into circulation perhaps by the traditional exegesis of the Rabbinical schools, our ignorance of which, I suspect, occasions much of the obscurity that we find in many passages of the New Testament—and a very suggestive glimpse of which we catch in the Targum on Ps. lxxx. 17, referred to in your letter. There is another consideration, also a source of difficulty, which forces itself on the mind the more intimately we become acquainted with the actual texture of our canonical books,—and that is, the probability that the primitive tradition of the words of Christ may in some instances have been overlaid by the later belief and conception of those who reduced their original materials into the form in which we now possess them. I am fully aware of the danger of this hypothesis, because it is so purely subjective in its application, and opens so wide a door to arbitrary conjecture, whenever we are pressed with an exegetical difficulty. But it is hardly possible to resist the evidence that in some instances such a modification of the primitive record has taken place. Founded partly on the assumption of some such subsequent change of primitive meaning, and therefore not entirely clear and satisfactory in the result which it attempts to work out—the

late Baur of Tübingen communicated a very ingenious and suggestive article to the third number of *Hilgenfeld's Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Theologie* for 1860—"Die Bedeutung des Ausdruck's: ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου." He thinks that Jesus assumed this title to himself, not in the traditional Messianic sense of his age, but to express his pure and genuine humanity—his sympathy with human wrongs and sufferings—his cheerful acceptance of all the conditions of humanity that he might thus more effectually instruct and deliver it; but that this title, so simply human in its original application, was happily selected (whether in Christ's own intention or by providential appointment, he does not very clearly intimate) so as to be capable of blending, as the Messianic consciousness developed itself within him, with the more distinct meaning which it carried with it in the popular apprehension—only excluding, from the very way in which he approached and appropriated this distincter meaning, the grosser popular conceptions that had been connected with it. He does not deny that in Matt. xxiv. 30, and xxvi. 64, "Son of Man" is used in its full traditional Messianic signification derived from Daniel—and that, if all the passages where it occurs in Matthew were like these, there could not be a doubt that it had been from the first adopted by Jesus, in the sense of Daniel.—Notwithstanding the superinduction of a later belief on the actual text of the Gospels, he thinks there are still traces of the original and purely human meaning of the expression. In particular he lays stress on the

awkwardness of the question Matt. xvi. 13,* on the ordinary interpretation of the phrase—as it takes for granted the very point for which the question is asked. Baur says nothing in this Essay of the origin of the phrase. He takes it for granted that it had already got into circulation as an expression for Messiah; but endeavours to shew that Jesus himself did not—at least in the first instance—adopt it in that sense. In the lectures which Martineau is about to deliver on the progress of Jewish opinion in the centuries before Christ, he will no doubt touch on this point; and if his views are not reported in any of our journals, I will write and tell you what he says.

The Lectures at University Hall have so far been what is called in modern phrase "a success." Though the weather every night was most unfavourable, the room was always quite full. Your friend, Mr. Goodwin, delivered a very interesting lecture last Tuesday. There is a summary of it in the Inquirer to-day. He differs from our friend Mr. Sharpe, in lengthening instead of contracting Egyptian chronology. He thinks we have reliable historical monuments 4000 years B.C., and that these imply a long previous course of civilization.

Tischendorf is now in London exploring the MS. treasures of the British Museum. I called on him at his hotel the other day, and sat with him a quarter of an hour. After a rapid visit to Oxford and Cambridge for the same purpose, he is going to Paris, and then into Italy, and after that into the East, to explore and

* "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?"

examine old MSS.; mainly with a view of completing his materials for a work on which he has been employed, I think he said, for thirty years—a complete *Palæographia Græca*, to take the place of Montfaucon's, which inadequately represents the present state of our knowledge. Among other things which he is about to bring out is a new and more accurate edition of the *Codex Laudianus Act. Apostol.* in the Bodleian, of which you may perhaps remember that we have a copy of Hearne's edition in our Library—now a rare book—for only a limited number of copies were printed. He made himself exceedingly merry with the gross mistakes of some Oxford man, whose name I cannot now recal, who has lately been publishing, with very incompetent critical skill, some portions of the Codex Sinaiticus.

I am now reading through with some care Welcker's *Griechische Götterlehre*. I do not know whether you have yet looked into it. It is a work of immense learning and of fine feeling, pervaded throughout by a deep religiousness of spirit. But the style is intolerable, almost as bad as Ewald's. One cannot say anything worse of it. His words seem to labour under the enormous mass of his materials. There is no structure in his sentences. One proposition stands beside another, in most inartificial order, sometimes without interpunction—almost as if he had transferred to his pages the contents of his *adversaria* just as they were originally jotted down. This is the more to be regretted, as his matter is most interesting, and his fine taste and noble

feeling would often make him eloquent with a little more attention to style. The German scholars most culpably neglect the art of expression; and this inflicts a great deal of unnecessary toil and suffering on their readers. Judging from the preface to his Theognis, Welcker's Latin style is as bad as his German.

To Mrs. Greg, *Norcliffe*.

Pendyffryn, N. Wales, April 19th, 1865.

Although Hannah has already expressed our deep and affectionate sympathy with you and Mr. Greg on occasion of your recent grievous loss, I cannot refrain from adding a line from myself, to tell you, as I do from my heart, how deeply I was touched, even to tears, when the tidings reached me of the death of your dear child. The sad intelligence brought back old memories; and I could not but feel how mysterious a thing it is in the ways of providence, that the children of our youth should so constantly go before us to the future home of us all. All my poor daughter's earliest friends and companions, with a very few exceptions, are now gone, and have joined her dear brother in that unseen world, where it is the most delightful trust of my own soul—a trust which deepens as I myself advance in years—that we shall hereafter meet them all again. Were it not for this hope, earth would become to the aged little better than a churchyard rapidly filling with comfortless graves. Dear Caroline's simplicity and rectitude of mind, her clear

moral sense, her ingenuousness of spirit, and hearty affections for her friends, had something so genuine and unworldly about them, something so refreshingly unlike what we constantly meet with in the hollow and conventional manners of society—that we cannot but think of her, without, I trust, any undue presumption, as already not unprepared for admission into that kingdom of heaven, the spirit of which Christ beautifully compares with the pure and simple spirit of a child.

I am aware that I am considered something of a heretic and free-thinker even by many of my own denomination; but I thank God more than I can well express, that the course which my mind has ever been more decidedly taking for the last quarter of a century, has tended to give my holiest convictions and trusts a deep spiritual root in the very centre of my moral being, which I do not believe any change of speculative opinion, or any discovery of science will ever be able to weaken, still less to tear up; and to make me feel profoundly that there are some truths which, though Theology cannot *prove* them to the *understanding*, the religion of the *heart*, when touched with sorrow and illuminated with faith, pronounces to be beyond the reach of doubt and distrust. It is to this indestructible faith of the heart, this voice of the Father speaking audibly in our inmost soul, that we all flee for consolation, when that dark shadow of humanity comes over us, through which you are now passing. How sweetly consolatory are these lines of Miss Procter's!

"And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.
If thou could'st *trust*, poor Soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou would'st find peace and rest:
Wisdom and sight are well, but Trust is best."

Nothing can be added to this. Perfect trust in the all-wise and all-loving Father is the sum and substance of true religion.

Once more accept the hearty expression of my sorrowing sympathy with yourself and my valued old friend Mr. Greg, and your surviving children: in all which Hannah joins with, my dear Mrs. Greg, your's ever most truly.

To Rev. James Martineau.

Weissbad, Canton Appenzell, Switzerland, Sept. 3rd, 1865.

I think you will like to know something about us—what we have been doing, and what we have been thinking of, since we parted from you at the end of June. I conclude that this will find you at your old quarters in N. Wales, near our friends the Darbishires; and not knowing your exact address, I shall forward this letter to you through them. We came to this part of Switzerland because it is the least visited by tourists, especially from England—and because we wanted rest, quiet, and freshness of impression. In our immediate

objects we have not been disappointed. We are dividing our time pretty equally between the Protestant and the Catholic part of this primitive Canton—*Ausser-Rhoden* and *Inner-Rhoden*. The latter part of July and the greater part of August we spent at Heiden, a sort of bathing-place in the former district, where for a long time we consorted almost wholly with Germans, Swiss, and Prussians. We were at length joined by a single English family. At present we are in the mountains, in the midst of a simple people, who live on the produce of their flocks and herds. The inhabitants of *Inner-Rhoden* still wear the picturesque costume of their ancestors, which we had the opportunity of seeing to advantage at a sort of peasants' ball, which was given last week in a large room attached to this *Cur-haus*, and which began at three in the afternoon and lasted till two in the morning, considerably to the disadvantage of our slumbers—as the kind of whoop with which the dancing is accompanied became very obstreperous before the close. We saw it to still more advantage this morning in the large church of Appenzell, which was filled with women in their best attire, beautifully neat and clean, the married and the unmarried distinguished by a corresponding head-dress.—Though we have not met many regular tourists, we have fortunately encountered several persons whom we knew—among others, a lady, an old friend of ours in Manchester, and now a widow, who has a beautiful villa on the bank of the Lake of Constance, just opposite our residence at Heiden, with

whom we passed two or three days most agreeably. I fell in also with a very interesting person—a cousin of a former pupil of mine many years ago in Manchester—who has a country-house at Trogen, the chief town of Ausser-Rhoden. Of this gentleman, M. Ulric Zellweger, I must give you a more particular account when we meet. He is a pietist and a philanthropist, and a great benefactor to his native canton in founding schools, and improving the industry of its inhabitants—the most remarkable instance I have ever met with, of the union of the fervent, undoubting faith of a Christian of the first century—firmly believing in the constant personal presence of Christ and the direct efficacy of prayer—with the clear head, the business habits, and the long-sighted economical views of a merchant and banker (he is both) of the 19th century. * * *

This place is very beautiful—embosomed in wood, and shut in by magnificent mountains on three sides. It would perhaps be too close for the height of summer and a long continued residence. It has also the recommendation of being exceedingly retired and quiet. I enjoy my mornings exceedingly, looking out undisturbed through my window on green wooded slopes and mountain peaks. There are no permanent guests here at present except our two selves, and a very agreeable, intelligent old lady from Holstein—the Baroness von Ahlfeldt, with her companion. The old lady has been in England, and speaks a little English, which she practises on me, as I practise German on her in return. So we get on very well together. H.

speaks fluently. I am more familiar with the language of books than of ordinary life. I sometimes fancy, I should find it more easy to deliver a lecture in German than it is to carry on a protracted conversation on miscellaneous subjects. We are compelled to rise early, for the manners of the country require it. I always give my mornings till dinner, and occasionally an hour or two in the afternoon, to work.—My serious work has been the Dialogues of Plato, and Brandis's *Geschichte der Entwickelungen der Griechische Philosophie.* It is a great satisfaction to me to find that I can now read Plato with nearly the same readiness and the same immediate feeling of the exquisite charm of his language, as the philosophical works of Cicero. Brandis's book (the last he has published, a condensation of his earlier work) is very thorough and learned, and written in a clear and simple style, (a great contrast in this respect to Welcker's profound book, "Griechische Götteslehre," which I worked through last session); not so deep and searching, I suspect, as Zeller's work, to which he always refers, even when differing, as he constantly does, with great respect—but an excellent introduction to a comprehensive view of the subject. I do not know whether you are acquainted with Brandis's book. I got it from my profound respect for the excellent author. Zeller's book I must reserve for a future occasion. He is, I presume, a disciple of Hegel. Brandis's philosophy goes quite in the opposite direction, pervaded by a deep sense of *personal* deity, and is therefore in harmony with my own.

In the intervals of thought I have again and again recurred with much earnestness to the present condition of our own religious body, and the efforts we must all make during the next nine months to prevent a disastrous disruption into the two extremes of a vague, aimless assertion of mere free inquiry on one hand, and of a narrow, uncritical and untenable dogmatism on the other. I confess to you, I think the crisis a grave one*—involving in its issue more important consequences, not in a sectarian point of view, but in its bearing on the general progress of Christian truth, than may strike one on a hasty superficial view. It will require courage, judgment, temper, reverence, and the deepest tenderest religious feeling. I have no sympathy—I believe you have none—with the thin, abstract, unhistorical theism to which some excellent minds seem tending from pure reaction—unreasonable reaction as I think—against the superstitious scripturalism of our popular Protestantism. I fear our excellent friend—the pure-minded, noble-hearted F. Newman—has gone irrecoverably, the victim of a narrow logic in himself and others. The more I read and think and observe, the more I become attached to Christianity—by which I mean the *living spirit* of self-sacrificing love and unreserved devotedness to God, in which Christ and his Apostles lived and taught, as distinguishable from the mere forms in which their

* The expansion of the Unitarian Association into a Free Christian Union; or the co-existence of a doctrinal Association and a Catholic Church;—was in contemplation. The latter alternative was adopted.

thought and consciousness clothed itself. I see nothing to take its place for the mass of human beings. It is to me the greatest of all the traditions which the past has bequeathed to us. In the life of Jesus Christ, and in the inextinguishable beliefs which have sprung phœnix-like out of his death, and shot a new light and heat through humanity—I recognise the greatest fact in all history—mysterious and unsearchable in much that accompanies it, but evidently to me the birth-throe of a new spiritual development of our race, which has yet to work out its unexhausted results. My faith in the *spiritual* of Christianity—in the spirit which made Jesus and Paul what they were, and in its adaptation to the deepest wants of our deepest nature—grows with my lengthening experience and with my closer observation of myself and others; and I can say with truth has continually risen, the more freely and fearlessly I have examined the historical documents and witnesses of Christianity. Free *outward* search has been the aliment with me of deeper *inward* faith. The spirit of Christ having been once revealed to me, I feel it in itself so true, so real, so healing, that it can never go from me again, while I continue what I am. So that, to take the extremest of all cases, were the Scriptures to perish, or to prove (what I hold to be impossible) a mere legendary dream—in hope, in trust, in my view of God and my fellow-men, in earnest however often unavailing endeavour—I should still be a Christian. Now it is this *positive* element of Christian faith (reduced almost to *nihilism* by unfruitful word-

controversy), which we must strive to bring out clearly and strongly, and infuse into men's minds, as the only thing worth contending for—the only thing that can endure as a permanent and operative Christianity in the world; and we must try to make them see, that this *living* element—not the *caput mortuum* of old creeds—is more richly developed, is more freely evolved, and imbued with new force and vitality—not crushed, enfeebled and annihilated—by critical inquiry, in other words, by historical and philological science, honestly and reverently applied. Free inquiry is a *condition*, not a *principle*. It can never itself be the bond of a religious community, or the source of a religious life. Sought or rested in as an end, it can only lead to weakness and dissolution, and the strife of irresponsible self-will. We must exhibit therefore some positive vital principle, which free inquiry is properly used in more fully endeavouring to attain—some principle which will command and subdue the heart and the life, and unite men to each other in a bond of vital sympathy. I have written what to you will seem little better than truisms; but in these truisms is contained the problem which we have to work out in our little section of the Christian world—the possibility of uniting the freest and honestest criticism with the deepest, truest, most genuine religious life—the most vivid expression of the spirit of Christ himself. I believe no greater problem awaits the solution of good and religious men than this; and I further believe that there is no Christian church in the world which—from the

circumstances of its origin and its history, and its hereditary principles, and its inherent capabilities—is better fitted, did we understand the worth of our position, for working it out than our own. Happy shall we be if we can do anything in our day towards the accomplishment of so great a result. You know what my views and my wishes are with regard to our old Universities and our National Church; but everything convinces me that behind the very respectable party that shews itself on the front of public opinion, there is a heavy mass of dogged conservatism, which it will take years to overcome and transform; and that the necessity for a brave, earnest, self-consistent and learned Nonconformity has not yet ceased, and that it will probably last my time and yours. We shall only damage the ultimate result by exhibiting a willingness to keep back great principles, and to compromise matters prematurely. Every tendency to liberal views and a broad comprehension I would heartily welcome and encourage. The change we desire will not come the less soon, because we in the meanwhile stand firm by the noble principles of the old Dissent. I cannot but desire that we should throw ardour and enthusiasm into this work, in the feeling that we are endeavouring to emancipate and spiritualize the Church of our country. I know you sympathise with me in these views; but I cannot refrain from expressing to you the feelings with which I desire to throw myself into the work of the College and our little church next session, and how ardently I look to your sympathy, encouragement and co-operation.——

To Rev. Robert Crompton Jones.*

The Limes, January 14th, 1866.

—— I have long believed that true Poetry and true Religion flow from a kindred source, that hidden world of reality within the soul itself, which science with all its demonstrations can never reach, but where alone lies the unassailable basis of our holiest trusts and divinest consolations, and the ultimate, only complete, verification of Christianity itself.

Thank you personally for your contribution in this graceful form to the enforcement of so great a truth.

To Rev. W. H. Herford.

The Limes, January 23rd, 1866.

—— Before I proceed to answer the particular question you put to me, let me first say what a very great satisfaction it is to me to feel that I may now look on you as *virtually* the future Minister of Upper Brook Street.—In regard to such a congregation, I have much more hope from the steady, continuous, well-directed and judicious efforts of a thoroughly educated man, inspiring personal respect and confidence, acquiring social influence and position, and leaving, small it may be at first but, permanent results behind them year by year, than from the glib and flashy talk of some half educated man, who has got the common-places of Unitarianism at his fingers' ends, but has not

* In acknowledging, 'Poems of the Inner Life: Selected chiefly from modern Authors, 1866.'

the remotest idea of the solid and learned basis on which alone it can be defended at the present day, and who would undoubtedly be floored on his first serious encounter with any competent defender of orthodoxy either in the Church or out of it. Will you allow me to suggest a few things from my own past experience?

I would have a clear understanding with the Congregation from the first, that they must not expect more than *one* original composition on a Sunday; and would suggest that, in place of the ordinary dull second service, should be substituted something simpler, fresher, more elementary and more popular—specially adapted to the young and the less instructed—some introduction to, or exposition of, different books of Scripture—some statement of first principles of belief—or some brief outline of the History of the Christian Church in our own country, at the time of the Reformation, or in the first Ages. Preparations for such brief lectures would be both interesting and instructive to the Minister, and replenish instead of exhausting his mind, and very usefully compel him to give his professional reading a particular direction, and confine it for a time to one channel. Well up in his subject, he need not write more than a few brief notes, but might trust himself to extempore utterance at the moment.

You would begin a thing of this kind very advantageously now, for the public is better prepared for it; but even in my time I went through most of the books of the New Testament, and I believe the whole of the Prophets in this way, and the notes which I then made

I find serviceable to me now. You will in this way provide for the suitable religious instruction of the young and the poor, and institute a closer spiritual intercourse and sympathy with them. The religious training of the young is a productive nursery for the future Church. I should certainly make this a prime object, and from time to time, when you believe them prepared for it, I should select a certain number of the young people attending my lectures, and explaining to them the nature of the Christian Eucharist, invite them to partake of it—and then at some fixed term of the year, say Christmas or Easter, or Whitsuntide, introduce them with a special service to the Lord's Table. This would become in time, managed with correct feeling and good judgment, a sort of annual Church Festival, that would be looked forward to with interest through all the rest of the year. Our dry, rationalistic worship needs to have a little more of the living poetry of devotion infused into it.—So far from thinking it an evil, that you are engaged partially through the week with classes of general instruction, I think, if you do not overtask mind and body, that you will find it an advantage. It will extend and confirm your social influence, refresh your mind by presenting it with varied objects of interest, and keep it from being *drugged*, if I may be pardoned such an expression, with technical theology. It is sometimes forgotten that in poetry, history, and even in science, there is more religion, not indeed than in the Bible which is steeped in the intensest spirit of religion

throughout, but certainly than in the arid systems and thorny polemics of *mere theologians*—a class of men, I sometimes think, that have done more harm to religion, and more misrepresented true Christianity, than all the unbelievers put together. I had private classes from the beginning to the end of my career as a Minister, and always found the greatest interest in them; and many of the topics which I afterwards found most fruitful and effective for the pulpit, suggested themselves to me in the excitement of teaching. I always made a list of such subjects as they occurred to me.——

You have a most interesting future before you.—No one who understands what the work of a Christian Minister may be, and ought to be, in this age of growing light and freedom and charity, can have a nobler task confided to his hands. When I call to mind how many happy and active years I passed in the prime of life in the very sphere which you are about to fill, in the strength and vigour of life yet unconsumed before you, I feel almost inclined to envy you. But I am well aware that for such a task I am no longer fit. I have got into the evening of life, and the studious contemplative pursuits which befit life's evening must be my employment for the remainder of my days. But my interest in the work itself, and in those who undertake it, is as warm as ever.——

To Rev. Edmund Kell, *Southampton.*

The Limes, Hampstead, July 7th, 1866.

Let me thank you very sincerely for the papers on Archæological subjects which you have been kind enough to send me. All of them I have not yet been able to read; but I will not defer answering your kind letter any longer. I find that you are of the same opinion with regard to the origin of Stonehenge with Fergusson. I read at the time a controversy in the pages of the Athenæum between him and Sir John Lubbock on this subject. As one of the *uninitiated,* I thought Fergusson did not quite make his case good against his opponent. He seemed to me somewhat visionary and hypothetical. But if a Roman road can actually be *traced under* Stonehenge, of course the matter is settled, and there is no use in arguing any longer.

I wish I could give you any help in regard to the question of the manufacture of glass in Britain in Roman times. There seems to me no *a priori* improbability in the supposition, as the Romans seem to have brought all their luxuries and most advanced arts with them into the remotest provinces. I have an impression, that somewhere in Bede's Ecclesiastical History—though at this moment I cannot give the exact reference, and have not time just now to look for it—I have read an account of some Anglo-Saxon bishop importing *glass* from France for the adornment of a newly erected Church. In one of the earlier volumes

of the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, there are some very learned papers by Dr. Falkner on the manufacture of glass by the ancients.——

To Rev. J. Martineau.

The Limes, Hampstead, August 11th, 1866.

Mr. Samuel Sharpe came and drank tea with me last night, to talk over the matter of your candidateship for the Chair of Logic and Mental Philosophy in University College. He was the only one—or I believe nearly the only one—of our body present at the last meeting of the Council when your case came on for consideration. * * * But the final decision stands over to November.—He tells me, that the *Senate* strongly recommended you for the professorship above all the other candidates; that your appointment was negatived (*i. e. provisionally,* for the final decision has yet to come) by the *Council,* solely on the ground of your being a minister of religion, and that your very eminence in that capacity would make the college look Unitarian. He further said that the whole debate was most complimentary to you—adding in his own peculiar way, "I really felt proud of belonging to the same denomination with Mr. Martineau." When the question comes on again in November, he hopes there will be a rallying of all your friends on the occasion. In the meanwhile, he strongly recommends that nothing be said or done either by yourself or

by your friends in your name; above all, that you should not on this account withdraw your name from the competition—the more so, as no name comparable to your's was put forward. To use Mr. Sharpe's own strong language, he considers it "a simple case of injustice, to invent an objection on general grounds against an individual." As Mr. Sharpe was present at the meeting of the Council, I have thought it might interest you to know exactly what his impressions were. I believe I have given them faithfully. I know that Mr. Crabb Robinson, who was unfortunately but unavoidably absent, fully shares them. * * * I confess, I am not a little disgusted at the philosophical liberalism of the day, which prefers an absolutely *negative* position on the grandest of all themes, to earnestness of individual conviction and profession however broad and liberal. I cannot think of any thing worse for University College, or that would tend to sink it still lower as a *godless* College in future estimation—than this undisguised avowal, that all earnestness and honesty of religious profession is a disqualification for Academic usefulness. The bearing of this on the future action of University College seems to me most momentous. I would take exactly the same ground, in regard to a Jew, a Baptist, or a Swedenborgian, if I thought their fitness for a particular Chair was as unquestionable as yours. I thought the great principle of University College was that *all* religions should stand on an *equal* footing; that *none* should be considered a disqualification. But according to the new ground, they *are* a

disqualification till they are frozen down to *zero*. Anglicanism would probably be regarded by our philosophers as an exception, because in their scientific nomenclature it is already regarded as = *o*. An Atheist would probably with such men have a much better chance. I am sorry, my dear old friend, that you should again have to undergo any annoyance, or make any sacrifice of personal ease and tranquillity in the cause of right and freedom, for which you have long done so much—but this seems to me a vital crisis, and whatever the immediate issue may be, I am sure it ought to be fully and boldly encountered.

We should have left home before now, but have been detained by the lingering illness and subsequent death of my dear sister-in-law Mrs. Osler. I am to officiate at her funeral at Bath on Tuesday next, and on the evening of Wednesday I hope we shall start by way of Dover and Calais for Seelisberg above Lucerne.

To H. C. Robinson, Esq.

Engelberg, Canton Unterwalden, September 15th, 1866.

—— I do not know whether you ever visited Seelisberg. It is on the top of high, precipitous cliffs, overhanging that part of the Lake of the Four Cantons, which runs up from Brunnen into the Canton of Uri to Fluellen. The celebrated meadow of Grütli, which the Federal Government has recently purchased, as a

national property for ever, lies just below. There is a large hotel on the top furnished with all modern comforts and luxuries, including a Billiard room and a *Salon de Dames*. We thought we should enjoy more quiet and retirement at a smaller Pension further down, where we found ourselves very comfortable. A German artist, and his wife from Naples, were the only constant inmates beside ourselves. There is, as yet, no carriage road from the Lake to Seelisberg. You have to walk between two and three miles to reach the Pensions, along a winding and stony way, not at all dangerous nor very difficult, but what the French call *pénible*, especially in a warm sunshiny day, as we found to our cost more than once. The fresh air, the magnificent mountain views, and the delightful woodland walks in the neighbourhood were perfectly enchanting; and we were sorry when we left Seelisberg. Our host, M. Hauser, was a worthy substantial peasant of Uri, speaking an awful *patois*, and with all the simplicity of manners which once belonged universally to the Swiss, and which the importation of foreign ways and foreign costumes by tourists has still left unspoiled in a few instances.

You know Lord Wentworth, Lady Byron's grandson. He has rooms in the modest Pension that we inhabited, which he holds in perpetuity, and where he often spends his winters, in entire seclusion from the civilized world, accommodating himself to the manners and usages of the inhabitants, even wearing clothes, we were told, made in the district, and speaking their rude patois

to perfection. We were shewn his apartments, which were in another part of the house from that which we occupied. He has a piano and a collection of elegant and learned books up in these mountains and among these simple peasants, who look on him with a sort of wonder as an "English Lord." He is, however, liked and respected. An old woman tried to convert him to the Catholic faith, but he was inaccessible to her addresses. To complete his other eccentricities, he has purchased a "Gut" on the Seelisberg, most picturesquely situated, which we visited. It sustains twelve cows, besides some goats, and yields an excellent crop of hay. What income he derives from this estate I am unable to say. Our former worthy host, Hauser, is his *Verwalter* or Steward. Is not this eccentric? In his rooms we saw a finely executed design of his coat of arms, and a portrait of his very handsome grandfather, Lord King.——

To Rev. J. Kenrick.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Oct. 21st, 1866.

Your letter duly reached me in Switzerland. It was forwarded from Engelberg to Meyringen, where I got it. I am greatly obliged by your compliance with my request. I am now submitting my MS.* to a care-

* 'An Attempt to ascertain the Character of the Fourth Gospel; especially in its relation to the Three First. Williams and Norgate, 1867.' A second edition appeared in 1870, the year after his death.

ful revision before putting it into the hands of the publisher, which, I trust, will be in the course of next week.

We had proposed to cross the Joch pass from Engelberg to Imhof in the valley of Oberhasli. But the weather was so unfavourable—constant mist and a heavy fall of snow, that we were obliged to change our plan, and take the less adventurous though more circuitous pass of the Brunig, which a capital high road now traverses. We staid about a week at Imhof. You may perhaps remember it. It is just beyond the Kirchet, which forms a kind of natural dam across the valley of Oberhasli, as you ascend from Meyringen to the Handeck and the Grimsel. The Kirchet, which would seem to have formed the natural boundary of some vast lake, is pierced by the Aar on one side, where it rushes through a remarkably narrow and dark *Schlucht*. While we were at Imhof we had an opportunity of remarking the effects of the *Föhn*, a warm wind, a kind of *sirocco*, blowing from the East. It raged a perfect hurricane for several days, and was painfully close and relaxing in its influence, notwithstanding its violence, on the body. The snow, which had previously fallen very copiously, and came half way down the sides of the mountains, disappeared in one night. The consequence was an astonishingly rapid increase in the waters of the Aar. One night I was a little alarmed. I got up, and saw the peasants all astir. The waters had got above their artificially raised banks, and were already in one place within fifty or sixty feet of the Hotel. The *Sturmglocke* was ringing to alarm the

inhabitants of the upper part of the valley to look to the dykes, the breaking through of which might have converted the lower part into a shallow lake. Everything, however, passed over without danger, and the waters fell as rapidly as they had risen. Other parts of Switzerland had been more seriously visited by the Föhn, which this year raged more violently than had been known for many years. Some weeks afterwards, in the neighbourhood of Lucerne, we saw large pine trees that had been torn up by their roots; and in the valley of the Reuss, going down to Altorf, we observed that the walnut trees had been nearly stripped of leaves and fruit. We concluded our summer excursion with a little tour among the mountains. We visited the falls of the Aar at Handeck and crossed the Grimsel to the glacier of the Rhone, where there is now a capital Hotel, thence down Le Valais to Viesch. From Viesch we ascended the Eggischhorn, just below the summit of which there is also a very good Hotel. I reached the summit myself, but H. E. was seized with giddiness and sickness, which made it not desirable for her to proceed further; so I left her for about half an hour in the charge of a most attentive and intelligent guide, for there was no danger. The summit is 9000 feet above the sea, and commands a magnificent panorama of snow-peaks, including a view of the Aletsch-gletscher which sweeps down in three separate streams from the Jungfrau. The weather was glorious; altogether it was the most sublime and solemn scene I ever beheld, but almost overpowering. I must confess, I felt a kind of

relief to get down once more to orchards and cottages and cultured fields, and the warm living presence of humanity. I cannot say I share in the Alpine *furor*, *Alpenreiz* I believe the Germans call it, which rages so widely at present. * * *

We have begun our session very well—four new divinity students. * * * The purport of the motion which I submitted to the special committee on Monday last was to substitute "Free Christian" for Unitarian in the title of the British and Foreign Association, reserving for special Unitarian objects the funds which had been transmitted with that view. Had it been carried, I think all that both parties desire might have been accomplished without the formation of a new Society, the effect of which in its relation to the old I much fear. I confess I had never much expectation of carrying it; but I wished by some decisive vote to determine precisely the relation in which the two parties stood towards each, and to ascertain by a crucial test whether the British and Foreign Association was a doctrinal and propagandist Society, or could be put on a basis sufficiently broad to justify it in becoming representative. But I soon found from the feeling manifested, that there was no chance of carrying it with any approach to unanimity, and that to have persisted in pressing it would only have produced wider dissension. I therefore withdrew it in favour of a series of propositions moved by Mr. Thom, recommending that the British and Foreign Unitarian Association should be kept to its original objects, and that another

Society* on a broader basis should be formed beside it.——

To Rev. W. Herford.

Upper College Street, Nottingham, Dec. 31*st*, 1866.

I don't know that I ever experienced a sorer disappointment, than in finding myself compelled to give up this year my great annual pleasure of seeing my Manchester friends, and preaching once more in dear old Brook Street pulpit.—For the first time in my life, I have suffered from a rather sharp attack of asthma. * * *

Accept, my dear Sir, my very best wishes for you and your flock during the year which is coming. May every blessing attend your earnest and faithful labours for the spiritual good of your people. Do not be too impatient for overt results. I have been consoling myself during the hours that I have been obliged to lie in bed, with reading some of Fenelon's Letters and Reflections. I have been struck with the profound piety of his constant remark: 'All depends on entire self-surrender to God—and then waiting *quietly* and *silently* for such result as He shall see fit to send. All that concerns us, is our *personal fidelity*. Conscious of that, we may leave every thing else with perfect trust to Him.'

* 'The Free Christian Union,' formed June 26, 1868. It survives in a volume of Essays and Proceedings, to which Mr. Tayler contributed 'A Catholic Christian Church, the Want of our Time;' and 'Christianity: What is it? and what has it done?'

You see, my dear Sir, how the preacher will *out*. I am indemnifying myself in part for the loss of Upper Brook Street pulpit, by getting a *homily* into a corner of my letter to you.——

To Mrs. Thode, *Dresden*.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Jan. 6th, 1867.

I ought this day to have been preaching in dear old Brook Street pulpit—according to my invariable wont, ever since I came to London, now more than thirteen years ago, of saying a few words from the heart to the flock with which I was so long happily connected—on the first day of the New Year. But a somewhat sharp attack of spasmodic asthma and bronchitis, which seized me at Nottingham on my way to Manchester, compelled me to return home, and put myself in the hands of my medical man. I am gradually recovering; and as my doctor assures me, there is nothing organically wrong, I hope I shall be able, by care and prudence, to keep myself well and active for the allotted remnant of my days. One does not learn to be old all at once. This transient illness will explain, why I have not earlier written to assure you of my affectionate share in my daughter's sympathy with you on the loss of your excellent husband. Believe me, I enter deeply into your sorrow; but I also know, that you have access to those fountains of consolation, which do not change with the changes of

this evanescent life, but are ever open and flowing and all-effectual. My yearly visits to Manchester are a constant warning to me, what short-lived beings we are, and how little there is of permanency in the things of this world. Yearly I find my old circle of Manchester acquaintance more and more narrow; and as I look down from my old pulpit in Upper Brook Street, I discern new faces taking the places of those with which I was once so familiar, and with which so many pleasant associations were connected. To this day I have a most vivid image of you and your good husband sitting together in a pew just under the pulpit to my left. His grave and earnest look is still deeply impressed on me. Had I been, as usual, in Upper Brook Street this Christmas—his departure to another world would have made me think of that. Your husband always struck me as what I should call a *serious* man—not expending sentiment in fine words, but silently and within strongly impressed by the great realities of this mysterious world in which we are placed. His Christianity seemed to me to consist more in right and beneficent action, than in religious talk; and perhaps this reserve in his temper may have given some persons, who only saw him from the outside, an erroneous impression of his real sentiments and deep inward conviction. But he has now gone to that world, where all false appearances will be dispelled, and nothing but reality will keep its ground. What a comfort it is, when the shadows of life gather over us, to possess a simple and cheerful religious faith, such as

authorizes us to believe, that the God who rules over us and disposes of our lot, is truly a Father, the Infinite Wisdom and the Infinite Love, who accepts the sincere devotedness of our hearts and lives in place of that perfect obedience which none can render—and that all the discipline of sorrow, trial, temptation and disappointment which we must all pass through on our journey to the grave—is to the faithful and earnest only the needful schooling to prepare our immortal souls for a higher state of being! The veil of Death now separates you and your lamented husband; but you are still members alike of the deathless family of God; and you have doubtless both experienced by this time, you on one side of that mysterious veil and he on the other—how true is that simple faith, how all-sufficing for the deepest wants of the human soul.——

To F. W. Newman.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, February 18th, 1867.

* * * We have just lost, at the advanced age of ninety-two, a very kind old friend, whom I think you knew, Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson. He was a man of vigorous powers and most benevolent heart, and exceedingly well read in all the modern literatures. We shall miss him much in our circle of acquaintance; for his house was a centre where men of the most opposite opinions in religion and politics met in friendly intercourse. His small dinner parties were the most agreeable I ever attended. It is surprising how the old man kept

up an interest in all that was going on to the last. He was greatly annoyed at the rejection of Martineau from the vacant chair in University College; and even spoke on the subject at one of the recent meetings of the Council. On this last subject—much as I regret the final decision—I still think the strong expression of public opinion which has been elicited, will not be without its effect on the future action of the College; and I confess I agree with those who think that no benefit is likely now to arise from the further agitation of the question. I am old enough to remember the origination of the project for founding the University of London; and I recal as if of yesterday the sanguine enthusiasm with which I hailed the prospect of a future union of free thought and unsectarian Catholicity with thorough scholarship and profound science. I confess my experience of the result has been one of successive disappointments. The College has not become, as was hoped, a school of the highest learning and science. The highest ends of liberal and noble culture—such as a true Academic Institution should ever aim at—have not been adequately realized. The class for whose special benefit it was designed, have not shewn that they fully appreciated the advantage of such culture; and my present feeling strongly is, that when our Old Universities have well purged themselves of the last remnants of ecclesiastical narrowness, they will become more than ever the highest seats of national education —the richest fountains of our highest mind; so that, had I still a son to educate, I should prefer sending

him even now to Oxford or Cambridge, to confining him to University College and the University of London —and that not for culture and refining influence alone, but even for the large-hearted and Catholic tendencies of the best kind that would be infused into his nature. I do not believe it was religious bigotry, but philosophical exclusiveness which defeated Martineau's claims. The objection was not against any particular religion, but against expression of religion at all in a philosophical chair. This is the penalty, as I have always said, which the popular theology is now paying for its own narrowness and hostility to science. It has raised up a philosophical opposition as narrow and intolerant as itself. But the age teems with prognostics of the advent of a more catholic and spiritual tone of mind. Have you seen a remarkable paper by Lord Amberley in the Fortnightly Review, in which he proposes a scheme of Church enlargement, which would take into its ministry such men as Theodore Parker, Emerson, and yourself? It is a good sign when men of this class apply themselves earnestly to such subjects. The Duke of Argyll in his recent work on the 'Realm of Law' furnishes another example of the kind. I believe that Gladstone too is a sincerely religious man; and to this cause I ascribe the moral elevation and noble enthusiasm of his policy. His High-Churchmanship does not annoy me. For religion with him seems a *reality*, and wherever it is so, a man of sense and culture can never go far wrong. I sympathize heartily, dear friend, in all your generous hopes for the human

race. But some things distress and alarm me. I do not like to see France and Germany gathering together such enormous masses of military force. What may be the ultimate bearing of Prussia's ascendancy on Liberty I do not yet clearly see. For our own country, its vast material prosperity alarms me. Intense poverty keeps pace with it; and the feverish lust of wealth and high place which pervades all classes, corrupts our commercial morality, and is subverting the ancient simplicity and probity of the manners of our middle class. But I will not croak—but with you live in hope.——

To Rev. J. Martineau.

Frankfurter Hof, Kronberg, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, September 8th, 1867.

H.'s letter to Mrs. Martineau will have made you acquainted with the change that we have been obliged to make in the direction of our Autumnal tour. Some weeks before I left home I was troubled with a return of shortness of breathing and a troublesome cough (indeed I had never felt perfectly right since the sharp attack last Christmas); so that, with the advice of Dr. Kirby, I gave up (very unwillingly) my purpose of immediately visiting Holland,* and determined to

* Mr. Tayler afterwards visited Belgium and Holland in this year, and published in the Theological Review for January 1868, "A few Notes on the Religious Condition of Belgium and Holland; and especially on the Church and Seminary of the Remonstrants at Amsterdam."—"One

try the effects of pure mountain air. Some part of Switzerland was the point we ultimately aimed at; but partly from the strange weather we had during our first week of absence from home, burning sunshine with cold blighting wind in the shade, and partly

of my principal objects," he says, "in visiting Holland was to obtain some more exact information about the Seminary of the Remonstrants in Amsterdam, which I had reason to believe, from indications that had occasionally come across me, was based on the same principle as our own Institution of Manchester New College—requiring, that is to say, no subscription to any confession of faith, but leaving the Scriptures and the whole field of theology quite open to the free, unbiassed search of the student. In this expectation I was not deceived. From Professor Tideman, the present learned head of the Seminary, I received the kindest attention and all the information for which I asked."—"One of the first cares of Episcopius and his companions in exile, on returning to their native country in 1626, was to found a Theological Seminary in connection with the Remonstrant Church.—Some distinguished men, among them G. J. Vossius, favoured the design. Its completion was hindered by the still subsisting hope, that the schism with the Mother Church might yet be healed, and the necessity for a separate Academic Institution be superseded. At length, in 1634, the Seminary of the Remonstrants was opened in the house of Episcopius, who became its first recognized teacher and head. From that time to the present a succession of eminent men have adorned the Remonstrant Seminary, who scattered the seeds of liberal thought throughout Europe—Curcellæus, Limborch, Cattenburgh, Le Clerc, Wetstein, Wyttenbach. Reviewing the services of these great men, Spittler did not hesitate to declare that Germany owed the best part of her theological freedom and intelligence to this Arminian school; and Schleiermacher confirmed his testimony.'"—"The Remonstrants at first, in conformity with the ideas of Episcopius, deemed a confession of faith not necessary, yet not unlawful nor always mischievous; but warned by the sad experience of other Churches, they at length repudiated it altogether, considering that no man was justified in laying down a rule for posterity; so that the only terms which they prescribed to the General Synod to guide their choice of a man to preside over the Seminary, were these: 'To take care that the instruction of our youth be committed to a learned and pious man.'"

from the necessity we were under of sleeping in hot close hotels at Calais, Bonn and Frankfort—by the time I reached the latter place I felt myself so unwell, with all the symptoms of an approaching attack, that the spirit of enterprize completely failed, and I shrank with a sort of inward foreboding from the idea of a distant and protracted journey; and I resolved to try the effect of this place, situated on the slope of the Taunus, and commanding a fine view of the vast plain in which Frankfort is situated, with the beautiful outline of the Odenwald in the horizon. Two of my sisters were here some years ago and spoke favourably of the place. For me the experiment has proved eminently successful. Every day I have improved; my cough has left me; my breathing is again comfortable; and I feel myself as well as I have done for years past. The air is here remarkably sweet and pure; and the whole region of the Taunus (which we shall have pretty well explored before we return) without being grand or striking, exceedingly beautiful—vast forests clothing the hills to their tops, with green secluded valleys winding in amongst them, peopled by a simple and primitive race, as yet unaffected by the incursions of tourists, and inhabiting old-fashioned, picturesque villages on the banks of a stream with the never-failing mill and church—making a *tout ensemble* which is completely German, unlike anything I have seen in France, or Switzerland, or England. It is the region too of mediæval tradition. Every hill is crowned with the ruins of some old knightly fortress, to which

some legend or other is attached. The family (long extinct) which once occupied Kronberg had a deadly feud with the Frankforters; and the burghers of the free town, and the followers of the knights of Kronberg fought many a battle in the plain, in which the latter were sometimes victorious. A curious old picture representing one of these encounters, to the glory of the Kronbergers, is still shewn in a room adjoining the ruinous *Rittersaal* of the Castle. I am so well here, and daily make such improvement, that I think I shall leave well alone, and not move till I turn my face homewards towards the end of the month. We are in very clean, airy, and comfortable rooms, and have only to cross the road to the Hotel opposite for our meals. It is not remarkably cheap here; for though there are scarcely any English visitors, English prices are beginning to rule everywhere.—I find the life rather slow here, though I greatly enjoy our walks and rides, and the sense of improving health is very delightful. I have made few acquaintance here yet, except with some ladies from Frankfort, who know some German friends of ours in England.—I like the society of cultivated women exceedingly, but I hope the shade of my old friend, Mrs. Reid, will forgive me when I say, that the absence of the *male* element, if long continued, is *felt*. I have tolerable resources in some amusing books which we brought with us. I have left all *hard* books at home, with the exception of the Satires of Persius (hard enough, God knows, to stand in the place of two or three ordinarily difficult books),

and as I have neither commentary nor dictionary, to get through them, as I have in the main done, has been rather a tough task. I had not read them for years. I have taken a portion of them as a tonic every morning after breakfast, when the head is clear and the digestion is good. With all their crabbedness they are worth reading. I have also been reading a French roman, "Le Maudit," by an Abbé who does not give his name. It is a curious, and I have no doubt in the main a faithful picture, of the state of religious opinion among some portion of the secular Catholic priesthood in France, and of the intense hatred and suspicion (fully justified, if what is intimated only approach the truth) entertained by the great body of the Catholics towards the Jesuits. Reading this book has again and again made me feel, how little we are conscious of the immensity of the religious revolution in which we are involved, and by which, without being aware of it, we are all irresistibly swept along. The style of the book does not please me. It is sentimental and sensational—abounding in *coups de theâtre*—and reminding one too often of what is to my taste so repulsive in the exaggerated descriptions of Rénan. Though touching on themes far less grave and interesting, and not attempting anything beyond a picture of Spanish life and manners at the beginning of the last century, I find the narrative of Le Sage—some of whose works I brought along with me—far more healthy, simple, and natural. He keeps to the level of common sense and good taste. I have no doubt it is very old fashioned to make such a confession. * * *

We had a shock in passing through Bonn. We called, as usual, at the house of our old and venerated friend, Professor Brandis, and found from the servant that he had been dead four weeks. We afterwards saw his niece, who still lives in the house, and we learned from her the particulars. It was a gradual decay. Since then I have seen in the papers that Professor Mittermeier, an enlightened and benevolent Catholic jurist, and Rothe, whose name and works are familiar to you —both of whom I had known some years ago at Heidelberg, where they were the ornaments of the University—are gone to their final rest. Faraday, too, I learn, is no more. Such events do not indeed sadden the aspect of life, but they make it look grave and serious; and they warn a man, like myself, who has already completed his seventieth year, to gather up and finish what he has yet on hand, and enter on nothing new, on nothing at least which is not a natural development of what he has already begun. The familiar words of Horace again and again come into my mind: "Vitæ summa brevis—Spem nos vetat inchoare longam." To work with you, dear friend, during the remnant of my days of health and strength in the promotion of all that is noble, liberal, and just, and to retain to the last the affection and regard of such dear old friends of early life as Mr. and Mrs. Darbishire and their children, and your own happy and virtuous family, will be one of the best consolations and supports of advancing years. May it still be preserved to me some time longer!

To Rev. J. P. Estlin Carpenter.

The Limes, Oct. 12*th*, 1867.

Though I have been often looked upon as rather an extreme heretic, my real tendencies in regard to Church life are deeply conservative; and I have ever regarded the two great ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper as essential constituents of the Christian Church, and as possessing in themselves an intrinsic beauty and significance. The bane of the popular Protestantism has been its greedy seeking for some positive *literal* injunction as the basis of its discipline and worship. The New Testament is the *certificate*, if I may so call it, from the apostolic age, of the historical introduction of the living spirit of Christ into the world; and unless we allow this spirit a continuous development, according to the changing necessities of time and place, under the religious *tradition* of the most Christian minds, we shall be sure to stereotype our faith into a rigid, unmeaning form, and be unable to preserve Christianity, as what it is and what it was intended to be—*a spirit and a life*. Even Unitarian congregations are still suffering from the cramping influences of the old Protestant verbalism, which breeds scrupulousness and aridity; and till we can supersede this by a more enlightened and spiritual theology, we shall have difficulty in breathing that life and reality into our religious services, which we all so much desire. In the meantime all Christians, whatever their *Christology*, recognize Jesus of Nazareth as a historical reality,

whose person and work are the source from which a new moral and spiritual life has flowed through the world; and the Lord's Supper, as I conceive and feel it, is a most touching and beautiful commemorative service, by which we renew and strengthen the sense of spiritual communion with him, now perfected and glorified in the invisible world, who stands before us in the blended light of Scripture and Tradition, as the ideal of religious humanity. Ordinary services and sermons distribute the application of our principles to the claims and needs of our daily life, and in the ardour of applying them we may perhaps for the moment lose sight of the fountain from which they have flowed down to us; but in the Lord's Supper we go back to the Source itself, to renovate and invigorate our faith by the fresh inspiration which it yields, and to make us feel more clearly and strongly than perhaps it is possible for us in the actual business of the world—that the highest aim of our being is to be one with Christ as Christ is one with God.

I think, if this view were earnestly enforced, it might tend to remove some of the hindrances that now exist to a more frequent and earnest attendance on this very beautiful rite; but the full appreciation of this view must come with the diffusion of a broader and more genial theology, and a more cordial admission of the grand doctrine on which the very preservation of Christianity seems to me to depend—that the Spirit of God acts as directly now on every human soul that earnestly seeks it in faith and prayer, as it did in the

days of Christ and his apostles—that ours will still be found an age of *open vision* to all, the eyes of whose hearts are spiritually enlightened. Under these preliminary conditions, I think great benefit might result from adopting your suggestion of making the Service more simple and popular—substituting it, or at least the address preceding it (which in the ordinary mode of administration I have sometimes felt too long and formal) in place of the sermon—embellishing it with a careful selection of the most beautiful hymns and touching melodies—giving the people some more active share in it, and making it more entirely what it ought to be—the joint fraternal commemoration of a great spiritual blessing. You will of course not overlook the training of the more advanced classes of your Catechumens, with a special view to their participation in this service—so that their first celebration of it may become a sort of welcome and initiation of them into the Christian Church. Persistence in this practice year after year will healthily feed the Church, and surround the Lord's Table with more numerous and earnest communicants. I am not quite sure whether we do not celebrate this service rather too often. Too constant recurrence deprives it of its impressiveness. If it could be associated with the great festivals of the Christian year—Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide—or with the recurrence of the seasons of the natural year—such a change might possibly infuse into it a new interest and significance. The great object of its celebration—as indeed of all religious services, but espe-

cially of this—is to connect the dull, sensuous, worldly life that we here lead in the flesh, with that higher and invisible life which is hid with Christ in God. Might it not also be a quickening of the zeal and love of neighbouring churches, if they occasionally met to celebrate the commemorative feast together? Of course in all new movements, however needful, and deeply religious in their tendency, there is occasion for judgment, and what I may call fine spiritual *tact*. But if we shrink from all change and innovation, through over-prudence, we shall do nothing, and the life of God will be blighted by the timidity and faithlessness of man.

To Mrs. Rathbone, *Greenbank, Liverpool.*

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Feb. 16th, 1868.

It is now, I believe, many years since I wrote you a letter; and the circumstances* under which I now take up my pen, forcibly carry back my thoughts to times long past, and awaken recollections very pleasant and very dear, in which yourself and your excellent husband and your venerated parents†—parents as they almost were by kindness and affection to me, as by nature to yourself—have no small share. In looking back on that long past, what a transient dream it now seems! More than half a century, when once gone, is but as 'a watch in the night.' And yet it is no dream. It has yielded realities in the interchange of kindly sympathies and intelligent thought, in the strengthen-

* The death of Mr. Rathbone, Feb. 1, 1868, aged 81.

† Mr. and Mrs. Greg of Quarry Bank, the parents of Robert Hyde Greg.

ing of common good purposes and noble sentiments, and in the increasing value which it has set on the actions and aims of good men—which I feel assured can never perish, but must constitute, through the transforming change of death, the precious material of some higher state of existence. And is not this spiritual fruit which we gather from a long experience, the most valuable product of life—the one thing that endures, when every thing else passes away? Every good man's exit from this life seems to me to open a momentary glimpse into the mysterious world beyond. There is an instinctive, irrepressible faith of the soul on such occasions, which is to me more conclusive, as a more direct witness of the spirit of God within, than all the poor reasonings of divines and philosophers falling so infinitely below the grandeur of the argument which their puny logic attempts to sustain, and which the equally puny logic of their adversaries endeavours in vain to overthrow. Till you destroy the soul itself, I am more and more persuaded the longer I live, you cannot destroy the vital trusts of religion.—This is my great consolation and support, which at our time of life we require every year more and more—when such dear and venerated friends as your excellent husband are taken from us.—I cannot tell you, my dear Mrs. Rathbone, what a comfort it is to me to reflect, that so lately as last Christmas, I saw my venerable friend once more, and felt the friendly grasp of his hand, and saw the familiar smile lighten his benevolent countenance.—Death brings one privilege

with it; that it permits us to speak the simple truth without the suspicion of insincerity; and it is a relief to my own mind, to say outright, that a better and nobler-minded man, one that had more reverence for truth and right, and a more steadfast friend—I never knew. Well, he is gone—the last of a race of worthies, who fought disinterestedly for justice and freedom, when the world was yet against them. He is gone, and has left another vacancy in, to us, a thinning world. While I continue here, I hope I shall ever, like my lamented friend, keep up a warm interest in the living world around me; for I believe that is the best preparation for the world to which we are bound. —Yet, as I advance towards my journey's end, I cannot help associating with the unseen world almost more of a *home* feeling than with that in which I actually live. *There* are those to whom my earliest memories attach, and on whom my tenderest affections dwell. And curiously enough, it is my experience of growing years, that long vanished scenes and personages seem to rise out of the past with a renewed distinctness and vitality as the shadows of evening gather round our descending way.—But such thoughts are only for our chosen moments, not meant for the daily food of thought;—we have living affection to cultivate, and living relations to fill, and remaining duties to discharge. I rejoice to think, my dear friend, that you are immediately surrounded by your children and grandchildren, and that in their love and sympathy you will find the best solace and compensation for

what you have lost. I and my sole surviving child have much to be thankful for in the kind and valuable friendships which remain to us from former years, and in those which have gathered round our later home. —May peace and rest be our lot, till we are summoned to join those who have gone before! My daughter joins in every kind wish and expression of sympathy, with, my dear Mrs. Rathbone, your very affectionate friend, J. J. T.

To Rev. John Kenrick.

Nottingham, April 14th, 1868.

A week of rest during our Easter vacation affords me an opportunity of discharging a debt, which I have felt I long owed you. Our session thus far, with one exception which I shall presently mention, has been quietly and uniformly satisfactory. Our students, with no striking evidence of genius or high intellectual mark, are attentive and industrious, and on the whole fair and respectable scholars—all, however, I am pleased to add, giving unmistakeable signs of religious earnestness and warm interest in their future vocation. * * *

We have had one sad disappointment. I remember you were much pleased at our last examination with the appearance and performances of Uzoni, a student from Transylvania. He was indeed a young man of fine talent and great promise, which we hope may yet bear fruit. But about six weeks ago, he was seized with an extreme mental depression, accompanied by

constant sleeplessness, which completely unhinged him, and made it necessary for him to give up his studies. It arose, I believe, from bodily causes, and was not occasioned by over-work of the head. We took him twice to see Dr. Jenner, who carefully examined his case, and said he saw no reason to apprehend anything serious; but recommended immediate change of air and scene and a return to his native country. He left London early last week, and is now, I trust safely pursuing his journey homeward.

Mr. Martineau and myself, as professors in Manchester New College, have received a very cordial invitation from three of the professors at Clausenburg, to attend the approaching Tercentenary of the Unitarian Church in Transylvania. Martineau will not be able to accept the invitation, being otherwise disposed of for the summer; but for myself I have written to say, that if I live and be well, and find my health and strength equal to the undertaking—I shall have much pleasure in being present on this interesting occasion. H. will of course accompany me. The British and Foreign Unitarian Association have intimated to me through Mr. Aspland, their wish that I would represent them, and be the bearer of their good wishes and congratulations on the occasion; and I have expressed my willingness to do so. If I am able to execute this journey, it will be fraught with abundant interest and instruction of a kind to me altogether new. It will probably be the last very distant journey I shall ever be able to take again—as I have already completed my

seventieth year, and must henceforth seek rest rather than excitement in my vacations.

The meeting at Sion College, at which I was present, is now matter of history, and has already spent most of the interest it excited—being absorbed by questions of graver character. You have probably read Dean Stanley's address. It handles the question historically, and from a practical English point of view, and does not pretend to furnish an exhaustive and philosophical analysis of the complicated problem involved in the relations of Church and State. But it is impossible to read it, without a profound admiration of the manly courage, the high-minded independence of thought, and the broad, loving, catholic spirit, which breathe through every line of it. I trust the lengthened discussions which must accompany the gradual disendowment of the Anglican Church in Ireland, may help to bring some clearer and juster principles into view. I confess that the Voluntary Principle, *pure and simple,* into which a large majority seem now disposed madly to rush—does not appear to me so complete a solution of this question as many seem to think, and as I myself once thought. The contrast which the last few years have forced on the mind, between the spirit of the clergy of nearly all denominations and those under the dominion of the clergy, and the calm dispassionate wisdom of our civil courts—has given me a turn in favour of the moderate and well-balanced Erastianism which was represented in our earlier history by such men as Hooker, Selden,

and Lightfoot. At least, I think an element of truth lies in this quarter, which ought to be more thoroughly studied. Considering the enormous amount of priestly pretension and of theological ignorance and bigotry which now prevails—I dread the entire suspension of all control over religious, or rather ecclesiastical, bodies by the civil power. Plain justice requires that all such bodies should be placed on a footing of perfectly legal equality. But to hand over the Catholics to the absolute disposal of their priesthood, without any power of interposition on the part of the State—seems to me a course fraught with peril and alarm.

To F. W. Newman, Esq.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, July 1st, 1868.

Let me thank you for your kind letter. Your letters are always welcome to me; for underneath the differences of opinion which lie on the surface, I always find a vein of deep sympathy in things grand and fundamental, which is truly refreshing amidst the hollowness and conventionality of the world. I should not have replied so soon, but that, as I am about to be present by invitation at the Tercentenary of the oldest Unitarian community in Europe, at Thorda in Transylvania, towards the end of August, and shall have to pass through Buda-Pesth—I thought it possible you might have something to send to your friend, Mr. Pulsky, of which, if it should be any con-

venience to you, I shall be very glad to be the bearer. As we mean to travel slowly and see some places of interest by the way, I shall leave home the last week in July, accompanied by my daughter. Anything you may entrust to me before that time, I will take great care of.

I believe I come through my Christianity to very much the same Theism at bottom which you yourself entertain—involving the same feelings of filial trust and reverence towards the great Father of the Universe, and the same sublime and consolatory hope as to the ultimate destiny of the human soul. But to me and, I believe, to a great majority of men there is an unspeakable strengthening and support in the contemplation of our humanity in its highest communings with God historically realised in a personality like that of Christ, apart from which concrete embodiment those elements of eternal truth, which I agree with you we derive from Plato and the Hebrew prophets, might have evaporated in vague and dreamy speculation. Men needed something personal to draw their reverence and sympathy to a point. Amidst the frightful conflict of dogma and fanaticism—the spirit of love and holiness and self-sacrifice, which is essentially the spirit of Christ, has ever remained as the *one constant* of his religion.—I write thus much, simply to express my own mind, not to change yours. Each individual faith must rest on its own foundations. In the clearer light which awaits us, we shall both perhaps be made to see the mutual mis-

apprehension, which is the source of our present divergency.

I confess I have no faith in Louis Napoleon. I believe he is incapable of large and generous ideas. He is actuated solely by dynastic objects. He is at present the great menacer of European peace, and the cause of those enormous armaments which are the scandal of our age. Who is going to attack France? Not Prussia, not Austria, not England. There is not the shadow of a reason for maintaining his immense army. He must do something showy, and wants to wipe off the disgrace of having been outwitted by Bismarck. In Germany I am persuaded *German* feeling is far deeper and stronger than either *Prussian* or *Austrian;* and were she threatened, whether on the East by Russia or on the West by France—I believe the result would be, such a merging of all present differences in one common German sympathy as would tend to the complete and final consolidation of that great Nationality.

To Rev. J. Martineau.

Muggendorf, near Baireuth in the Franconian Switzerland, Aug. 9th, 1868.

It is scarce a month since we parted; yet so many things have occurred in the interval that it seems to me more like half a year. Soon after you left London, we went down for a week's quiet and refreshment to Arundel, a dull, old-world sort of place —rendered chiefly attractive by opportunities for

boating on the Arun—the "wild Arun" of Collins, and the vicinity of a grand old park, something like an ancient forest, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk. * * *

We left London on the 30th of June, proceeding by Brussels, Cologne, Coblentz, and Heidelberg. * * * During the first part of our journey we had some most magnificent sunsets; and there was a superb full moon while we were at Heidelberg, which we saw rise in unclouded glory over the wooded hill behind Heidelberg, and then steep in its fresh cool beams the grand old masses of the Castle.

We came hither through Würtzburg and Bamberg, for the sake of a few days' rustication, before proceeding to the more exciting scenes of Vienna, Buda-Pesth and Klausenburg. The Frankische Schweitz is an elevated table-land, regarded, I believe, by geologists as a prolongation of the Jura, with huge limestone cliffs, intermingled with Dolomite, shooting up in the boldest and most grotesque forms on each side of the valleys, and abounding in the natural fissures and chasms which are peculiar everywhere to this formation. In some of these cavities are immense deposits of fossilized bones, belonging to a former world, which have been examined and described by Buckland and Lyell. Some of these we have already seen and the rest, or the principal of them, we must *do*, before we leave. In my present mood, which inclines rather to reflection than to observation (especially under such burning skies) the delicious verdure of the meadows, kept fresh by constant irrigation, and the soft flow of the Wiesent winding in endless mean-

ders between banks clothed with herbage to the very brim—have far more attraction than sight-seeing, or even, had I knowledge enough for it—geological exploration. The country is beautiful and romantic, without being Alpine—and in its general aspect reminded us of some parts of Derbyshire. It is well worth a short visit; but it is absurd to call it Switzerland in any sense. We are here very comfortably and economically lodged in the *Kur-haus*, where everything is perfectly clean and wholesome. The *Gesellschaft* is quite unpretentious and genuinely German, but rather *bürgerlich* than *vornehm*. We have some pleasant intercourse, however, with an American lady accompanied by an intelligent youth, from the neighbourhood of Boston, and with a Protestant clergyman and his wife from Bremen. I felt strongly at Heidelberg, how rapidly this world thins of those in whom we take the deepest interest—to men who have reached my time of life. The three men who were the glory of Heidelberg when we were staying there twelve years ago, and with whom I had much pleasant intercourse —Schlosser, Rothe, Bunsen—are all now gathered to their final rest. I found however Professor Weber (who is still at the head of the Real-Schule) with his wife and daughter, and aged mother-in-law (Mr. Schunck's sister) yet hearty and well. Weber's son-in-law, Holtzmann, is now a professor of Theology in the University, and is completing Bunsen's Bibel-werk from the materials left behind him. I understand from Professor Weber that there is a new biography of Bunsen preparing at Berlin, which is intended to em-

brace a more particular investigation of his political and theological position. If this shall be fairly and candidly done there is certainly room for such a work. While we were at Arundel, I ran through Madame Bunsen's two volumes. Her part of the work is delicately and gracefully done; but she could not well go into political and theological details, though she has once or twice with characteristic firmness, though with great modesty, expressed her dissent from her husband's judgment. When I saw them together some years ago at Heidelberg, it struck me that she had a superior judgment to her husband, gifted as he was. The insight which she gives into Bunsen's private and domestic life, is very beautiful. He was a truly good and noble-minded man. I came away from her work with a higher estimate than I had before of the qualities of his heart—of his moral and religious excellencies; but with, I think, a somewhat lower opinion of what he had actually done, both as a man of action and a man of learning. He had doubtless wonderful attainments, and an extraordinary facility both of acquisition and of execution under unfavourable circumstances. His ideas were vast but somewhat vague; his aims lofty but rather indistinct; and he appears to have repeated over and over again the same idea under different forms. When he once took up a conception he saw everything in its light. It affected his whole range of thought, and the critical faculty of discrimination seems wholly to have failed him. How a man of any critical discernment could think it possible for the Apocalypse and the Fourth

Gospel to be from the same pen—is to me almost inconceivable. He had about him, if I may so express it, a "fatalis quædam facilitas," which enabled him to get through an amazing amount of learned work amidst the cares and distractions of public life, but at the same time it affected the quality of the product. However, take him—all in all—Bunsen's is a delightful character to look back upon—so much purity, simplicity and affectionateness—such singleness of aim, such rectitude of purpose, in a position so much exposed to worldly snares, and with such constant temptation to tread in crooked paths.

Nothing strikes me more than the great rarity of finding the critical faculty possessed, or at least exercised, in any considerable degree by men of warm feelings and strong practical aims. They have grounded their action on premises which are purely traditional and often unsound; and they regard any searching investigation of them by the critical faculty as a morbid exercise of the intellect which must be resisted as a disturbance of the moral order of the world. I was never more impressed with this than in a somewhat lengthened notice of my little book on the Fourth Gospel by Dr. James Freeman Clarke in a recent number of the Christian Examiner.* I am astonished, that such considerations as he finds conclusive, should carry weight with any man who had gone thoroughly into the history of the question. Yet Dr. Clarke is one of the largest-hearted and most free-minded of men. In these Protestant assumptions which are so deeply

* Boston, U. S.

rooted in our Western Christendom, we shall find, I apprehend, the chief obstacle to encounter in introducing, through criticism, a purer and more spiritual Christianity into the world. I thank God for having been born and bred in a Church, which has never made anything fundamental in Christianity but the spirit of Christ himself—personal holiness, self-consecration to a divine and imperishable life, manifested in the love of God and Man. I consider Baxter to have been the first who introduced the essence of this grand faith, as the bond of all true Church life, into this country; and I look on our Presbyterian forefathers, not excluding Priestley and Price, with Dr. Channing and yourself, as his genuine and consistent followers—only developing the germs which he left behind him. I rejoice in my ecclesiastical lineage and relationship, and would not exchange it for any other that I know. I only wish our people, who have been choked with half-learned doctrine at second-hand, could be taught to estimate it at its true value.

I do hope that you are thoroughly enjoying your retirement in the wild grandeur of "dim Rannoch's Lake." I half envy you your time for quiet reading and thought. Your mode of spending the vacation is the best. I do not think I shall undertake so long a journey again. I have brought some books with me, but can only read them by snatches, and that is not satisfactory. A line will find me not *later* than *Sept.* the 5*th*, at John Paget's, Esq., Gyéres near Clausenburg, Transylvania.

To Rev. John Kenrick.

Gyeres, near Thorda, Transylvania, Sept. 3rd, 1868.

I feel that I ought not to let my visit to this interesting country terminate without writing a few lines to one of my oldest surviving friends. We are here most hospitably entertained in the country residence of one of your former pupils, Mr. John Paget,* who retains in undiminished strength his attachment to his old faith and his old fellow-students, and revives with a heartiness that does one's heart good, in this land of strangers, his recollections of York and old York days.

By an Act of the Diet he has been invested with the privileges of a Transylvanian nobleman, and married, as you perhaps know, a baroness in her own right of one of the oldest families in the country, who claim descent from a former Palatine of Hungary. All his connections, I find, are with persons of that rank; and though he has always staunchly struggled, and even suffered personally, for Hungarian rights, as opposed to the crushing centralisation of the House of Hapsburg—yet his views of politics, I can perceive, are those of persons of his own class, and correspond very much to what we should call in England high Whiggism. He has no love of Kossuth and his adherents, who, he thinks, misunderstand the true interest of their country. Indeed, among the Unitarians with whom I have so far conversed, I find the

* Author of "Hungary and Transylvania," Murray, London, 1850.

conviction decided, that Hungary, though preserving her rights as an independent kingdom, cannot afford to separate herself from Austria, any more than Austria can do without Hungary, which is her right arm of strength. The Hungarian patriots are intensely sensitive to the distinction between King of Hungary, and Emperor of Austria. To the former they are enthusiastically loyal; the authority of the latter, as such, they refuse in any sense to acknowledge. I met with a curious example of this feeling the other day at Buda-Pesth. I asked a gentleman who was passing me on the bridge, if the large building on the height opposite was "der kaiserliche Pallast." He turned sharp upon me with "Wir haben keinen Kaiser; das ist der königliche Pallast."

On my telling him, that I was an Englishman, and very sorry for my mistake, and that we in England had always had the warmest sympathies with Hungary —he held out his hand to me with the utmost cordiality, and added with a smile, "Ich bin ein Schlecter Deutscher." This enthusiastic patriotism has given new impulse to the cultivation of the Magyar language. I believe German is less generally spoken—Latin certainly—than before the revolution of 1848. Madame Paget told me, that for twelve years, out of pure patriotism, she never allowed a German word to escape her lips. The men too have taken zealously to the Hungarian dress, which is very becoming—braided coat and trousers—and Hessian boots, often with spurs. The ladies seem to me to dress very much the same all

the world over; which I greatly regret, as the national costume is often far more graceful and picturesque than Parisian modes. We see it still among the peasant women, especially the Wallachs. Madame Paget is exceedingly hospitable and kind; but * * * you feel that she is *Frau Baronin*.* * * She and my daughter get on exceedingly well together.

I must now give you some account of the special object of my coming into this remote country; although fuller details I must reserve for the longer narrative, which I have promised Charles Beard for the "Theological Review." The Danube, which we descended in a steamer (stopping in Vienna two days) from Linz to Buda-Pesth—a little disappointed us. We did not think it equal to the Rhine, nor to the upper part of the Danube itself, which some years before we had ascended from Linz to Regensburg. In its lower course it flows through immense tracts of dead level. But the weather was very unfavourable, and we could perhaps hardly judge. Everything was new to us. A railroad took us in tolerable comfort, with much roughness and tumult at the different stations, where we had to change carriages, to Grosswardein, where we found a clean and comfortable hotel, and where the magic of Mr. Paget's name (who has an estate in the neighbourhood) procured us at once excellent chambers. We travelled by voiture in two days from Grosswardein to Klausenburg. This was rather more expensive, but it saved us a fatiguing journey by night in a close uncomfortable "Postwagen," and enabled us to see

the country which for a great part of the way is very beautiful. We had now entered a district inhabited by a Wallach peasantry. Their appearance struck us as exceedingly wild, almost savage—sharp, aquiline features with a somewhat fierce expression, with long black hair hanging in masses over their shoulders. There is however, notwithstanding that they have only just emerged from a kind of serfdom, a certain dignity in their gait and bearing, and the women especially, with their naked legs and feet, and their broad-contrasted masses of drapery, step with a kind of natural grace, and look exceedingly picturesque when seen from some distance. Their cottages furnish capital subjects for the pencil, but I should feel some hesitation in entering them. A sort of rude veranda runs round one side of them, and in the huge overhanging mass of thatch a single hole is left for the escape of the smoke. We travelled on the whole very comfortably, and got good, wholesome food. One night alone we had to rough it a little; as there was only one chamber at liberty, and my daughter and I had to stretch ourselves without undressing on the two beds—in a close uncomfortable room. The fresh morning air, when we started again, was perfectly delicious. Soon after our arrival at Klausenburg, Benczédi (a former pupil) and M. Ferenz (the head pastor of the church in Klausenburg) whom I had known formerly in England—waited on us. They had been looking for us at another Hotel, where we had been expected, and where they had kindly ordered

dinners. They were soon joined by the Bishop, Kriza, a man of most engaging manners and appearance, with something of an oriental expression in his dark features—simple as a child, of the broadest Catholicism, full of enthusiasm for his own favourite pursuits, which are linguistic and antiquarian—relating more particularly to the popular poetry and legends of the Magyar race, on which subject he has lately published a large volume in Hungarian, shewing, I am told, very great research. He and his wife are Seklers, who claim to be the oldest and most genuine portion of the Magyar race. In spite of his great simplicity, he has a natural dignity of bearing which strikes one at once. We slept that night at the Hotel; arrangements having been made for our going on the afternoon of the next day to Gyéres, the country seat of Mr. Paget, which is twenty-five miles from Klausenburg, and five from Thorda, the scene of the approaching celebration, which we passed through in reaching it. The following morning we spent in seeing the Church, College and Library of the Unitarians. Klausenburg surprised me by its neat and clean and civilized appearance. It is well paved, and has some very good shops—a Casino and a very handsome theatre. It is the winter residence of the Transylvanian gentry and nobility. We dined at the bishop's at one o'clock—before starting for Gyéres. His wife is an unaffected lady-like woman—a very mother, they say, to the youths in the College and Gymnasium. We dined with the bishop's family and

several gentlemen connected with the Church and th College. Everything was perfectly simple, but profusely hospitable, and in excellent good taste, arranged and prepared by the bishop's lady herself—not of course quite in the style of Lambeth—but nowhere, I am sure, could there have prevailed a kinder and better feeling, or have been a more cordial episcopal welcome. We are going to Klausenburg again for a day or two at the end of this week, to see things more leisurely and to obtain some more particular information.

I must reserve for the pages of the "Theological" a fuller account of the festivities which occupied the two last days of the month. They commenced with a public reception of the bishop from Klausenburg on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Paget kindly drove us over to Thorda to see it, and to pay some calls of ceremony: but from having been misinformed as to the hour, the procession was over when we arrived. The next morning I was introduced to the Consistorium, of which, I was told, that I had been previously chosen an honorary member. Then followed the service, when M. Ferenz preached—with a capital manner and delivery—and the sermon, I am told, was excellent. I myself heard expressions of admiration at its spirit from all parties, Calvinists and Catholics—among others from the Lord Lieutenant of the county, Baron Kemmig. I joined with Mr. Paget in the celebration of the Lord's Supper which followed. It was touching and impressive, but I must reserve my description of it for another occasion. There was an

adjourned meeting of the Consistory in the evening, when I briefly acknowledged in Latin* the honour of being admitted one of their members, and presented the Addresses from the Unitarian Association and the West Riding Society. The next day, there was an ordination service, when Simén (one of our former pupils) preached and thirteen young men were set apart by laying on of hands, for the ministry. This I must describe hereafter. After each service on the Sunday and the Monday there was a public dinner—attended by all denominations, at which my own and my daughter's health were cordially proposed and received, and I acknowledged in the best German I could command our very kind and hospitable reception, and expressed my own sympathy and that of the Unitarians in England—and concluded on one occasion with proposing the health of Bishop Kriza and the Transylvanian Unitarians—and on the other that of Mr. Paget, as a standing pledge of the friendship and sympathy that should unite England and Hungary. A ball concluded the ceremonies of each day, from which however we were kindly permitted to absent ourselves.

* Given at length in the 'Narrative of a Visit to the Unitarian Churches of Transylvania, on occasion of the 300th Anniversary of the first proclamation of religious freedom at Thorda, in 1568.' Theological Review, January, 1869.—Mr. Tayler was also received, at the Hanover Square Rooms, by a public Assembly of his friends and sympathizers, to whom he gave a vivid account of his journey and experiences, and of Transylvanian Unitarianism,—included in the above Narrative.

To Rev. J. H. Thom.

Hampstead, November 8th, 1868.

I should like to have your free thoughts on a subject that interests me. We are to have a meeting of the Free Christian Union on Saturday next. Mr. Sidgwick of Cambridge has promised to attend. Martineau is meditating a reply to some of the recent attacks on the Union—particularly F. W. Newman's last Pamphlet.*, If it were proposed to drop the Christian name, my whole relation to the Society would be changed; and whether under such circumstances I should feel it worth while to attach myself to an Union so aimless and so incapable of any practical religious issue, I can hardly at present say.

I hold it quite evident that those who entertain certain great trusts in common, may combine to uphold and enforce them without incurring the charge of narrowness or intolerance towards others who do not entertain them, provided such parties are left at liberty to combine on behalf of their own: and should people, holding such trusts in common, feel that their force is needlessly weakened by foolish dissensions among themselves about non-essentials, that is an additional reason for drawing themselves into closer union. The question is not, as it seems to me somewhat perversely put, as if we were going to moot for the first time the abstract question whether Christianity, or non-Christianity had most to say for itself—

* 'Against Hero-making in Religion.'

or which had the clearest right to social privilege or pre-eminence—in which case, to take either of these positions as a ground of union for its promotion, would be unjust. But we are dealing with certain *practical* results—the deep-seated convictions, wrought into their inmost moral being, of millions—the *fait accompli* of many centuries of social experience, lying at the basis of our whole Western civilization—which approves itself to the moral consciousness of an overwhelming majority of the pious and the good, from their habitual experience of its effects on themselves and their families; and we are simply asking ourselves whether this principle of spiritual life, which is at work under many different outward forms, but which is weakened and dissipated by needless antagonism and mutual repulsion among these different forms, might not be gathered up into intenser action and made productive of far deeper influence on the lives of men, by closer union on the *common*, and mutual toleration and forbearance on the *particular*. I am encouraged to regard this as a just and reasonable aim by observing that the aversion of a few excellent individuals to the Christian name is the consequence of excessive and in some degree one-sided reaction against Orthodox views, which do not belong to the essence of Christianity; —and that in their habitual faith these same persons retain and act upon all that many of us hold vital in the religion of Jesus Christ. Of many others the opposition to Christianity is, I believe, mainly negative —the result of indifference, an unspiritual tendency of

mind, or of ignorance. As a rule, all the available practical piety of this Western World is, I apprehend, bound up in some form or other of the Christian life. What we have to do, is to encourage the growth within each of these forms of a truly Catholic spirit, that it may burst its dogmatic bonds and enter freely into the wider communion of faith and holiness and love. If we throw off the Christian name,* we shall lose the sympathy of myriads of devout and spiritual-minded men, who will be thrown back by an instinctive conservatism on narrower dogmatic views as the only salvation, as they think, of a vital faith. After all, what *practical* object do we gain, by widening our limits to take in Jews, Mahomedans, Parsees, Brahmins, Confucians, &c.? What possible object in England, or in Europe, could we effect in common! There are excellent men in all these religions, whose acceptance with God I have no more doubt of, than I have of good Christians. But why not leave them to work out the function assigned them by Providence in their own sphere—encouraging and rejoicing in their social progress, but not annoying and interrupting them by a fussy and narrow proselytism—we ourselves limiting our immediate endeavours to the development of a higher spiritual life in Christian Europe? If one thing is clear in the great Book of Providence, it is that the Gospel in its great essential provisions was meant for the religion of this Western Civilization. I remember an American gentleman suggesting that it would be a

* By turning the Free Christian Union into a Free Religious Union.

glorious thing to have a pulpit in London where Parsees and Christians might worship and preach together. I do not believe the Parsees would thank you for any such offer: and I think that the only result of it would be to cause a great deal of magnificent tall talk on democratic platforms.

To Rev. Dr. Sadler.

The Limes, December 15th, 1868.

* * * Mr. Martineau shewed me to-day a letter from Mr. W——, expressing a strong wish for some alteration in the doxologies of the Portland Street Liturgy,* similar to what Mr. M. himself has been some time urging. The letter took Mr. M. by surprize, as he had no idea Mr. W. had any feeling of the sort. I have no doubt Mr. M. will shew you the letter. It certainly suggests matter for serious thought. We are in a rapid state of theological transition; and it is difficult to adjust to it some of our traditional usages and forms of expression. You know how I have attempted to solve the difficulty. But I am quite willing to draw a distinction between expressions which help to perpetuate a false and mischievous *doctrine,* and those *poetical* symbolisms which, modified in their slight and pliable texture by the progressive thought of successive generations, have become now the inhe-

* "Common Prayer for Christian Worship: in Ten Services, for Morning and Evening, with Special Collects, Prayers, and Occasional Services." London: E. T. Whitfield, 1862.

rited terminology of devotional feeling, which it would be difficult from any other source to replace.

But I admit it is no easy matter to draw the line which separates these two kinds of expressions—and different men would no doubt draw it differently. Every man must be guided by his own conscience and religious sense.

To F. W. Newman.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, January 16th, 1869.

I ought to have acknowledged before now your kind and very welcome letter, received some weeks ago. I have also to thank you for your very instructive paper on Alcoholic Drinks. That and some other writings of similar tendency which I have lately read, have, I must confess, begun to make a very strong impression on me. I think some nonsense has been written, and some fanaticism displayed, in connection with the Teetotal movement; but it seems to me impossible to deny, that the question is now assuming a very formidable importance—especially with the recent changes in the constitution of the suffrage—and that the terrible social mischiefs of which it treats must be met at once with some measure of strong and decisive counteraction. Whether the Permissive Bill in its actual form is the best and most practical measure is more than I can say; but I regard its principle, *under the circumstances,* as perfectly defensible. The case is

exceptional, and it demands an exceptional cure. I do not regard the moderate use of the stimulus furnished by fermented liquors as either pernicious or morally wrong. The history of civilization and the universal language of poetry seem to prove the reverse. But the thing has now become in its abuse a positive curse to society—a moral pestilence which sweeps down whole multitudes of men and women and even children who have not moral vitality to resist the attack, and whom, if we are not absolutely bound to protect against their own weakness, we ought at least to guard from gratuitously multiplied and artificially stimulating temptation. When such an epidemic seizes human society, I observe, in the ordinary course of human affairs, nothing can resist it but some intense reaction, pushed by the very necessity of its existence into some extravagance, and headed by leaders whose moral earnestness almost takes the form of monomania, and in whom the sense of an awful evil to be overcome, masters for the time every other consideration. I can often discern the weakness, and the limited application of some of the arguments put forth by such men; but they are strong from the intensity of moral purpose which animates them, and from their intimate coalescence with the stream of conservative reaction of which they help to increase the volume and the force. But I also perceive, that in these vast tidal waves of popular influence, urged on by the profound moral sense surging up from the popular heart—the greatest evils of society have been constantly swept away. Here, if

anywhere, I am compelled to recognize the working of the spirit of God. The conscience is mightier and more divine than scientific logic. I gratefully acknowledge the service of science and philosophy to restrain and guide the movement when once set a going. But they are powerless to originate it. The great thing is to get the sluggish will of man to act at all—and mainly in the right direction.—All this may serve to indicate my position in this question; in which I never before took the interest which I now do. I hope this question in some form or other will soon come before our Legislature, with other social questions, and take the place of the old party conflicts which have had their day and are gone. We have now a Government which, whatever may prove its ultimate working power, contains several men of earnest moral purpose and sincere religious feeling; and it is surely a great gain to society to have politics in some degree blended at length with the higher principles of our nature, and raised above the condition of a mere selfish craft.

I suppose that Mr. Gladstone, with such a majority as he has at his back, will be tolerably sure of carrying his general proposition for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. His difficulties will begin—and the difficulties inherent in the whole measure will shew themselves—in the manipulation of practical details. I quite expect that some very interesting and instructive discussions will arise in this stage of the proceedings on some points which have almost been in abeyance since the first age of the Re-

formation—one in particular—what are the legitimate limits of State action in ecclesiastical Organizations. A State has of course no right to interfere with belief or worship; but Churches have also a side towards the present world, where they come into contact with education, morals, learning, and scientific culture—and in this direction, where the interests of the present world are profoundly affected, they have no right to plead conscience for the perpetuation of absurdity, intolerance, and the obstruction of scientific progress. Bred and born a Nonconformist, and taught from my earliest years to look on all connexion of Church and State as an abomination—I have been forced by the teaching of events to modify views which I once entertained. I observe that all freedom of thought in our Established Church would have been crushed but for the intervention of the lay element in our Civil Courts; and the case is not much better among the Dissenters, where the ecclesiastical and theological element is strong. It is rather startling to find the Highest Churchmen and most daring Ritualists now calling out most loudly for the severance of Church and State. The tone of the Catholic prelates is becoming arrogant, and shewing clearly what they aim at and would take. If our narrow Protestantism would have allowed Mr. Pitt's known desire to have effect, more than half a century ago, to appropriate a good part of the revenues of the Irish Church for the support of the Catholic Priesthood, and to put Anglicanism, Roman-Catholicism and Presbyterianism on an equal footing in Ireland, it

would probably have saved much present trouble, and put us on the track of a more gradual and peaceful development of a better state of religious feeling and opinion. But we are always too late; and that is now impossible.

To Mrs. Charles Herford, *Manchester.*

The Limes, January 17th, 1869.

I cannot refrain from adding to Hannah's, the expression of my deep sympathy with you and all your family on the loss which you have just sustained, and the tribute of my respect and veneration for the memory of your excellent Mother.* With her one of the oldest of my Manchester friends has passed away. When I came to Mosley Street Chapel, as successor to the late Mr. Hawkes, a young man fresh from College, now close on half a century ago—she and your venerated father most kindly entertained me as a guest till I obtained lodgings of my own; and I shall never forget their extreme kindness, and the pleasant cheerful evenings which your mother's self-forgetting kindness and your father's genial sprightliness and hilarity caused me day after day to spend in their society. Those were pleasant days—and amidst the very different circumstances in which I am now placed—happy as I still am—they come over me sometimes like a bright dream of a former state of being.—Such me-

*The widow of the Rev. John Gooch Robberds, of Manchester.

mories of the good who have been taken from us, it is delightful to cherish. The very vividness with which they rise up before us in still clearer outline as we ourselves advance in years, seems to me to carry with it an implicit assurance that those whom we have so loved and revered, are "not lost, but only gone before." We can only pray that the light of their holy and loving example may shine ever brighter and brighter on our descending path, and lead us safely to the gate through which, as we trust, they have passed into eternal life.

To Rev. John Kenrick.

The Limes, Hampstead, Feb. 27th, 1869.

I entirely concur in every word that you write about the proposed fresco in University Hall.* Ever since it was suggested, my daughter and I have been deploring it, and mainly on the ground that we are sure that it would have been offensive to the feelings of H. C. R. himself, who, though he had his occasional spirts of innocent vanity, was essentially a modest man, and would have sensitively shrunk from occupying the conspicuous place proposed to be assigned to him as the central figure of a group composed of some of the most distinguished people of his time. My own subscription might seem disproportionate to my position;

* By Armytage, in honour of Henry Crabb Robinson, one of the most liberal of its Founders.

but as H. C. R. had, most unexpectedly on my part, remembered me by a very handsome bequest in his will and a valuable legacy of engravings—I felt I could not have contributed less without seeming actually mean. But my contribution was meant for the memorial window or windows; and I was rather surprised, on being invited to a dinner-party of friends to H. C. R. at Mr. Field's some week or two since—to find that the larger scheme was already agreed on and the artist actually engaged. I ventured then to express some dissent or at least some doubt—but was told that the matter was already settled by the judgment of some eminent artists who had been consulted as to the best disposal of the surplus. I have since written to Mr. Field, expressing the same view rather more strongly, and was glad to be able to fortify myself by your good judgment. I have had a very friendly letter from Mr. Field in reply; but I see no chance of any reversal of the decision. From the eminence of the artist engaged—Armytage (who has recently executed a fresco for the Hall at Lincoln's Inn) I have no doubt we shall have a fine work of art—and I can only hope, that my venerable old friend's relation to the encircling group will be so idealized, or mysticized, that the offensive impression, which I have dreaded, as possibly occasioning ground for ridicule—may be so far qualified or neutralized as almost to escape notice.*

* This intention is indicated in the arrangement adopted.

We have so far had a very quiet and satisfactory session. The young men who joined us for the first time in October are exceedingly industrious and full of promise. With intellectual tastes and habits of study, they combine great zeal and interest for their future ministerial work, and have proved a valuable accession to the staff of teachers in the Portland Street Sunday School. I wish our ministers did not continue to be furnished so exclusively from the lower grades of life. There is something in the hereditary influence of culture and refinement—as if it was bred as it were in the bone—which we observe no mere cleverness or success in study can ever entirely replace.—I look back with great respect and reverence on the old Nonconformist ministers of the past and preceding generations, *** cultured, courteous, and of good social position, whose influence on their contemporaries was of the most refined and elevating kind. I hope that type of character will not entirely go out among us. But the Broad Churchmen who think and feel very much as they did on all great social questions, but who remain very quietly where they are—are now to a very large extent superseding their peculiar influence—and not altogether in the healthiest way. ***

To Professor Scholten, *Leyden.*

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, London, March 20th, 1869.

I take the liberty of forwarding to you the enclosed Prospectus of a Journal in the interest of

Scientific Theology, recently commenced at Geneva, which my friend Mr. Châstel, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Academy of that place, who is one of the *rédacteurs*—has requested me to circulate as widely as I can. I retain so very pleasant an impression of the kind and cordial hospitality which I experienced from you and your family, and that of Professor Kuenen, two years ago at Leyden*—that I venture to hope I am not trespassing too much on your attention in sending you this indication of kindred movements to those in which you and your colleagues are engaged—now breaking out in another part of Europe. I observe one of the booksellers engaged in this movement, is M. Kemink of Utrecht. I should have supposed, Leyden would have furnished a point of warmer sympathy. Whether the purely analytic method, which the editors propose to adopt—apart from some more decided expression of individual conviction, will permanently succeed, remains to be seen. But the conception of such a work at Geneva is of itself a significant sign of the times.

M. Châstel writes me: "Nous avons ici presque tours les jours de la semaine de grands meetings publics dans le cirque pour et contre le Christianisme liberal, question fort agitée aujourd'hui dans le Suisse allemande et française. Hommes, femmes, gens de toutes les classes assistent pêle mêle à ces conférences."

* See, "A few Notes on the Religious Condition of Belgium and Holland," in the Theological Review, January 1868, by Mr. Tayler.

I do not anticipate much good from such popular discussions of the difficult questions of theology, except as helping to break the mischievous spell of the priesthood; but they shew what is working in the inmost mind of Europe, and seem to me no obscure indication of an approaching new Reformation.

I beg you will present my own and my daughter's kindest remembrances to Madme. Scholten and your daughters, as also to Professor Kuenen and his family.

To the Rev. Athanase Coquerel, *Paris.*

1869.

You have doubtless learned, from divers papers and publications which have been transmitted to you, that there has recently been formed in England, under the name of the Free Christian Union, an Association of persons from different religious denominations for the promotion of a more catholic intercourse among all Protestants, and the substitution of a spiritual for a dogmatic bond of ecclesiastical cooperation. This Association, while fully recognizing the right and even the duty of individuals to entertain and avow their own views on all doctrinal and speculative subjects, assumes, as its fundamental principle, that the basis of common worship, of Christian labour and of mutual recognition as Christian brethren, should be of a more comprehensive nature, and be sought rather in religious sympathy than in theological agreement. The mem-

bers of the Free Christian Union are firmly convinced, that only on such a principle can a Church, truly deserving the name of Catholic, be ever established, and the prophetic promise of 'one Fold, under one Shepherd' be finally realized. Believing that this principle, which can alone harmonize the demands of a living faith and a healthy freedom, is in full accord with the views which you have ever so eloquently advocated, and for which you have not hesitated to incur worldly sacrifices—the friends of free religious thought and Christian love in England, earnestly desire to enjoy the sanction of your name and the encouragement of your presence. They feel sure, that the time has arrived for drawing closer the bonds of union among the friends of truth, freedom and charity throughout Europe, threatened as the highest interests of humanity are by imminent dangers from opposite sides—by the arrogant pretensions of the priesthood on the one hand, and by the reactionary tendencies which slide downwards to a materialistic atheism on the other. They observe, that a sense of these dangers has called forth movements kindred to their own, in Switzerland, Germany and Holland; and from some of the associations which have been thus formed, they have had forwarded to them particular inquiries as to their objects and principles, and the expression of an earnest wish to be admitted into brotherhood and cooperation.

We, the undersigned Officers and Committee men, authorised to express the unanimous sentiment of our

society of the Free Christian Union, feel strongly that this is a crisis, fraught possibly with consequences of the utmost moment to the religious future of Europe, which it would be culpable to allow to pass without some effort to give it a right direction, and invest it prominently with the significance which its intrinsic gravity involves. It is proposed therefore to hold a public meeting in London in the course of this spring, to set forth these views and disseminate their influence. Nothing, we are persuaded, would contribute more to this effect than the presence of enlightened and sympathizing foreigners, aiming at similar objects abroad, who would give help and encouragement to those who are struggling in this country to uphold a true Catholicism against the depressing influence of sacerdotalism and sectarianism. The open countenance of a few friends from the great Protestant Communities of the Continent—from associations like the 'Protestanten-verein' of Germany, or the 'Union Suisse du Christianisme libéral'—would be an unspeakable help and refreshment to us. We entreat you, therefore, Rev. and dear Sir, to entertain favourably the united request of the 'Free Christion Union,' that you would deliver a Discourse in connexion with the Religious Service, which it is proposed to hold on the occasion. Your mastery of two languages, and the mingling of French and English blood in your veins, marks you out as specially fitted to inaugurate the commencement of a truly Catholic Church, recognizing the brotherhood of the whole human race, irrespective

of all national distinctions.—Your intimate relations with the most advanced thinkers of the age, and your inheritance of the high religious conscientiousness of a noble Huguenot ancestry are an assurance, that in you the demands of the free intellect and the deepest wants of the devout heart will be harmoniously combined.*

* The Religious Service thus characterized was held on June 1st, 1869, with Pasteur Athanase Coquerel *Fils* as one of the Preachers:—and the hand that penned this invitation was then cold in death. Mr. Tayler died on the 28th of May. The first Report of the Free Christian Union, presented at the Annual General Meeting, on Wednesday evening, June 2nd, closes with these words: "Faith in the principles and aims of your union is confirmed by the simultaneous appearance of precisely similar organizations in France, in Switzerland, in Holland, in Germany, from all of which letters of cordial sympathy have spontaneously come, and from one of which an illustrious representative has already joined in our worship and stirred our hearts with his earnest pleadings, and will yet give us his word of fraternal fellowship and good will. A resolution had at one time been taken to invite one or more of the eminent leading men of the *Union du Christianisme Libéral* of Neuchâtel, and of the German *Protestantenverein*, but it was dropped, in submission to the sorrowful appointment, which, in taking from their midst their oldest and most venerated member, has broken their closest tie with the scholars and reformers of the Continent.

"It was an allowable intention to ask such visitors as Professor Buisson, and Professor Schenkel, and Dr. Réville, so long as it was possible to promise them, among the features of their reception, the friendship, the conversation, the intimate sympathy with their national literature and life of your earliest advocate, the Rev. J. J. Tayler. But what was only natural when he was present, becomes presumption when he was withdrawn; and the purpose was dropped, with a foreboding which has

proved too true. If they came, they could no longer discover what largeness of learning, what refined accomplishment, what apostolic sanctity guarded the councils of your Union, and secured at once their wisdom and their charity. Bereft of him, your Committee render their account without the sanction which they most prize. The moment at which they render it, ere yet the grave has closed over his remains, turns this meeting into a watch-night of reverential adieu, and inspires the prayer that the graces of his spirit may linger in the midst, and be heard in the tones of hopeful and gentle piety."

Mr. TAYLER sunk under an internal disease which had prostrated him some years before, the seeds of which remaining in him were probably fostered by the fatigues of his Transylvanian journey. A languor marked him from that time, with the not unfrequent look of one whose mind was far away. It is difficult to describe the impression his death produced on the inner and the outer circles of those nearest to him, and of those who without personal intimacy knew what he was. It was mainly the feeling of losing from sight a saintly spirit living in the closest contact with all human interests, in the world but not of the world. He was mourned with an intenser measure of that sentiment which in a degree attends the decease of every genuine man,—that he was himself alone; that a type of character, of spiritual existence, is lost to us; that on earth we cannot see his like again. On the third day of June he was laid at Highgate, beside his wife and son.

All the tributes to his memory cannot, and need not, be given.—The Church of his first affections, in

Manchester, have endeavoured to preserve in marble his tender and noble features, and to engrave in enduring words their great debt of reverent gratitude and love.—The College he served so well declared their own loss to be that "of the Christian Church at large." —The Congregation, near his door, with whom he worshipped when he ceased to minister himself,* recorded their sense of the influence of his presence with them, in transparent emblems, with this inscription: "This Window is placed here, by friends and fellow-worshippers, as a tribute to his simple and elevated character, saintly virtues, large humanity, tender sympathies, and child-like devotion. His Life was a persuasive to piety: his Memory lifts up the heart to a better world."

* That of Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead.

APPENDIX.

List of Mr. Tayler's Publications.

1. Some Remarks on the Nature of Genius. An Essay read before the Literary and Philosophical Society, Manchester, Oct. 31, 1823.
2. On Communion with Unbelievers. A Discourse delivered in Mosley Street Chapel, Manchester. March 20, 1828.
3. Motives to Industry and Zeal in the Christian Ministry, illustrated and enforced. A Discourse before the Provincial Assembly of Presbyterian Ministers of Lancashire and Cheshire. June 1829.
4. The Perpetuity of the Christian Dispensation, viewed in its connection with the Progress of Society. A Discourse before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. June 2, 1830.
5. The retributory Providence of God illustrated in the case of Individuals and of Nations. A Discourse on the Revolution in Paris, preached August 8, 1830.
6. On the Moral Education of the People. With an Appendix containing Extracts from Victor Cousin's Report to the French Government on the State of Popular Education in Germany. A Discourse. Dec. 1, 1833.
7. The Principle of Protestantism incompatible with the Application of a Religious Test. A Discourse. 1834.
8. On the Relation of Theology to General Science and

Literature. Christian Teacher (Monthly Series) 1835.

9. Recollections of Schleiermacher. Christian Teacher. 1835.
10. Retrospect of a Twelvemonth passed in Germany. Christian Teacher. 1836.
11. Essays on the Fundamental Principles of the Christian Religion. Christian Teacher. 1837.
12. Miss Martineau's Society in America. Christian Teacher. 1837.
13. Propositions towards realizing a Plan of Religious Association. Christian Teacher. 1837.
14. Address on the occasion of the laying of the Foundation Stone of Upper Brook Street Chapel, Manchester. Christian Teacher. 1837.
15. Religion and Theology, distinguished and compared. Christian Teacher. 1838.
16. Humanity an Universal Claim to Honour and Sympathy. A Discourse on behalf the Domestic Mission, London. 1838.
17. The Present Position, Prospects, and Duties of Unitarian Christians. A Discourse. 1839.
18. On the Influence and Responsibility of Periodical Literature. The Christian Teacher (Quarterly Series). 1839.
19. Protestantism a Consequence of the Reformation, but not its Completion. Christian Teacher. 1839.
20. The Nature and Design of Christianity investigated, from an Analysis of its primitive Records in the New Testament. Christian Teacher. 1840.
21. Fragmentary Notices of Chinese Civilization. Christian Teacher. 1841.
22. On the Value of the Life and Writings of St. Paul. Christian Teacher. 1841.

23. On the Principles of Nonconformity considered in relation to the Progress of Truth. A Discourse before the Devon and Cornwall Unitarian Association. 1841.
24. Introductory Lecture to the Course on the History of Christianity, Oct. 1840. Manchester New College, Manchester, 1841.
25. Thoughts on the Present Tendencies of Civilization. Christian Teacher. 1842.
26. English Nonconformity. Christian Teacher. 1843.
27. 'Endeavours after the Christian Life,' Review of. Christian Teacher. 1844.
28. The Christian Mother. A Discourse on the Death of Mrs. McConnel, Manchester, March 9, 1845.
29. Retrospect of the Religious Life of England; or the Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. 1845. 2nd Edition, 1853.
30. Historical Christianity. Prospective Review. 1845.
31. The Life and Character of Blanco White. Prospective Review. 1845.
32. Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. Prospective Review. 1846.
33. Bunsen's Church of the Future. Prospective Review. 1846.
34. Spiritual Legends of the Middle Ages. Prospective Review. 1846.
35. Christianity and the Formative Arts. Prospective Review. 1847.
36. Christian Theology in its Relations to Modern Ideas and Modern Wants. Prospective Review. 1847.
37. Apprehensions and Hopes excited by the recent Revolution in France. A Discourse. March 5, 1848.
38. Newman's, F. W. History of the Hebrew Monarchy. Prospective Review. 1848.

39. Socialist and Communist Theories. Prospective Review. 1848.
40. Miss Martineau's Eastern Life. Prospective Review. 1848.
41. Scott's, A. J. Discourses. Prospective Review. 1848.
42. Mary Barton, Mrs. Gaskell's. Prospective Review. 1849.
43. Morell's, J. D. Philosophy of Religion. Prospective Review. 1849.
44. Newman, F. W. On the Soul. Prospective Review. 1849.
45. Emanuel Swedenborg. Prospective Review. 1850.
46. Bushnell's 'God in Christ.' Prospective Review. 1850.
47. The Creed of Christendom, W. R. Greg's. Prospective Review. 1851.
48. The Harmony of the Intuitional and Logical Elements in the Ultimate Grounds of Religious Belief. Prospective Review. 1851.
49. Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty: A volume of Discourses. 1851. 2nd Edition, 1855.
50. Religion: its Root in Human Nature, and Manifestation in Scripture. A Discourse. 1851.
51. The Value of Individual Effort. A Discourse delivered in the School Room, Cleator Mill, June 29, 1851.
52. Life and Letters of Niebuhr. Prospective Review. 1852.
53. Inaugural Address on the Opening of the first Session of Manchester New College in connection with University College, London. University Hall, Oct. 14, 1853.
54. Strength perfected in Weakness. A Discourse. 1853.
55. Parental and Filial Duties. A Discourse. 1853.

56. Performance of Appointed Duties, the only Means of Self-Culture. A Discourse. 1853.
57. The Wisdom of Babes. A Discourse. 1853.
58. The Relations of the Unrighteous Mammon to the True Riches. A Discourse on occasion of the death of Salis Schwabe. 1853.
59. Letters and Addresses on leaving Manchester. Christian Reformer. 1853.
60. History of Latin Christianity, Milman's. Prospective Review. 1854.
61. Address at the Opening of the Session 1854-55 of Manchester New College, London.
62. An Account of the Religious Condition of the Pays de Vaud and Geneva. Christian Reformer. 1854.
63. Obituary Notice of John Hutton Tayler. Christian Reformer. January, 1855.
64. True Religion expressed in the Life and Teachings of Christ. A Discourse for Secularists. Christian Reformer. 1855.
65. Ewald's Life of Christ. National Review. 1855.
66. Table turning in Ancient Times. Christian Reformer. 1856.
67. The Past and Future of Christianity. National Review. 1856.
68. Letters on Religion in Germany. Written from Heidelberg. Christian Reformer. 1856.
69. Address at the Opening of the Session of Manchester New College, London, 1857.
70. The Syriac Gospel. Christian Reformer. 1857.
71. Defences of himself, on some opinions erroneously imputed to him. Christian Reformer. 1857.
72. The Mutual Relation of History and Religion. National Review. 1857.

73. Two Lectures, Introductory to a Course on the Early History of Christianity. 1857.
74. Hegel's Philosophy of History. National Review. 1857.
75. Ewald's Apostolic Age. National Review. 1859.
76. Address at the Opening of the Session of Manchester New College, London. 1859.
77. English Nonconformity: its Principle and Justification. A Discourse in support of Manchester New College. 1859.
78. Reply to Strictures on an Article in the National Review on Ewald's Apostolic Age. Christian Reformer. 1860.
79. Obituary Notice of Rev. Benjamin Carpenter. Christian Reformer. 1860.
80. Theodore Parker. National Review. 1860.
81. A Rejoinder to additional Strictures on the Article on Ewald's Apostolic Age. Christian Reformer. 1860.
82. Obituary Notice of Dr. Hutton. Christian Reformer. 1860.
83. Letters to the Rev. Moses Szekely, Bishop of the Unitarian Churches in Transylvania. Christian Reformer. 1861.
84. An Account of some Books sent to Manchester New College from Clausenburg, Transylvania. Christian Reformer. 1861.
85. Address at the Opening of the Session of Manchester New College, London. 1861.
86. On the Textual Criticism of the Apocalypse. Christian Reformer. 1862.
87. Address at the Opening of the Session of Manchester New College, London. 1863.

88. Stanley's Lectures on the Jewish Church. National Review. 1863.
89. The Theology of Germany during the 19th Century. National Review. 1864.
90. The Relation of the Pauline Epistles to the Historical Books of the New Testament. National Review. 1864.
91. Strauss' Life of Jesus, (the Second). Theological Review. 1864.
92. The Philosophy of Primary Beliefs. Theological Review. 1865.
93. Address at a Confirmation Service. 1866.
94. An Attempt to ascertain the Character of the Fourth Gospel; especially in its relation to the Three First. 1867. 2nd Edition. 1870.
95. The Apocryphal Gospels. Theological Review. 1867.
96. A Catholic Christian Church the Want of our Time. 1867.
97. Tischendorf's Edition of the Vatican New Testament. Theological Review. 1867.
98. A Few Notes on the Religious Condition of Belgium and Holland. Theological Review. 1868.
99. Davidson's Introduction to the New Testament. Theological Review. 1868.
100. Christianity; What is it? and what has it done? 1868.
101. Narrative of a Visit to the Unitarian Churches of Transylvania. Theological Review. 1869.
102. On the Development of Opinion in the Early Christian Church, as indicated by a Comparison of the several Books of the New Testament. Published since his death. Theological Review. 1872.*

* This List is far from being complete, especially in Mr. Tayler's Contributions to the Periodical Press, and as regards Speeches, Addresses, and single Sermons.

INDEX.

Aarau, i. 140.
Abelard, i. 255.
Aberystwith, ii. 176.
Albert, Prince, ii. 244.
Alfieri, i. 13.
Altenstein, ii. 205.
Alton Towers, i. 210.
Amberley, Lord, ii. 280.
Antoninus Marcus, i. 310.
Apuleius, ii. 132.
Argyle, Duke of, Reign of Law, ii. 280.
Armytage, ii. 321.
Arnold, Doctor, i. 217.
Arundel, ii. 298.
Aspden, ii. 238.
Aspland, Rev. Robert Brook, i. 214, 227; ii. 211, 232, 294.
Astronomy, in its connections with the Arts and Religion, i. 99.
Atterbury, i. 37.
Avranches, ii. 33, 42, 45.

Baehr, i. 142.
Bagehot, Walter, i. 256; ii. 31.
Ballenstedt, ii. 107, 119, 121.
Barbauld, i. 36.
Barbeyrac, *Sur la morale des Peres*, i. 340.
Barnard Castle, ii. 224, 226.
Barrow, i. 232.
Baur, ii. 249.
Baxter, Richard, i. 179, 222; ii. 235, 303.
Bayeux Tapestry, ii. 34.
Bayle, Dict. Hist. et Crit. i. 341.
Beard, Rev. Charles, i. 314; ii. 233, 386.
Beard, Rev. Dr., i. 227; ii. 13.
Beck, Dr., ii. 114.
Bede, ii. 266.
Benczédi, ii. 307.
Benecke, i. 121; ii. 3.
Bentley, ii. 173.
Bernard, of Clairvaux, i. 254, 332.
Bernhard, Duke, ii. 209.
Bethmann, Dr., ii. 101, 110.
Bleek, i. 166; ii. 67.
Blumenbach, i. 114, 116, 126, 146.
Bonn, i. 149, 150, 157, 160.
Brandis, i. 145, 159, 161; ii. 257; his death, 286.
Bright, Benjamin Heywood, i. 2.
Brockhaus, Publishers, ii. 215.
Brown, Mr. George, ii. 230.
Buckhurst, Lord, ii. 240.
Bunsen, i. 269, 330; ii. 58, 65, 83, 300.
Bürger, i. 151.
Burns, i. 21.

Caerleon, ii. 174.
Calvin, ii. 12.
Cambridge, ii. 238.
Cardigan, ii. 177.
Carlyle, Thomas, i. 200, 239, 285; Life of Sterling, 325.
Carpenter, Rev. Benjamin, Letters to, i. 80, 126, 157; ii. Letters to from Clarens, 8-16, 42, 68, 87; his death, 146-149.
Carpenter, Mrs. B., Letters to, ii. 137, 246.
Carpenter, Rev. J. P. Estlin, Letter to, on the Christian Ordinances, ii. 287.
Carpenter, Dr. William B., ii. 3, 221.
Catullus, i. 11; ii. 243.
Channing, Dr., i. 88, 195, 204; ii. 28, 82, 114, 303.
Chartist Movement, i. 199.
Châstel, M., ii. 12, 14, 323.

Cheetham Library, i. 48.
Cheneviere, M., ii. 12.
Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty. A volume of Sermons, ii. 320.
Christian Faith and Worship, Grounds and Principles of, Lectures on, i. 278-283.
Christian Reformer, ii. 232.
Christian Teacher, The, i. 186, 189, 192, 196, 198.
Christianity, i. 114, 170; What it is, ii. 151, 258-61, 297.
Chrysostom, on Deception, i. 339.
Clarke, Charles Freeman, ii. 302.
Clausenburg, ii. 211, 294, 306.
Clientes, i. 269.
Codex Laudianus, ii. 251.
Codex Sinaiticus, ii. 169, 173, 216, 251.
Colenso, Bishop, ii. 221.
Communism, i. 258.
Constant, Benjamin, i. 29.
Coquerel, Rev. Athanase, Letter to, ii. 324.
Corkran, Rev. C., Letter to, ii. 84.
Coronation of Queen Victoria, i. 179.
Cram, ii. 219-20.
Creuzer, i. 143.
Cromwell, I. 287.
Currie, Dr. i. 17, 21.
Curtius, Professor, ii. 80, 172.

Dahlmann, i. 142.
Danube, ii. 306.
Darbishire, Mr. and Mrs., Pendyffryn, North Wales, ii. 254, 286.
Darbishire, R. D., ii. 163.
Darwin, ii. 223.
Deceit, Chrysostom's justification of, i. 340.
De Custine's *L'Espagne sous Ferdinand VII.*, i. 198.
De Morgan, ii. 220.
Demosthenes, i. 49.
Depression, Letter to a young Friend under, ii. 49.
De Wette, i. 136, 147, 186; ii. 113.
Dissenters' Chapel Bill, i. 209.
Donne, Mr., ii. 32.
Doxologies, ii. 314.
Dresden, ii. 212, 218.
Dublin, i. 177, 829.
Dürer, Albert, ii. 101.

Eastbourne, ii. 159.
Education,—of Women, i. 217; of Children in Religion, i. 240; National elementary, i. 320.
Eggischhorn, ii. 273.
Ehrenbreitstein, ii. 201.
Eichhorn, i. 99, 130, 141, 144, 147.
Eisenach, ii. 198, 204.
Enfield, Henry, ii. 144.
England, Church of, Disestablishment, i. 103-111.
England, Macaulay's History of, i. 284.
England, Mr., i. 1.
Episcopius, ii. 103.
Esdaile, Mr., ii. 239.
Eusebius, ii. 170.
Ewald, i. 120, 130, 143-4, 246; ii. 74, 251.
Ewart, Miss Agnes, Letter to, i. 113.

Faber, F. W., i. 329.
Fellows, Sir Charles, i. 251, 252.
Fichte, i. 185.
Field, Edwin W., i. 250; ii. 92, 321.
Finlay, Professor, i. 192.
Föhn-wind, ii. 272.
Forchammer, ii. 80.
Forget, M., ii. 11, 14.
Form and Spirit, i. 281.
Forstwissenschaft, i. 152.
Franconian Switzerland, ii. 298.
Frankfort, ii. 201.
Free Christian Union, ii. 275; Mr. Tayler's Contributions to, 311-324.
Freyburg, i. 140.
Froude, i. 294, 296.

Gallihausen, i. 151; Pastor of, 157.
Gannett, Dr., i. 178; ii. 105.
Genius, some remarks on the nature of, i. 68.

Germany, Character of, i. 165.
German feeling in, ii. 298.
Gfrörrer, i. 275, 283.
Gibbon, i. 237.
Gibson, Rev. Robert, Letter to, i. 303.
Gieseler, i. 119, 127, 128, 129, 135, 253; ii. 6.
Gifford, Miss, *Bequest to Manchester New College*, ii. 238.
Gladstone, W. E., ii. 280, 317.
Glasgow, i. 13, 15.
Glück, Iphigenia in Aulis, ii. 218.
Gnosticism, i. 148; ii. 90.
Goldsmith, i. 269.
Gorboduch, the earliest English tragedy, ii. 240.
Gospel, the Fourth, an Attempt to ascertain the Character of, ii. 271, 301-2.
Göttingen, i. 111, 113, 115, 123, 134, 141, 146, 149, 151.
Göttling, Prof., ii. 117.
Greg, Robert Hyde, Letters to, i. 1, 6, 30.—300.
Greg, Mrs. R. H., Letter to, ii. 252.
Greg, Miss S., Letter to, ii. 159.
Griesbach, ii. 116.
Grote, History of Greece, i. 238.
Grotius, Hugo, i. 239.

Haldimand, M., ii. 9.
Hampstead, ii. 156, 163, 169, 236, 329.
Hare, Archdeacon, i. 326.
Harlech, ii. 178.
Harpagus, i. 252.
Harzburg, ii. 100, 109.
Hausmann, i. 121, 122, 143, 146.
Heeren, i. 120, 125, 143.
Hegel, i. 256; ii. 257.
Heidelberg, i. 183; ii. 57.
Henke, Prof., ii. 115.
Henry, Dr. Charles, i. 96; Letter to, ii. 192.
Hensler, Madame, ii. 82.
Herder, i. 99.
Herford, Mrs. Charles, Letter to, ii. 319.
Herford, Rev. W. H., Letter to, i. 240; ii. 262, 275.
Herrick, ii. 244.
Heyne, i. 51, 98, 117.
Heywood, James, i. 200.
Heywood, Lady, Wife of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart.; Sister of Samuel Robinson, i. 13, 328.
Heywood, Oliver, i. 200.
Hibbert Trust, ii. 39, 40, 42, 167.
Hippolytus and his Age, i. 330.
Hincks, Dr. Thomas Dix, ii. 120.
Holland, i. 240; ii. 103.
Holtzman, Prof., ii. 300.
Homer, i. 19.
Horace, i. 269.
Hort, Charles Danvers, i. 194.
Houghton, Lord, i. 262.
Hugon, Mary, Grandmother of John James Tayler, i. 2.
Humboldt, i. 163; Cosmos, 169.
Hungary, i. 296, 311.
Hunter, Joseph, i. 200.
Hutton, Dr. Joseph, i. 76, 93, 105, 221, 261.
Hutton, Rev. Joseph Henry, Letter to, ii. 17, 88, 140.
Hutton, Richard Holt, Letter to, i. 326; ii. 20, 31, 89, 135.

Icknield, residence of his father-in-law, i. 74-79, 84, 86.

James, Rev. William, Letter to, i. 205.
Jehovism, ii. 229.
Jena, third Centenary of the foundation of the University, ii. 110.
Jews, eminent in Germany, i. 154.
Jones, Rev. R. C., Letter to, on Poetry, ii. 262.
Jonson, Ben., Lines on the death of his son, ii. 45.—123.

Keightley, i. 98.
Kell, Rev. Edmund, Letter to, on Stonehenge, ii. 266.
Kenrick, Rev. John, i. 25; Letters to, 43, 46, 51, 97, 141, 146; Professor of History at Manchester, 192; Letter to, 212;—228; his portrait; Letter to, 249; Work on Egypt, 313; ii. Letters to, 33, 77, 95;—97, Roman

Sepulchral Inscriptions; Letters to, 107, 119, 162, 170, 219, 221, 243, 247, 271, 293, 320.
Kentish, Rev. John, i. 43, 82, 91, 93 ; ii. 173.
Keswick, Gale Cottage, ii. 131, 136, 137, 139, 144.
Key, Professor, i. 234.
Kiel, ii. 72, 77, 83.
Klausen, Prof., i. 184.
Kossuth, i. 311, 317, 322 ; ii. 304.
Kriza, Bishop, Latin Letter to, ii. 210.—308.
Kuenen, Prof., ii. 323.

Lago di Garda, ii. 243.
Lassen, i. 184.
Latham, Dr., i. 309.
Le Clerc, ii. 103.
Lee, Eyre, i. 227.
Leibnitz, ii. 121.
Leisler, Mrs., Letter to, ii. 18, 241.
Le Sage, ii. 285.
Lessing, i. 162; 102, 110, 122, 218.
Lewis, Leyson, Letters to, ii. 19, 21.
Liebenstein, ii. 198, 212.
Light, the inner, ii. 186.
Limes, The, ii. 163.
Lind, Jenny, i. 253.
Lloyd, W., *Christianity in the Cartoons*, ii. 238.
Logos, Doctrine, i. 333 ; ii. 89, 140, 151.
London, University of, ii. 219, 280.
Long, Professor, i. 235.
Lovelace, Lord, i. 283.
Lubbock, Sir John, ii. 266.
Lücke, i. 144.
Lüdermann, Prof., ii. 82.
Lutheran Church, i. 168.
Luxembourg, ii. 199.
Lycian Marbles, i. 251.
Lyell, Sir Charles, Letter to, ii. 186.—223.

Macaulay, Lord, his History, i. 284.
Magyar Exiles, i. 311.
Maltby, Dr. i. 269.
Manchester, i. 39, 50, 66, 67, 95.
Manchester New College, *York*, i. 8, 25, 27, 30, 33, 97, 118, 237 ; ii. 219—*Manchester*, 192, 265, 336—*London*, ii. 2, 30, 37, 59, 61, 64, 69, 91, 125, 165, 169, 265 ; *its ultimate destination*, ii. 238.
Martineau, Rev. James, i. 130, 192 ; Letters to, 255, 276, 288, 314 ; ii. 60, 62, 64, 72, 100, 125, 131.—143—Letters to, 156, 157, 183, 185, 199, 226, 233, 235, 254, 267.—280—Letter to, 281, 298.
Martineau, Russell, Professor, ii. 73, 84.
Mass, origin of the word, ii. 5.
Maurice, Rev. F. D., ii. 89, 140-151.
McConnel, Henry, Letter to, i. 100.
Melly, Andrew, i. 318 ; ii. 10.
Mendelssohn, i. 162.
Metastasio, i. 13.
Middleton, Yorkshire, Unitarianism, ii. 231.
Mill, J. S., his Political Economy, i. 263; his Logic, 283-291.
Miracle, i. 147, 245, 254.
Mittermeier, ii. 286.
Möhler, J. A., i. 310.
Montgomery, Dr., ii. 88, 181.
Monthly Repository, i. 81.
Mosley Street, Manchester, Congregation of, Letters to, i. 111, 123, 131, 149, 160, 169.—328.
Motley, ii. 228.
Müller, Julius, On Sin, i. 327.
Müller, Ottfried, i. 120, 121.
Mythus, i. 148, 212, 238, 242.

Napoleon, L., ii. 135, 137, 298.
National Review, ii. 31, 147, 233, 235.
Neander, i. 119, 127, 149, 166.
Newman, Francis William, i. 192; Letters to, 222, 246, 253, 258, 259, 261, 263, 266.—272-283 ; Letters to, 283, 294, 296, 301-305, 309, 316, 322, 330, 339 ; ii. 21, 90-1, 135, 136, 258; Let-

ter to, 278, 296.—311; Letter to, 315.
Nibelungen-lied, ii. 208.
Nicholson, Robert, i. 113.
Niebuhr, i. 122, 145, 163, 235; ii. 82.
Nitzsch, i. 166.
Norica, i. 313.
Normandy, ii. 33-37.
Norton, Andrews, i. 274; ii. 114.

Oldcastle, Sir John, i. 221.
Osler, Thomas, Birmingham, i. 72, 86.
Osler, Mrs., ii. 269.
Owen's College, Manchester, i. 251.

Paget, John, Transylvania, ii. 303.
Paley, *Horæ Paulinæ*, ii. 237.
Palmerston, Lord, i. 317.
Parker, Theodore, ii. 82, 280.
Parliamentary Reform, i. 327.
Paschoud, Martin, ii. 105.
Pastoral Duties, i. 333.
Paulus, Dr., i. 144, 145, 147.
Pertz, Dr., ii. 101—Monumenta Germaniæ Historica, 110.
Pesth-Buda, ii. 296.
Petronius, ii. 115.
Phases of Faith, F. W. Newman's, i. 305.
Phigaleian Marbles, i. 178.
Phillips, M. L., i. 192.
Philo, i. 273, 275; ii. 91.
Pilgrim Fathers, i. 240.
Pindar, i. 141.
Plato, i. 299, 301; ii. 257.
Poetry, English, Scheme for Lectures on, i. 46.
Polybius, ii. 97.
Porphyry, ii. 171.
Prayer, Common, i. 271.
Presbyterians, English, ii. 233.
Price, Dr., ii. 28, 303.
Prichard, Dr., i. 269.
Priestley, Dr., ii. 28, 303.
Priestly Kingdoms, i. 223.
Principles as distinguished from Doctrines, i. 281-290.
Procter, Miss, ii. 254.
Prophecy, Hebrew, ii. 247.
Prospective Review, i. 213, 253, 255, 258, 262, 266, 273, 296, 309, 313, 321, 326; ii. 3, 29, 31, 230.
Prussia, ii. 203, 281.
Publications, List of Mr. Tayler's, Appendix, ii. 330-6.
Pulsky, M., ii. 296.

Quarry Bank, i. 1, 7; ii. 290.

Rachel, i. 253.
Rathbone, William, Greenbank, Liverpool, i. 2, 183, 346; Letter to Mrs. Rathbone on his death, ii. 290.
Rawdon, Fund—Christopher, ii. 39.
Rehberg, Prof., i. 146.
Remonstrants, Academy of, Amsterdam, ii. 103.
Resurrection of our Lord, ii. 29; not of the Body, 147.
Retrospect of the Religious Life of England. i. 217, 240.
Renan, ii. 285.
Reuss, Prof., ii. 115.
Rhoden, Ausser and Inner, ii. 255.
Ritter, i. 143.
Robberds, Rev. John Gooch, i. 43, 51, 192, 227, 300; his death, ii. 4.—319.
Robberds, Mrs., Letter to, ii. 129; death of, 319.
Robinson, Henry Crabb, i. 250; Letters to, ii. 5, 15, 31, 121, 207, 240, 269; his death, 267; Memorial of, in University Hall, 320.
Robinson, Robert, i. 240.
Robinson, Samuel, Letters to, i. 3, 8, 11, 13, 15, 18, 22, 25, 27, 115, 226, 299, 320, 328; ii. 123, 147, 195.
Romilly, Henry, i. 258.
Romilly, Sir Samuel, i. 29.
Roscoe, William Caldwell, ii. 135.
Rothe, Prof., ii. 286, 300.
Rückert, Rev. Dr., ii. 206, 213.
Rückert, the Poet, ii. 214.
Ruhnken, i. 52, 237.

Ruskin, ii. 207.
Russian Church, *Greek* Section of, ii. 80.
Rydal, i. 72.

Sadler, Dr., ii. 61, 64; Letter to, 314.
Scharf's Illustrated Horace, i. 252.
Schelling, i. 185.
Schlegel, i. 161.
Schleiermacher, i. 127, 128, 134; 137, 138, 147, 163, 204.
Schlosser, Professor, i. 183, 237; ii. 300.
Scholten, Prof., Leyden, Letter to, ii. 323.
Schunk, Martin, i. 300.
Schunk, Mrs., Letter to, on the death of her daughter, ii. 46.—98.
Schützenfest, ii. 201.
Schwabe, Mrs., ii. 177.
Schwartz, Dr., ii. 115.
Scott, Sir W., i. p. 12.
Seelisberg, ii. 270.
Shakespeare, i. 21.
Sharpe, Samuel, i. 178; ii. 250.
Shuttleworth, Mrs. ii. 224; Letter to, 267.
Siebeck, Dr., ii. 113, 117.
Sion College, ii. 295.
Sirmio, ii. 243.
Slavery, American, our Duty towards it, i. p. 205.
Smith, Hannah, daughter of Timothy Smith, Banker, Birmingham, afterwards Mrs. John James Tayler, i.; Letters to, 56, 58, 60, 66, 67, 68.
Smith, Robert, ii. 44.
Smith, Dr. Vance, i. 289; ii. 58, 83, 155.
Smyth, William, Professor of Modern History, University of Cambridge, i. 2.
'Son of Man,' import of, ii. 247.
Spirit, i. 280, 290, its necessary attributes, 291.
Spratt, Lieut. ii. 81.
St. David's, ii. 175.
Stanley, Dean, ii. 222, 295.
Sterling, John, i. 325.
Sturch, W. J., i. 105; Letter to, 187.
Sturch, Mrs., Letter to, ii. 245.
Supper, The Lord's, ii. 288.
Sydow, Pastor, ii. 115.
Swedenborg, i. 298.

Taunus, the, ii. 283.
Tayler, Andrew, brother of John James, i. 54, 55, 84, 89; his death at sea, 91.
Tayler, Elizabeth, his sister; Letters to, i. 62, 173.
Tayler, Rev. James, father of John James, Minister of St. Thomas's Chapel in the Borough; removes to Nottingham, 1802, as School-Master and Minister of the High Pavement Chapel, i. 1; Letters to, 33, 38, 69, 71, 76, 80, 84; his illness, 91; death, 93.
Tayler, Hannah Elizabeth, Letters to, i. 210, 214, 216, 220, 228; ii. 30, 70, 128; accident to, 138.
Tayler, John Hutton, Letters to, i. 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 244; ii. 15. M.A. and Gold Medallist in Philosophy, University of London, 1850; called to the Bar, May 1854; died Dec. 16, 1854, ii. 17, 20, 25, 45.
Tayler, Mrs. John James, Letters to, i. 74, 79, 83, 86, 87, 91, 92, 94, 96, 102, 177, 181, 198, 203, 209, 227, 313, 329; ii. 145, 146; illness, 158; Letters to, 174, 175, 176, 178; her death, 183-5.
Tayler, William, brother of John James, i. 53, 54, 103.
Tayler, John James, son of Rev. James Tayler and Elizabeth Venning; born at Newington Butts, Aug. 15, 1797, i. 1; his father removes to Nottingham, 1802; at his father's school, 4; at Manchester New College, 8; at Glasgow College, 13; his early taste in poetry, 13, 19, 21; early sensitiveness, 23; at York, 25; invited to act as assistant tutor for a year; contemplates

the union of the two professions of Physician and Minister of Religion, 30-42; invited to become the Minister of Mosley Street Chapel, Manchester, as successor to Mr. Hawkes, 39; ordained April 20, 1821, 43; a course of Lectures on the rise and progress of English Poetry at Manchester, 46; engaged to Miss Hannah Smith, 56; visits the Continent, 1824, 62; married 6th January, 1825; his daughter Hannah Elizabeth, 74; contemplates being a candidate for the Professorship of the English Language and Literature in University College, London, 76; a son, John Hutton, born Oct. 30, 1827, 79; publishes a Discourse on Communion with Unbelievers, 81; Discourse on 'The Perpetuity of the Christian Dispensation,' 87; falls into ill health, 103; spends a year in Germany, 1834, 1835, 111-173; resumes his duties at Manchester, Oct. 24, 1835, 174; Mosley Street Chapel sold, 181; a daughter born, July 8, 1838, died March 22, 1839; Upper Brook Street Chapel opened Sep. 1, 1839, 190; appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Manchester New College, Manchester, 192; becomes one of the Editors of the Prospective Review, 213; A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England: or the Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry, 217; Lectures on Christian Faith and Worship, 276-282; Silver Wedding, 300; Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty, a volume of Discourses, 320; removal to London, with Manchester New College, as Principal, &c. 336; Letter to his Congregation thereon, June 2, 1853, 342; ii. Residence in London, Woburn Square, 1; Inaugural Address on the opening of Manchester New College, London, Oct. 14, 1853, 2; in Switzerland, 1854, 8; death of his son, Dec. 16, 1854, 17; in Normandy, 1855, 33; in Germany in 1856, 57; on the resignation of Dr. Vance Smith, becomes Professor of Biblical Theology, 1857, 61; a Protest from some of the Trustees, 61, 64, 69; spends the vacation of 1857 at Kiel, Holstein, 72; visits Germany in 1858, 100; becomes Minister of Little Portland Street Chapel, with Mr. Martineau, in succession to Rev. Edward Tagart, 125; his severe illness, 1860, 156; resignation of the Ministry of Little Portland Street Chapel, 157, 161, 162; change of residence to the Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, 163; death of Mrs. Tayler, 183-5; visits Germany, 1862, 201; visits the Tyrol, 1864, 240; visits Switzerland, 1865, 254—1866, 269; his illness, 275; publishes in 1867, The Fourth Gospel, an Attempt to ascertain the Character of, &c. 271; visits Germany, Belgium and Holland, 1867, 281; in feeble health; invited to the Tercentenary of the Unitarian Church in Transylvania, 294; visits Franconian Switzerland and Transylvania, 1868, ii. 298-310; advocates the Free Christian Union, 324; his death, 327; Tributes to his Memory, 328; Appendix, giving a List of his Publications, 330-36.

Teetotal Movement, ii. 315.

Tennemann, i. 185.

Theological Review, ii. 233, 310, 323.

Thilo, i. 145.

Thirlwall, Dr. i. 203.

Thode, Mrs. ii. 276; Letter to, on the death of her husband.

Thom, John Hamilton, Letters to, i. 183, 189, 192, 194, 197, 318, 320, 336, 345; ii. 1, 3, 24, 57, 91, 139, 149, 196, 191, 212 311.

Thorda, ii. 296, 308-9.

Thuringer-Wald, ii. 196, 212.
Tischendorf, ii. 169, 173, 216, 250.
Tivy, the, ii. 178.
Transylvania, Unitarian Churches of, ii. 210, 300-310.
Treasury of Atreus, ii. 81.
Tregelles, ii. 217.
Trêves, ii. 200.
Tryphiodorus, i. 7.
Turner, Rev. William, ii. 129.
Tychsen, i. 125, 141.

Ulphilas, ii. 7.
Unitarian Association, ii. 258, 274, 294.
Unitarianism, i. 52, 193, 195; ii. 142, 151.
University College, Chair of Logic and Mental Philosophy, ii. 267, 279.
Universities, German, i. 133.
University Hall, London, i. 250, 260, 266, 270; ii. 3, 39, 59, 320.
Upper Brook St. Chapel, opening of, Sep. 1, 1839, i. 190; Letter to the Congregation on accepting the offices of Principal, &c. in Manchester New College, on its removal to London; Reply of the Congregation, 344; Letter to the younger Members of the Congregation, Sep. 1, 1853, 347; on receiving an offering of their gratitude, ii. 17, 87, 141, 262, 275, 276; their monumental tribute to him, 329.
Uzoni, ii. 293.

Venice, ii. 245-6.
Venning, Elizabeth, John James Tayler's Mother, i. 1; Letter to, 89, 131, 203; died Oct. 1847.
Verona, ii. 243.
Villers, Essay on the Reformation, i. 186.
Vincent, Samuel, ii. 105.
Voluntary Principle, ii. 295.

Wager, Sir Charles, i. 1.
Wallace, Rev. Robert, i. 192, 203.
Wardlaw, Dr., i. 81.
Weber, Prof., ii. 300.
Weiss, von M., ii. 206, 213.
Welcker, i. 145; ii. 113, 221, 251, 257.
Wellbeloved, ii. 94, 119, 130.
Wentworth, Lord, ii. 270.
Wesley, Charles and John, i. 298.
White, Joseph Blanco, i. 197, 237.
Wicksteed, Rev. Charles, Letters to, i. 201, 270, 272; ii. 29, 180.
Williams', Dr., Library, i. 179, 221.
Winer, ii. 74.
Wolfenbüttel, ii. 101, 110, 121.
Wood, George William, i. 25, 39, 41, 43; ii. 239.
Wood, John, i. 250.
Wordsworth, i. 72, 86.
Worthington, Rev. A. W., Letter to, i. 333.
Wyttenbach, i. 82; ii. 103.

Yates, James, i. 98, 121.
York Place, his last residence in Manchester, ii. 29.
Young, Prof., at Glasgow, i. 15.

Zeller, ii. 236, 257.
Zellweger, ii. 256.

ERRATA.

Vol. I. p. 186, line 17, *for* Villars *read* Villers.
Vol. II. p. 31, line 2, *for* Bagshot *read* Bagehot.
„ p. 68, line 8, *for* Davison *read* Davidson.
„ p. 141, last line, *for* every *read* any.
„ p. 323, line 23, *for* tours *read* tous.
„ „ line 25, *for* le *read* la.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018